F O R U M

VOL. LXXXII—No. 1

HENRY GODDARD LEACH
Editor

Editorial FOREWORD

"DO THEY really happen?" many friends ask the Editor excitedly after reading a Socratic dialogue in THE FORUM. Most assuredly they do. These conversations actually take place in the Editor's home in New York. The guests know in advance the topic of the conversation, but they are asked to defer discussion of it until after dinner, when a stenotypist joins the group to take down their words. They are encouraged to talk spontaneously, however, and they soon forget the stenotypist's presence, freely exchanging their views like gentlemen in the seclusion of their club.

A LOT is said, of course, which for lack of space does not get into print. The discussion of religion recorded in this issue began with the after-dinner coffee about a quarter before nine and went on until half an hour after midnight. By that time the heap of paper at the feet of the stenotype operator rose almost to her knees. She mopped her forehead, drank a glass of water, and declared that she had taken down nearly forty thousand words — enough for a small book. Her manuscript has been carefully culled in the office of THE FORUM and the gist of the argument retained for publication.

THE HOST at these dinner conversations does not, like Socrates' interlocutor, ask a lot of carefully prepared questions. Nevertheless, like the old Greek dialogues, the talk is not just pleasant, rambling chit-chat; it is conversation with a direction and a purpose. The guests do not always agree at the end of the evening, for they are selected with an eye to the variety of views which they are likely to bring together, and the even balance of opposing minds frequently results in a deadlock.

A DIALOGUE has the advantage of bringing out more points of view than a debate. For example, in a recent FORUM dialogue, which has not yet been published, the disputants included Dr. John B. Watson, Will Durant, a police captain, a humorist, a labor expert, and a

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FORUM

Next Month

BYRON

André Maurois

The long-awaited biography of Lord Byron, done in the same picturesque vein as Maurois' previous studies of Shelley, Disraeli, and Dickens, will begin serially in the August FORUM.

DOES THE MODERN WORLD NEED RELIGION?

A Socratic Dialogue

Continuing the discussion published in this issue, a widely varied group of intelligent people try to discover what is vital in religion. The group includes Clarence Darrow, Max Eastman, Robert Morss Lovett, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, and Dr. Walter Russell Bowie.

BUSINESS BECOMES SELF-CONSCIOUS

Edward Eyre Hunt

A comparison of present economic conditions in England, Germany, and America, based upon three great national surveys.

THE HIGH COST OF ILLNESS

Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.

If you are unfortunate enough to become sick and have to go to a hospital, you will find it costs you a minimum of about $350 a week. The rich can pay and never miss the money; the poor are treated free in clinics; but the average man cannot afford to be sick. The distinguished physician who is now Coroner of Cook County, Illinois, proposes a plan which will reduce the cost of serious illness to $35 or $40 a week.

REPEAL THE JONES ACT!

Frederick R. Coudert, Jr.

If you violate the Prohibition laws, do you consider yourself as great a criminal as one who commits theft, rape, or murder? The Jones Act says you are by making felonies of Prohibition violations. In this article a New York lawyer shows that such severe penalties undermine the very foundations of law.

FOR AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

E. Boyd Barrett

A former Jesuit tells why American Catholics will be forced to secede from Rome, now that the Pope has become a temporal sovereign.

MAD HOUSES

Thomas Craven

Have you "fallen" for the fad of modernistic furniture? Do the pictures on your walls look like spoiled oysters? If so, yours is one of Mr. Craven's "mad houses."

THE OLD JEW'S TALE

Walter D. Edmonds

The author of *Rome Haul* tells a stirring tale of the cholera scare on the old Erie Canal.

FOREWORD

Continued

farmer. The discussion of religion in this and the following issue sets forth the views of a Methodist, an Episcopalian, a Hindu, and an agnostic. They were asked in a spirit of tolerance to put aside particular creeds for the evening, to assume a common denominator for all religion, and to consider how essential religion — any religion — seemed to them for the further progress of civilization.

* * * * *

THE VARIETY of faiths brought together in this dialogue is only a slight indication of the babel of religious views to be reconciled at the Universal Religious Peace Conference called by the Church Peace Union for 1930. Jerusalem and Calcutta are presenting their claims for this convention, but it will probably be held in Geneva. It will be attended by a thousand delegates from all countries, representing every religious system. The delegates will be allowed the utmost freedom of discussion, provided they limit their conversation to the one subject: peace. Each group will be asked to state its teachings on peace and to indicate how these teachings can be mobilized to eliminate war.

IT IS estimated that out of the nearly 2,000,000,000 human beings now inhabiting the world, 1,900,000,000 are adherents of some religious faith. Their delegates will be apportioned approximately in the following numbers:

Buddhists	150
Christians	250
Confucianists	75
Hindus	100
Jains	25
Jews	60
Moslems	125
Parsees	25
Shintoists	50
Sikhs	25
Taoists	25
Miscellaneous	90
	1000

ARROGANCES of creed seem trivial before these figures, which represent millions of human beings to whom Christianity is hardly a name. The announcement of the Conference is embellished with quotations from nine oriental languages, the last of them a Sikh text which is translated as follows: "Churches, teachers, teachings half a dozen! The Teacher of Teachers is One; His forms, many. The sun is one; the seasons many. Innumerable are the manifestations of the Creator." It is comforting to remember the assurance of Dean Inge, writing in THE FORUM some years ago, that Jesus himself preached not some particular form of belief, but just "religion."

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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

July Reading

by **DONALD F. ROSE**

GALLANTRY AND GORE

THE picturesque extravagance of *How the Old Woman Got Home* was so captivating that nobody cared particularly whether its story was sound or silly. With a second book we become more exacting, even though it was written in advance of the other. COLD STEEL, by M. P. Shiel (Vanguard, $2.50) is a gay and preposterous tale of Elizabethan days, written in grandly picturesque prose which belabors the reader's attention until he is a mental and physical wreck. Its story suggests a compound of at least five motion picture melodramas, recalled after a late lobster supper in Hoboken. Two lovely ladies are chased throughout the book by no less than six interested parties — Henry the Eighth and his crew, Cardinal Wolsey and his retinue, King Francis, Queen Catherine, Ann Boleyn, and the hero and his two brave companions. The casualties are frightful, and if it were not for the amazing recuperative powers of these Elizabethans the story would have been compelled to close at the half-way mark for lack of blood to be spilled. As it is, they slice and slash to the end, winding up at last with murders, suicides, and sudden death to a true Elizabethan taste. It is all very stirring, but it is also enormously amusing.

M. P. SHIEL

Amusing in quite another fashion is MOLINOFF, by Maurice Bedel (Viking, $2.50), though not as amusing as was his *Jerome*. It is a pleasant satire, the story of a cook who played count among the decayed aristocracy of France and a disagreeable lot of intruders into her ancient loveliness. The author's entertaining conception of the geographical variations on the love motif continues to occupy him. What the present book lacks in humor it more than makes up in finesse.

The justification for two volumes of WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys (Simon and Shuster, $5.00), is that there is no point at which the story stops. It goes on to no particular conclusion, and with this the reader is content, since the company of its characters is at all times engrossing and its chief figure exceedingly human. Wolf Solent's personal problem lies in the fact that the dual nature of man is painfully real to him, so that he can never be quite sure of himself, save in his passionate desire for beauty. He walks into a Dorsetshire village, and there relates all its small affairs to an intense personal preoccupation with the midway place he holds between the appetite of the physical and the sublimated sensibilities of his soul. There are two women, representing the two phases of his life, but Wolf Solent is himself the real story. The book follows his experiences in a detailed fashion reminiscent of *Ulysses*, but spares us the latter's vulgarity and disproportion.

There is a powerful mood to THROUGH THE LATTICE, by Evelyne Close (Henkle, $2.00), wrought out of the mists and fog and loneliness of England's north country, where a rough scarp of rock, the "Scaur," takes possession of those who dare to dwell in its shadow. A handful of people here play out a drama of life and death in a single overnight scene, set around a latticed window where a mother watches for the return of her dead son. The sense of tragic doom is strong throughout the story, and its outcome has a Greek inevitability and integrity. The women characters are best drawn; the men are overburdened by inherited traits and move like shadows among the realities of the women's passions.

Inheritance is the theme of MORTAL MEN, by Burnham Carter (Boni, $2.50), the story of a young man too keenly aware of his ancestors for his own comfort. There is not much to the tale save youthful pleasures and disillusionments, but it is written with real grace and spiced with wit and irony. A charming book, if not particularly important.

Slighter yet is AS FAR AS JANE'S GRANDMOTHER'S, by Edith Olivier (Viking, $2.50). So slight, indeed, that a few pages might tell its story, except that this would sacrifice the charming clarity and rhythm of its writing. Jane is an almost incredible figure in these modern days, and her fate seems to say that it is not well for young women to have grandmothers. She is so much cloistered in a youth that has no horizons beyond her elderly relative's home, that every challenge of adult experience throws her into a fatal panic, whereby she loses love and all the adventure of life and becomes at last a lady farmer. A sad fate indeed for a nice little girl.

MORE AMERICANA

THE STORY of the Civil War tempts both the historical instinct and the romantic mood, and in SWORDS AND ROSES, by Joseph Hergesheimer (Knopf, $3.50), the author has let the latter run away with him a little. It was, it seems, a very nice war, in which an old and fragile glory of Southern charm and courtesy committed a grandstand suicide and left a desolate world in which Republicans would play push-penny forever. In this somewhat legendary history, Mr. Hergesheimer has recovered the charming dignity and grace of style which he loved long since and lost a while in Hollywood. He mourns and moons a little over vanished romance, which proves him still a better novelist than reporter or historian, but he is eminently successful in creating a scene and atmosphere which may very well never have existed. Plain facts of history are all much alike; it is the artist's privilege to turn them into costume plays, which — by and large — is what Mr. Hergesheimer has done with the Civil War.

A similar sort of poetic license is at work in THE LITANY OF WASHINGTON STREET, by Vachel Lindsay (Macmillan, $3.00). But it is vastly more successful, for Mr. Lindsay is a genuine poet and furthermore is free from any obligation to tell a tale or chase a chronology to its finish. There are all sorts of things here, scraps of history, poetry, and imagined oratory; there are five heroes — Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln, and Walt Whitman; there is an apparent inconse-

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Books

quence of narrative and comment. But the purpose of the poet is apparent enough. He seeks the genuinely American spirit along the national highway, finding it in some few settled ways, convictions, and ideals, in beloved legends of national heroes, and in the enduring excellence of old custom in small towns of the countryside. Throughout runs a vigorous thread of comment, speculation, prophecy, and philosophy, colored by Lindsay's deep-set conviction that all's well with America.

In a job-lot collection of newspaper fragments called HELLO TOWNS, by Sherwood Anderson (Liveright, $3.00), a conscious champion of the great American average does into drama the small affairs of our hick towns. Mr. Anderson, having learned laboriously to write a true American language, found himself fitted to edit two country newspapers — which is by no means the easiest job in the world nor the least admirable. Out of this experience come these sketches, principally good reporting and probably not nearly as exceptional as their author thinks them. Mr. Anderson has written some of the finest prose in modern literature, though his personality has always been prone to intrude into the performance. Sometimes his agonies of composition have been painful to behold, but just now the trouble is that he takes himself as seriously, and his work — no matter how intrinsically trivial — more seriously than ever.

An excellent study of American life in another phase is HARDWARE, by Edward L. McKenna (McBride, $2.50). This is a novel of three generations of the Cronins; the first a bartender who founded the family firmly in American city life, the second a Tammany politician, and the third a rum-runner in these modern days. It is a saner and more sensible picture of American political life than can be found in all the academic and historical studies of what is, after all, a thoroughly human institution.

BRIEF TURNS

THE OBVIOUS and quite futile thing to do with ROUND-UP, by Ring W. Lardner (Scribner, $2.50), is to attempt to evaluate it as the serious work of a humorist. It is not particularly Mr. Lardner's fault that he is a humorist. It might have happened to anyone, and it happened to him because he chose it as a quick highway out of the sloughs of journalism to the fragrant foothills of Parnassus. He is a humorist only because he is a great deal more than that, which is the way of real humorists; he is a reporter with an exquisite gift for observation and a highly sensitive literary conscience. Therefore he is also the best short story teller just now in sight. There are a dozen proofs of it in this collection.

Another short story collection is AWAKE AND REHEARSE, by Louis Bromfield (Stokes, $2.50). The author is much preoccupied with death-bed scenes and funerals. Not that it worries him in the slightest, since he finds death more curious than solemn and simply a final ironic commentary on human affairs. Somehow he makes his point of view that of an amused bystander, though on occasion he walks with real tragedy. The thin string which holds these stories together is a somewhat apparent artifice, but the stories themselves are sound enough.

There is no dialectic spelling in BLACK MAGIC, by Paul Morand (Viking, $3.00), and yet these are vivid and perceptive studies of the American negro as seen both in his Parisian haunts and at a transatlantic distance. They aim to reveal the savage and superstitious soul rather than to record behavior, though each episode is sufficiently dramatic to carry the fundamental theme.

Now that Morley Callaghan has done very nicely with his first novel, *Strange Fugitive*, he has gone back and collected his wayside pieces in A NATIVE ARGOSY (Scribner, $2.50). Here are two novelettes and a number of short sketches, which fall short of the requirements of the short story and are more like snapshots taken by a wandering reporter in the back alleys of city life. The hard brilliance of his novel is not so evident in these tales; they are more sympathetic though less vivid.

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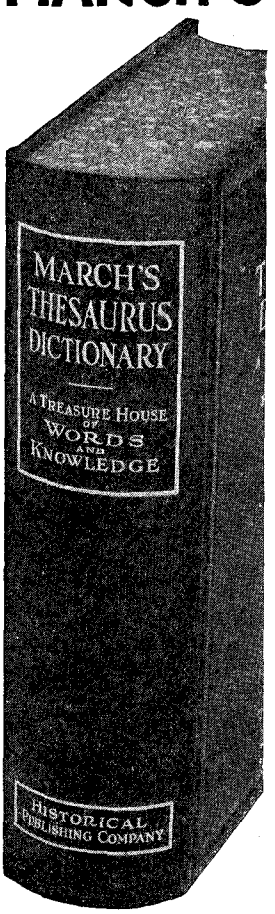

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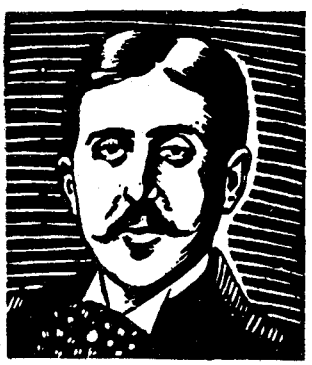

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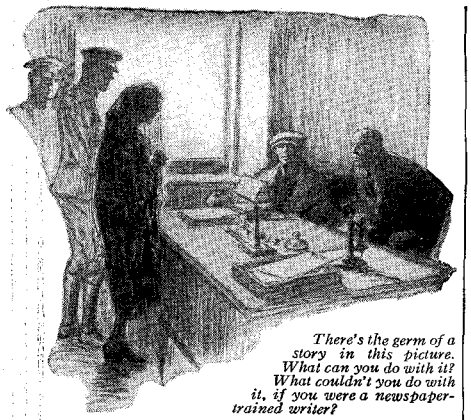

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

Modern Stoicism

A PREFACE TO MORALS, by Walter Lippmann; Macmillan, $2.50.
Reviewed by IRVING BABBITT.

WALTER LIPPMANN has matured since the old Fabian days, though he still reveres Bernard Shaw as one of the true sages. He also continues to cling to certain naturalistic postulates that are responsible for Fabian socialism and innumerable other isms. The scope of the present volume might perhaps have been more clearly revealed if it had been entitled "The Modernist's Dilemma." The modernist has achieved the emancipation from the traditional faith for which he has been striving and is disillusioned regarding the results of his own rebellion. "In the free play of his uninhibited instincts he does not find any natural substitute for those accumulated convictions which, however badly they did it, nevertheless organized his soul." The chief conviction he has lost is that "there is an immortal essence presiding like a king over his appetites. . . . The objective moral certitudes have dissolved, and in the liberal philosophy there is nothing to take their place."

WALTER LIPPMANN

The whole of the first part of the book is, indeed, devoted to a copious and convincing demonstration of the chaos that is supervening upon the "vast dissolution of ancestral habits." The epigraph is appropriately taken from Aristophanes: "Whirl is king, having driven out Zeus." It must be especially easy, one is tempted to add, for a dweller in modern Manhattan to be persuaded that the cult of the god Whirl has superseded that of all other divinities.

Having granted thus much, Mr. Lippmann seeks to show in the second and third parts of his volume that it is possible to recover the missing elements in our contemporary life on lines that are still modernistic. The present time probably surpasses all previous epochs in its irresponsible use of general terms. Mr. Lippmann is guilty of this form of irresponsibility in calling his own constructive program "humanism." The word, indeed, suffers at his hands what would seem to be the ultimate ignominy: it is annexed to psychoanalysis. True humanism, which has always asserted the law of measure, he rejects, because, he says, it is impossible to bridge the gap between a general precept of this kind and the particular circumstance. The reasons he gives for this impossibility of humanistic mediation are based on one of the underlying naturalistic postulates of which I spoke at the outset — namely, that man is completely immersed in the flux, that he is not immediately aware of a something in himself that is real in its own way and at the same time lifts him above the phenomenal order.

Having denied the duality of human experience, he proceeds to deal with the problem of adjustment — a problem that every moralist must face in some form — along Freudian lines. The chief source of his psychoanalytical wisdom is Firenczi of Budapest. In this connection Mr. Lippmann develops, in a way that would have surprised St. Paul, the thesis that when one ceases to be a child one should give up childish things. One should adjust oneself to the "real" in the same fashion as the scientific specialist in his laboratory, and so become "disinterested." This means in practice that one must learn to bow to natural necessity. One thus secures the equivalent, Mr. Lippmann would have us believe, not only of "humanism" but of "high religion."

One should no doubt strive to be objective in the scientific sense, but does it therefore follow that every aspiration of the human heart that does not receive confirmation from the kind of "reality" to which physical science gives us access must therefore be dismissed as mere wishful thinking and infantile survival?

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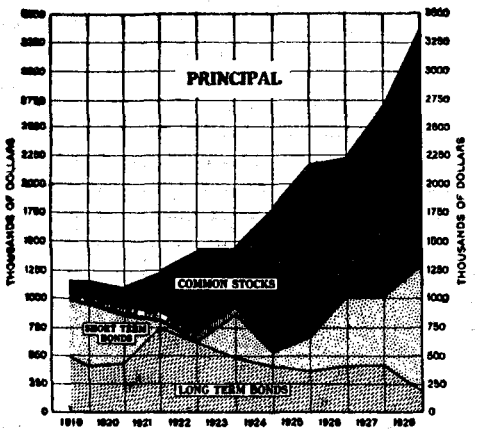

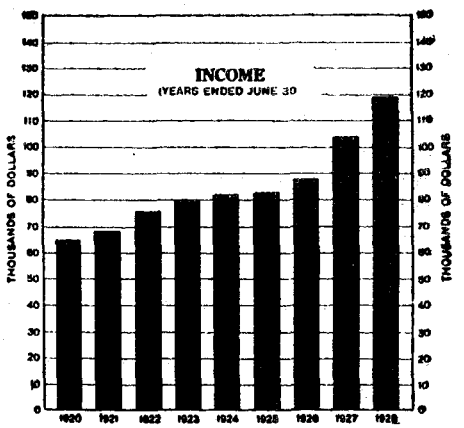

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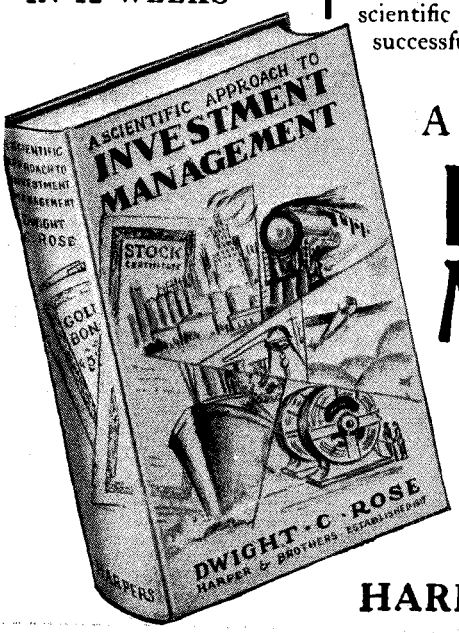

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Books

The aim of the moralist should surely be to produce the rich and finely rounded human personality. It is a matter of common observation that scientific research, however disinterested, does not by itself ensure the development of such a personality. There is a sense in which a man should refuse to be disinterested, should put rather prime emphasis on his own happiness, be, in short, a lover of himself.

Everything then hinges on the thoroughness with which one defines "happiness" and "self." One may find that the something in man that lifts him above the phenomenal order is a certain quality of will and that the source of true happiness is an intelligent exercise of this will so that it may, in Mr. Lippmann's own phrase, "preside like a king over his appetites." Here is "adjustment" of an entirely different type from that of the psychoanalyst. Why must the belief that man needs to be subordinated in his ordinary self to a higher will be relegated to the mere traditionalist? Why not affirm the higher will first of all as a psychological fact, as one of the immediate data of consciousness, and let the metaphysics and theology come later, if at all? By thus achieving a more fully experimental attitude one would become a true modern and not a mere modernist. The way would at the same time be opened for a swift flanking movement on the psychoanalysts and other naturalistic psychologists, who are to be accounted at present among the chief enemies of human nature.

The higher will of which I have just spoken is, in one of its chief aspects, a will to refrain. The country is filled at present with eager and restless people who wish to be persuaded that no essential loss has been suffered in the transition to modernism, and who are above all resolved not to exercise any will to refrain. The quotations from Christ and Buddha and Confucius with which Mr. Lippmann has interspersed his text are well calculated to give such persons the illusion that there is after all no fundamental break between the wisdom of the ages and the wisdom of the laboratory. The book is written vivaciously throughout, at times impressively. It has a detailed discussion of sex, a topic in which the interest of the present age seems to be unbounded, so that Mr. Lippmann's publisher has probably not been unduly optimistic in printing a first edition of eighty thousand copies. Nothing is further from my thought than to insinuate that Mr. Lippmann has cunningly devised his formula with a view to sales. On the contrary, his good faith is manifest.

Furthermore, one should remember that those who live on the naturalistic level have an option: they may be either

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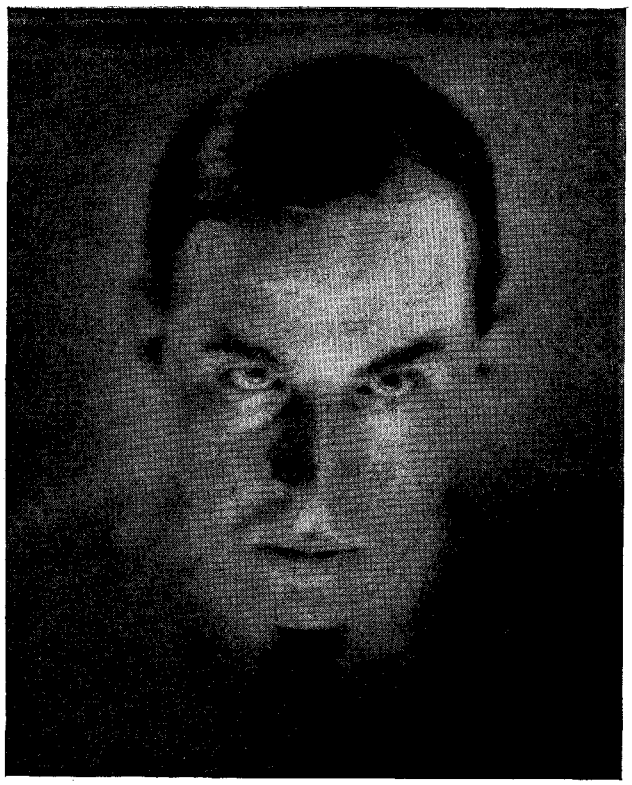

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
whose book, "All Quiet on the Western Front" was the June choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

REMARQUE is a young German, whose family apparently were *emigrés* from France during the French Revolution. Hardly more than a schoolboy, with millions of other lads on both sides, he was plunged into the war on the Western front. His book, though in the form of fiction, is based largely upon his own experience. It created a true literary sensation in Germany (the American publishers of the book inform us that over 500,000 copies of the book have been sold there) followed lately by one in England. Most of the foreign commentators regard it, in the phrase of the never-intemperate *Manchester Guardian,* as "surely the greatest of all war books." It was a unanimous choice, incidentally, of our own five judges.

In the long pre-publication report about this book, which appeared in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News,*— Remarque's book was described as a modern equivalent of Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage.* "There is not a trace of nationalism in it," the report read, "nor of animosity toward an old enemy. To those who were in the war, as to those who were not, it bears the accent of simple truth that makes one exclaim with every page that is turned, as one German critic did, 'This, this, this is the War at last!'"

Without venom, with a frequent humor, but all the more impressively for these reasons, the book outlines the tragedy of an obliterated generation of lads, passing through a searing experience the like of which, probably, no other generation of boys has ever had in human history. And the high point of the book (most people will find it so, we believe) curiously has nothing to do with fighting, but with a poignant realization on the part of this normal young foot-soldier that all his roots with the familiar scenes and things, among which he had quietly grown, have been ruthlessly cut by his experiences. He comes to this realization during a first short leave at home, for which he had been craving with all his heart. He finds there that the truth about the war is so utterly beyond the conception of those whom he loved that he cannot even speak with them about it but must be silent or evasive. He has become of a race apart from his own people; the hated trench and No-Man's Land—and the book outlines simply and vividly what they connoted—have become his normal milieu. It is but a brief chapter, yet it is one which no one who reads will ever be likely to forget.

* * *

The Book-of-the-Month Club is the only organization of its kind which sends its subscribers pre-publication reports, such as the one quoted above, allowing them to take the "book-of-the-month" or not, as they wish. Subscribers may take as few as four books a year out of 250 to 300 recommended and reported upon by our judges. Over 100,000 judicious book-readers now subscribe to this service, *more than to all the other book-clubs in the United States combined.* If you are interested to know how it operates, and what it does for you, mail the coupon below for information. To those who subscribe now, the first book is being given free, provided it costs no more than $3.00.

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Books

Stoics or Epicureans — not to speak o the persons, a species that abounded i decadent Rome, who are stoical in thei professions and epicurean in their prac tice. Mr. Lippmann is far from favorin the epicurean self-indulgence. In fact his philosophy may be defined as a ingenious adaptation of Stoicism to th needs of the machine age. The "disin terestedness" that he preaches has rathe more than its share of the stoical bleak ness. Whatever the merits or demerit of his ethical conception, it should at al events be made to stand on its own fee and not be identified with either "hu manism" or "high religion." That person of Mr. Lippmann's conspicuou ability should make such an identificatio is itself no small testimony to the modern istic confusion. One is tempted to appl to him his own sentence: "Of all th bewilderments of the present age none i greater than that of the conscientiou and candid moralist himself."

Self-Revelation

THE LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD, Edited by J. Middleton Murry Knopf, $7.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WARFIELD.

THE two volumes of Katherin Mansfield's letters, together with he journal, published a year ago, hold a living spirit, frightened, reaching out t touch, to communicate, to evoke th warmth of response.

Taken from their envelopes, printed and bound into books, the letters ar made to stand up with literature. Yet they are not literature as Katherin Mansfield wished to write it; they do no express truth — simple, low-spoken, re strained, yet profoundly realized — as she wished in her writing to express it. Nor is there in the letters, save as there is in all good letters, the feel and the savor of life certainly not as Katherine Mansfield the artist, felt and savored it. The touch is gay and glancing; it bears but lightly on the life which, to become the artist she labored to become, she strove to believe in, face, accept, and then interpret. Irony dogged Katherine Mansfield. For — such is the reader-appeal of real or apparent self-revelation — her letters probably will be remembered when her deeply-felt, deft, though unpowerful, stories have been forgotten.

The letters are almost entirely personal. They reflect with unreal brightness that aspect of Katherine Mansfield's personality which made friends say they felt themselves to be more alive when they were with her. She has not only the true letter-writer's joy in detail, but also a kindling imagination. Her quivering awareness of her immediate world makes

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It hits some men at eighteen, and it reaches others at thirty-five, forty, or at sixty. But there is a time in every useful life "*when a man comes to himself*" — when some "missing link" idea gets into his being, gives him new balance, new vision, new energy, sets him right with himself, speeds him to achievement. You may either wait for it to come, or go forth to seek and find it.

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Books

the reader move slowly, remembering forgotten things. Moreover, the letters are carefully and beautifully fashioned. So skilled, so fastidious, so absorbed a craftsman as Katherine Mansfield could not make commonplace sentences or express dull thoughts.

To read these letters is to see chiefly the side of her nature against which she struggled as a writer. It is, indeed, the side which prevented her from being a first-rate writer. It was her tendency to deny her own artistic credo, to veer away from truth and to glance sidewise at life and at reality. Inevitably the sensitiveness caused by illness increased this tendency; in her correspondence it definitely triumphs. Retaining her inherent fineness and integrity, she verges perilously on "charm." It seems certain that the publication of her letters will win for Katherine Mansfield thousands of new friends. It is less certain that these are the friends she would have chosen.

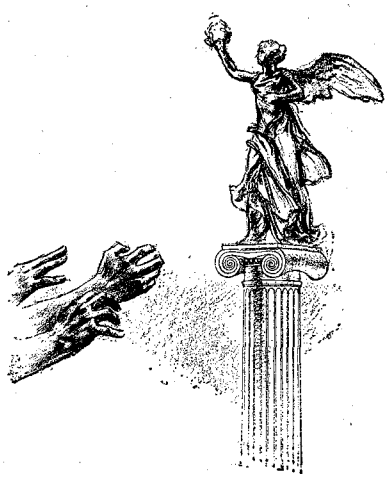
Poetic Prestige

CAVENDER'S HOUSE, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; Macmillan, $2.00.
Reviewed by RICHARD HUGHES.

ONCE a great literary figure, such as Mr. Robinson's, attains to certain proportions, it begins to transcend altogether his mere writings. From then on the figure is no longer judged by the work, but the work by the figure. The critic turns to the title-page rather than to those which follow to learn whether or not the book is important. A certain blind momentum has been accumulated, and neither bad nor dull writing, nor critical opposition, can do much to check it before its appointed time.

At the present day, the reputation of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson has little to gain from *Cavender's House;* but probably it will lose little by it either. On the other hand, one may reasonably conclude that *Cavender's House* derives no small portion of what attention it has attracted from Mr. Robinson's reputation. To judge a poet by work done after he is written out is of course unfair; nor is this the place to discuss Mr. Robinson's earlier work. But if one looks at the book in hand dispassionately, by itself, there are certain points about it to which no one could be blind.

In the first place it is rather hard to read. I will not deny that this is often the case with very fine work, where extreme condensation of thought and feeling produce an apparent obscurity for all but the very quickest wits. But here there is no obscurity of that kind. The phrasing is occasionally a little awkward, a little involuted: but the thought itself is always so extremely



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YOU watch their diet carefully—you see that they have clothing suitable to the weather; you do everything in your power to make those children of yours grow up healthy and strong in *body*. What do you do for their *minds?*

Is sending your boys and girls to school enough? You were anxious to teach them to read. Now ***what are they reading?*** Do you have time to investigate every book or magazine that falls into those young hands? Or do you glance at most of them and say: "Oh, I guess it won't hurt them." Do you trust them to *outgrow* the thousands of notions and improper standards they will inevitably find in promiscuous reading of cheap thrillers? Or do you lean the other way and make the classics distasteful to your children by forcing them to read books beyond their years?

The happy medium is hard to find—yet *it must be found* if your children are to be well equipped mentally. It is to fill this great need of every parent and every child that *The Junior Literary Guild* has been founded. NOW you can be sure that your children are reading books that are good for them; books that are *building* them; books that are fitting them for life. And the books will be so full of wholesome thrills that the children themselves will literally devour every line of them—probably three or four times.

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Books

simple that this seldom presents any real difficulty. No, the difficulty here arises more from a continual attrition on the mind of the reader due to the almost unvaried clumsiness of the verse. Nor is this the clumsiness of a gothic, tumbling strength; it is more the teetering inability of weakness. The tired eye, having swooned the length of some flat line, can hardly summon strength to crawl back all the long white distance to the beginning of the next. The division into lines seems to be altogether irrespective of the sense, so that now a sentence will appear to be complete in one line, only for you to find

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

a hang-over in the next; now the break is so abrupt as almost to divide an infinitive. Moreover, words are grouped without any attention to the resulting consonantal discords — discords which in other hands might be used with a purpose, but here seem meaningless. In short, there is no music, and no *form*. If you should compare the three lame lines with which this book opens with the prelude of Jeffers' *Women at Point Sur*, you would agree that there could hardly be found two better contemporary examples, leaving the quality of poetry out of the picture, of good and bad verse-making.

Perhaps I have discussed technicalities at too great length, but it is difficult to talk about anything else. The purpose of the book is psychological study; but the persevering reader is not likely to be rewarded with the discovery of any very great profundity, either of thought or of feeling. In the main it is a trite story tritely told.

It is doubtful whether this book will sell as well as *Tristram*, but it will probably reach a very respectable figure. It is certainly one of the curiosities of literature that there is always, in every generation, an audience for long, weak, dull verse. Other tastes may change, but not this one. These pachyderms are not only more successful, as a rule, than the genuine poetry of their age; they even outstrip much that is more meretricious, more obviously "popular." Works pile on Collected Works, often throughout a lifetime; their very negativeness evokes a continuous zephyr of praise; laurels and dignities are added; till at last the century turns over in its sleep, and they are gone.

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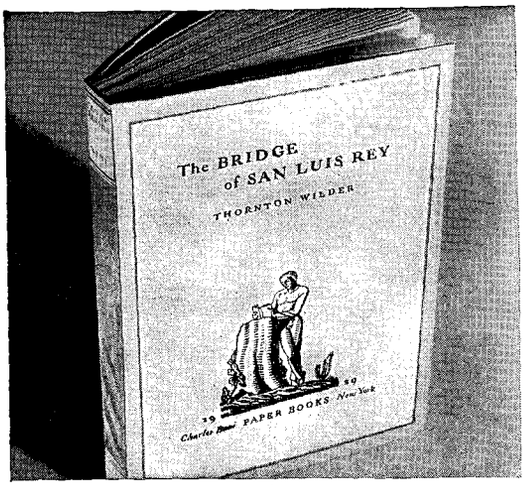

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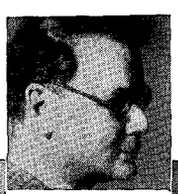

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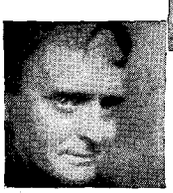

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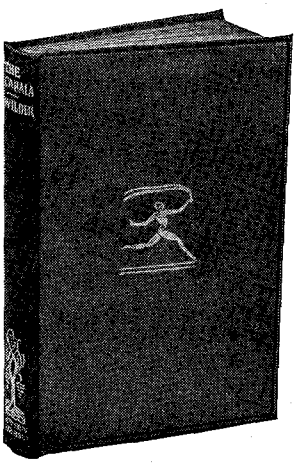

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But ten, twelve years from now, when they measure you by what you have done and are doing in the outside world, as compared with the achievements of other Dads—where will you stand?

Pitiful the tragedy of the father who watches his children's respect and admiration turn little by little to questioning, then to doubt and finally to tolerant pity.

WHAT can you as a Dad do to insure their continued pride in you?

No use trying to bluff them—their keen minds will get the truth. No avail in appealing to their love—that is arguing for you already. No good explaining or alibi-ing—they know too little of life's difficulties and ironies to understand and make allowances.

Your only sure way is so to build yourself now that success will come before they get out of the trusting age. Train yourself into the larger income and business standing that spell achievement to adult and youth alike. Add to your native ability and practical experience the specialized training that compels success.

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Let's get down to cases and make clear just what we mean.

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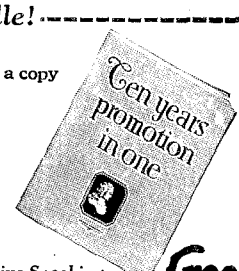

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THE CHALLENGE — LAW AND LEADERSHIP

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FORUM

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Hoover and Law Observance

by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

To an American citizen profoundly interested in the welfare of his country, it is all too obvious that the one fundamental question transcending all others is that of law and the observance of law. Prosperity may temporarily increase or decline. The manufacturers may get the extra profits they desire from a prohibitive tariff or they may not. The farmers, like the intellectual classes, may for a time be out of adjustment to the earning power of other classes and the general economic level. America may for a while either accept or refuse its responsibilities to the world at large. But far more fundamental than these or any other problems confronting this country at the moment is the problem of whether the United States is to remain a civilized nation or come to be ranked with Kipling's "lesser breeds without the law." It is evident that the present situation, which would disgrace a savage tribe, cannot continue along its indicated curve without leading directly to a breakdown of government or to a dictatorship. To a considerable extent, indeed, the government has already broken down in one of its most essential duties — the protection of the persons and properties of its citizens; as is evidenced by private policemen, armed guards, and armored cars, the citizens have had to undertake such protection for themselves.

So far as I know, Mr. Coolidge, intent on paring budgets, never troubled himself over the rising tide of crime and lawlessness, beyond seeing to it that Mrs. Coolidge was accompanied on her shopping by an armed protector. It is therefore a matter of the most earnest congratulation that, although Mrs. Hoover has dispensed with a personal guard, Mr. Hoover is evidently sufficiently impressed by the situation as to have devoted one-quarter of his inaugural address to the topic. A careful and sympathetic reading of that address, however, leaves one wondering whether he has the slightest comprehension of the magnitude and causes of the danger which we face.* He says, indeed, that "the most malign of all these dangers [to the state] to-day is disregard and disobedience of law," and every honest citizen must whole-heartedly agree with him when he goes on to say that "our whole system of self-government will crumble either if officials elect

*Editor's Note: It is gratifying to recognize in President Hoover's second public utterance — his speech before the Associated Press in New York on April 22 — some advance in his views as first set forth in his inaugural address. He now sees that the problem of lawlessness extends beyond the limits of the Prohibition question. Even so, he still seems to rely upon stricter enforcement as the only means of meeting the situation — and this, as Mr. Adams shows, is not enough.

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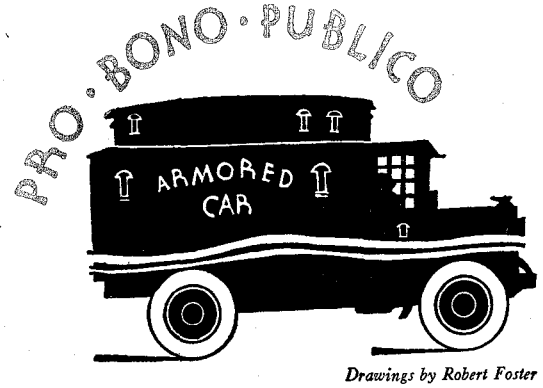
what laws they will enforce or citizens elect what laws they will support. The worst evil of disregard for some law is that it destroys respect for all law."

But what remedy does he suggest, beyond appointing the inevitable investigating committee which, according to the custom of such bodies, will probably sit for from one to five years, publish a voluminous report, with perhaps one or two dissenting reports, and be discharged with thanks? The only recommendation he can offer is to say that "if citizens do not like a law, their duty as honest men and women is to discourage its violation; their right is openly to work for its repeal."

Obviously, from the context in which these passages are found, Mr. Hoover was thinking mainly of the Eighteenth Amendment, but as he rightly points out, and as we cannot too strongly stress, the whole observance of law hangs together. A loose administration which would allow officials to pick and choose among the laws they enforce, or citizens to determine at will which laws they obey, could only be destructive of any real sense of law on the part of the public. The American problem, though complicated by Prohibition, lies far deeper; and it is the lack of understanding as to what the problem is that so greatly diminishes the force of Mr. Hoover's appeal to us as citizens anxious to do our duty toward society.

III

IT IS NEEDLESS to waste words in painting the situation in our country to-day. The headlines of any metropolitan newspaper any day do so only too clearly. Crime of the most desperate sort is so rampant that unless a robbery runs into six figures or a murder is outstandingly brutal or intriguing, we no longer even read below the headings. We are no more



Drawings by Robert Foster

interested than in a stock that does not move. We have ceased to expect criminals to be caught and punished. We accept the statement from the Chief Justice of the United States that our criminal justice is a disgrace to civilization with the same lack of reaction with which we accept the Department of Agriculture's estimate of the cotton crop as about the same as was expected. On the other hand, tens of thousands of reputable citizens, who in all the private relations of life are decent and trustworthy persons, are daily breaking one law or another. When a state has ceased to be able to enforce law, when its citizens have ceased to feel any sense of duty to obey law as law, when they have lost all respect for law enforcement and the courts and officials charged with enforcement, it is clear that something more than merely one amendment to the Constitution, however unwise, must be sought for as the cause.

In a previous article in the *Atlantic Monthly* I dealt with that heritage of lawlessness in America which is the historical background to any discussion of the question. I tried to show how, from the first settlement in the seventeenth century to the last rioting in Chicago, we have, for one reason and another — often political, sometimes racial, occasionally geographic, usually economic — developed a disrespect for law. Granted that background and granted, as must be, the truth of what Mr. Hoover says, what is the situation in which the patriotic citizen, anxious to obey the law of the land, finds himself to-day?

In the first place, there is the infinite number of laws and ordinances — federal, state, municipal — which Congress and forty-eight state legislatures, not to mention lesser bodies, are turning out literally by thousands every year. I have seen the statement that taking all the law, ordinance, and regulation making bodies in the country together, over twenty thousand statutes were passed in one year regarding railroads alone. Despite the fact that state boundaries are imaginary lines which have ceased to have any meaning for us in daily life, the laws of every state vary. The metropolitan area of New York City lies within three states. For some years I lived in New Jersey and worked in New York. I spent half my waking hours in one state and half in the other, and I lived under two different sets of laws relating to inher-

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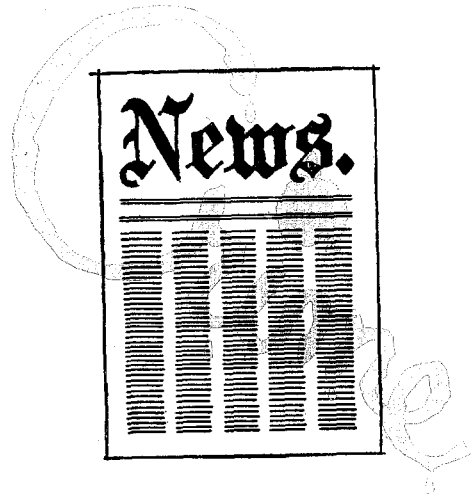
itance, taxation, and to innumerable other matters of daily concern. Had I commuted to Connecticut instead of to New Jersey, I should have had to learn an entirely new set of laws and regulations, for ignorance of the law is no excuse for disobedience.



This anomalous condition is found throughout the country; in countless minor matters it is impossible to tell whether one is obeying the law or not. Motoring from New London to Providence, one must not run at *more* than thirty miles an hour, I believe it is, in Connecticut; but as soon as one has crossed into Rhode Island it is against the law to run at *less* than thirty. Traveling on the train from Buffalo to Chicago, it is legal to buy cigarettes for the first hour or two; but after crossing into Ohio (no one knows when or where) it becomes illegal for two or three hours until one has again reached the safety of Indiana. Before Prohibition, it used to be legal for one to have a flask of whisky while going by train from Denver to Dallas — up to the imaginary line which separated some county in Texas from another, at which point one was a lawbreaker, and, as occasionally happened, could be hauled from the train and jailed. Ignorance of the law, as we have said, is considered to be no excuse. A law-abiding citizen who finds himself frequently breaking such laws feels none of the emotions which a reputable citizen should feel in such circumstances, and the fact that the situation is so obviously absurd insidiously breaks down the feeling that law as law should be implicitly obeyed.

Again, many laws are passed merely because it is the easiest way for lazy or supine legislators to rid themselves of noisy and fanatical minorities; likewise they may be passed by legislators who are simply ignorant or have some racial ax to grind. As instances we may cite the law prohibiting the teaching of evolution in Tennessee; the law recently passed by one of the Southern states, prohibiting the presence in any public or school library of any book "defining evolution" (which would rule out all dictionaries and encyclopedias); or the several so-called "pure history laws," penalizing the critical writing of American history. Included also in this group are the broad censorship laws of various places, such as that which in St. Louis resulted in the seizure and destruction of a collector's rare edition of Boccaccio, and that which makes it illegal for bookstores in Boston to sell a considerable number of current volumes sold almost everywhere else in the United States. Living under laws like these, is it any wonder that the sober, law-abiding citizen has little respect for law as law?

III

But let us consider such a citizen facing some concrete problems. Personally I agree heartily with all that Mr. Hoover says. I have keen respect for law and believe that such a respect is an essential element in building up any civilization. For me, one of England's greatest charms is the fact that the entire community does have this respect and that anyone not an actual criminal feels a certain real disgrace in breaking any law. But what is the situation in America that confronts such a normal, law-abiding citizen? Is a citizen of Boston who wishes to know what is being written in contemporary American literature bound to deprive himself of knowing anything about a dozen or so important titles because it is illegal for a bookseller to furnish him with them? Or shall he surreptitiously import them from New York, or break the law and buy them furtively from a "book-legger"? Shall a teacher in the state which prohibits dictionaries and encyclopedias in its schools and libraries throw those books out of the windows, or shall he give the students illegal use of copies hid in closets? Shall a man interested in Italian literature and the culture of the Renaissance leave a hole in his knowledge where Boccaccio should be, or shall he break the law and buy a copy?

In constantly passing back and forth from Europe, I am continually confronted by similar problems. In all enlightened countries over here not only are treatises on birth control by

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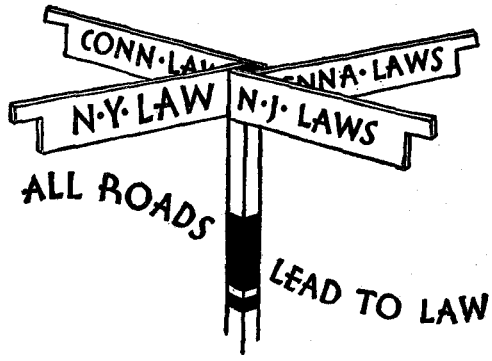

medical authorities to be had in the bookshops of any city, but frequently public instruction is given in free clinics. If I take any such book home to New York, I become a lawbreaker and am liable to a year in prison or five thousand dollars fine. I am interested in modern literature and, although greatly disliking the book, I realize that Joyce's *Ulysses* is a landmark in its development. For the purposes of an article I am now writing I can readily buy *Ulysses* for five dollars in Paris or here in London (where I am working at the moment), but if I take it to New York to use there, I shall again be a lawbreaker and shall again be liable to a year in prison or five thousand dollars fine.

Consider the question of possessing firearms in New York State. Any thug can readily procure a revolver by the simple process of going across the river to New Jersey and buying one; but it has become increasingly difficult and in many instances impossible for the law-abiding citizen who wishes to protect his home from the thug to get a permit. The Constitution of the United States says that the right of the citizen to bear arms shall not be abridged, but this has been abrogated by the "police power" of the states, so that we now have a situation in which any thug can get a gun but the sober citizen cannot. In fact, in a recent skirmish in New York which resulted in the killing of a policeman by thugs, it was found that the officer was acting as "guntoter" for a rival gang of thugs who had no desire to be caught with the tools of their trade — three guns — on their persons. Some years ago a concern with which I had relations had its pay roll of about five thousand dollars brought to the factory through a bad neighborhood every Saturday by a trusted employee. (This was before the breakdown in government had become so complete as to make it profitable for private companies owning armored cars to perform that service for business men.) Since there had been many holdups, the company attempted, unsuccessfully, to get a permit for the messenger to carry a revolver. After a while it was discovered that the difficulty lay in omitting to tender the usual fifteen-dollar bribe to the police captain of the precinct. There was no use in carrying the matter higher. The company could not prefer charges, for in such situations there is never any proof. It had three options: to risk its five thousand and its employee's life by leaving him undefended; to break the law by bribing a police official; or to break it by having the messenger carry a gun without a license.

Recently one of my friends, driving a motor car in a large American city, was overhauled by a motorcycle policeman who told him, with foul language, that he had been speeding. As a matter of fact this accusation was not true, but it was the habit of this particular policeman to allow a car to get ahead and then by speeding after, to show a high rate on his own speedometer. My friend would have had no case had he gone to court and, what he minded more than a possible fine, a black mark would have gone against his driver's license. Knowing the situation, he immediately placed his hand on his wallet pocket. "Mind you," said the policeman, "I'm not asking for anything." "All right," said my friend, handing him ten dollars. The cop smiled and speeded off to wait for his next victim and bill. It must have been a profitable business. It is easy to say that instead of breaking the law by bribing an officer, my friend should have reported him. All I can say in reply to any enterprising private citizen is: let him try single-handed to clean up the police department of any large American city and see how far he will get.

Let us take another example. Let us suppose a person has some pre-Prohibition brandy in his house. Such possession is quite legal; but his father, living across the street, has a sudden heart attack and the family telephones over for the brandy. If the man takes it over, under the last law passed by Congress on the subject, he becomes a felon and is liable to ten thousand dollars fine or five years in prison — or both. Should he leave his father to die while waiting for the law to be repealed, or should he become a felon in the eyes of the law? For the reasons noted above, we have ceased to have much respect for ordinary laws; and now, under the

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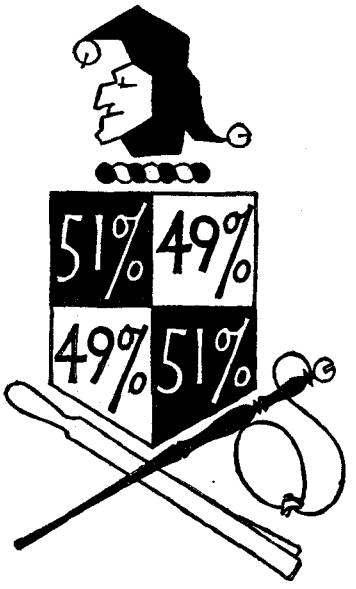
teaching of Congress, we are likely to have no fear of even felony. The effect is subtle. Heretofore no self-respecting man could have borne to think of himself as genuinely a legal felon, for this term was applied only to those who committed arson, rape, homicide, and similar crimes. But no man is going to think that by breaking the Eighteenth Amendment he places himself in that category, although the law declares that such is his classification. The result will be to make the word "felon" lose its damning character.

IV

WHEN laws are just and wise, they ought to be obeyed and are likely to be; but when they are not, they open very genuine problems in ethics for the decent citizen. I wonder if Mr. Hoover himself, with his love of efficiency, his sense of organization and efficient government, to say nothing of his racial pride, would under all circumstances insist upon an absolute observance of the Fifteenth Amendment? Should the Negro race largely outnumber the white in any state (in Mississippi there are already 935,000 Negroes to 854,000 whites), would he insist upon a strict observance of that amendment, even if it resulted in a Negro government permanently set up over the whites? The situation would hardly result in a nation-wide repeal of the constitutional amendment. If Mr. Hoover were a resident of the state, what would he do? Would he live under the Negroes, would he move away, or would he disobey the law? Many cannot move away, and even if they could, I doubt if Mr. Hoover would willingly abandon any considerable number of states to Negro republics.

Mr. Hoover speaks easily of the right of citizens who disapprove any law "openly to work for its repeal," but he must realize the inherent difficulty of this for unorganized individuals. In the first place, for some obscure reason in the American character, laws are rarely repealed; they are allowed simply to lapse in observance. It is far more difficult to get any legislature, including Congress, to take an interest and initiative in repealing a law than it is to enact one. Getting a law repealed may mean no less than educating an entire state, which may take a long time and which most certainly will require a large expenditure of money. In the second place, many of the laws to which the law-abiding citizen objects were originally passed either through ignorance of the electorate and the legislature or through the influence of an organized minority whose crusade was well supplied with funds by some fanatic angel. It is notorious how politically effective even a small minority may be if sufficiently active, well organized, and wealthy; and in most instances, the opposition — the people who feel oppressed by some law passed by the efforts of a minority — are both unorganized and without adequate funds. To overcome these handicaps takes time — a long time.



To-day the power of the individual is largely lost. An enormous amount of money is necessary to place any movement before the public, as may be proved by a glance at the sums spent by the Republicans in the last campaign to elect even Mr. Hoover. Let me illustrate by an example. For a while I had an apartment overlooking the harbor in Brooklyn. The view was superb, but I soon found, as all others do there, that the place was rendered impossible by the clouds of oily, black smoke blown into our windows from the tugs and steamers in the river. Complaining of the situation, I was asked why I did not start a movement to remove the nuisance, and take advantage of the law which makes burning soft coal in the harbor an offense punishable by a five-hundred-dollar fine. The answer was obvious. I had to earn my living, and heading such a crusade was a full-time job. I should have had to abandon my work, organize a publicity bureau, spend large sums on postage and stationery, form committees, and so on through the whole usual business. The help to be derived from the city authorities was well indicated from the fact that the Municipal Building itself appeared to be, and I was told was, one of the worst offenders in the use of the illegal fuel!

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Time to organize committees, money to make their work efficient — few people have either. And both are futile if the opposition is corrupt — and in power. A friend of mine in another city, which passed an ordinance prohibiting the use of soft coal, spent several thousand dollars installing smoke-consuming apparatus in his plant. One day, sitting at his open window and being covered with soot from the three chimneys of an ice plant not far away, he decided to try his hand at law enforcement. He called up police headquarters and, after explaining the situation, received as answer, "You mind your damned business and we'll mind ours." The plant was owned by local politicians.

It is all right for Mr. Hoover to say obey the law or work for its repeal; but what is a tug boat captain to do if all his competitors are saving money by burning soft coal, and if the government authorities not only do not enforce the law but break it themselves? Is he to abandon his business in order to organize an almost hopeless crusade to get the law changed or enforced, or is he to give up his business entirely? Is he to burn hard coal in competition with soft, or is he to break the law himself? No, Mr. Hoover, obeying the law until you can get it repealed is not so simple a way out in the America of to-day as your speech would imply.

The subject can take us even further. The theory of our government — that the majority shall rule — cannot safely be stretched too far. It broke down in 1860, and may again. Indeed, in several respects it is not even the theory. A very considerable part of the legislation under which the people of our country live and do business has, in the last resort, been the determination of a single judge of the Supreme Court passing upon the constitutionality of laws by votes of five to four. It was shown lately that owing to the method of repealing clauses in our Constitution, three million people strategically located in the right states could block the will of all the rest of the nation. In such a case would it be the duty of the nation to obey the law?

Theoretically there is no justice in the doctrine of majority rule. It is a useful and practical method of carrying on popular government, but that is all. No better method has been devised, but there is something abhorrent in the idea of fifty-one per cent of the population being able to force its ideas on forty-nine per cent — of sixty-one million people governing fifty-nine million. The fact is that it cannot be done without the acquiescence of the forty-nine per cent, or, indeed, any considerable minority. Fortunately the minority usually does acquiesce, for it realizes that the importance of carrying on the government is greater than any temporary discomfort or even oppression caused by the decision of the majority. But we must not lose sight of the fact that in the American system sovereignty is supposed to reside in the people at large, and that majority rule is merely an expedient for determining the will of the people. But if the will of a sufficiently large minority is deliberately and persistently thwarted by the majority, revolt of some sort is inevitable.

V

In America revolt always takes one of two forms — nullification of the law or armed rebellion. We have had the American Revolution, Shays's Rebellion, the Whisky Insurrection, and the Civil War. The other method — nullification — has been used so often as to make it useless to catalogue even the more noted instances. No one believes for a moment that Prohibition will result in civil war; but it is obvious that this particular law is against the will of so large a minority, if it *is* a minority, of the people that thorough and impartial enforcement is impossible, and that the old American weapon of nullification will continue to be used against it. It is evident that not even the United States government can patrol eight thousand miles of boundary and put a policeman in every one of twenty million homes. A very considerable number of our people consider the law to be unwise, unjust, and tyrannical. Throughout the whole of English and American history there have always been men who had the courage to defy such laws, and, largely depending upon their ultimate success, history has recorded them as patriots or malefactors. I do not say that the Eighteenth Amendment is of such a character as to warrant infringement of it in the name of patriotism, but I do believe that is unwise and unjust, and it does seem to me to come perilously near being tyrannical.

Turning back again to the more general

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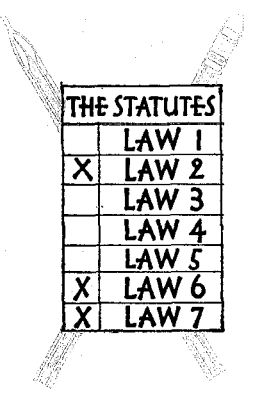
question, however, I cannot agree with Mr. Hoover that the solution of the lawlessness of America, with the peril that it brings to our form of government, lies in so simple a formula as "obey every law on the statute book or get it repealed." Criminals are not going to obey any laws that are not enforced, and the governments — federal, state, and municipal — have largely abandoned their duty of law enforcement. If I recall the figures correctly, in over two hundred murders committed in Chicago in two years, there were only seven convictions. But even law-abiding citizens will not obey laws which are but partially and unjustly enforced. Our whole history has proved that. Would one-tenth of the merchants of New York pay duties on their goods if they knew that the other nine-tenths were allowed to import free? No — nor will citizens obey, or as juries enforce, laws with unjust penalties. How many juries under the Jones Act will find a man guilty of taking a drink if the penalty is the same as for homicide? Nor will citizens obey laws, such as the smoke ordinances, which the government itself breaks. Nor will they obey laws which they believe thoroughly unjust and infringing on personal liberty. If disobedience to just laws leads to anarchy, obedience to unjust laws leads to tyranny, as our forefathers well understood and implored us to remember.

No, Mr. Hoover's formula will not do. The task is far greater. We will not develop obedience to law in America until we have educated both our electorate and our legislators to a knowledge of the nature of law, to the limits of laws, and to their effects; until we have educated them both to a tolerance and a practical wisdom in the art of governing; until we have cleaned the Augean stables of our public life of their accumulated filth, and the governments themselves — municipal, state, and federal — obey and impartially enforce the law; until public opinion and public prosecutors demand the punishment of millionaires and of highly placed officials in Washington with the same rigor as would be meted out to the ordinary criminal; until the ideal of quickly accumulated wealth, by any means whatever, is made subordinate to the ideal of private and public virtue.

If Mr. Hoover merely tells the American people to obey every absurd law, every unenforced law, every unequally and unjustly enforced law, every unenforceable law, that is now on the statute books of the nation and our forty-eight sovereign states, he will get but slight results. If, on the other hand, he will undertake to show the people what underlies their problem, and assume the leadership in a crusade to reform the very foundations of their life — the rotten foundations that are at the bottom of the problem of our lawlessness — then he will prove the leader for whom America waits, and patriotism and nobility may again rise above efficiency and wealth. By that path only can America regain respect for law and for herself. Nor is it a question only of respect. Far down the path which America is now treading, at the end of the vista, in the shadow of the future, but all too clearly visible to the eye of the historian, stands, biding his time, the sinister figure of the man on horseback, the dictator who inevitably "saves society" when social insubordination and disintegration have become intolerable, when order has given place to chaos. We must rule or be ruled. Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, Mussolini — the line is long and the sequence inevitable. America can be saved, but it must be by regeneration, not by efficiency. May Mr. Hoover ponder the problem and face the issue!



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Is Religion Necessary for PROGRESS?

*A Socratic Dialogue**

PERSONS of the DIALOGUE

WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE — Rector of Grace (Episcopal) Church, New York
CLARENCE DARROW — Atheist; distinguished criminal lawyer
IRWIN EDMAN — Philosopher; editor of *The Dialogues of Plato*
HENRY GODDARD LEACH — Episcopalian; editor of THE FORUM
LEONORA LOCKHART — Student at Cambridge University; member of the English women's debating team which recently visited the United States
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT — Editor, author, Professor of English at the University of Chicago; has no sympathy for organized religion
SAROJINI NAIDU — Hindu, friend and disciple of Mahatma Gandhi; former President of the Indian National Congress
ISIDOR SINGER — Editor of the *Jewish Encyclopedia*

PLACE — The home of Henry Goddard Leach
TIME — After dinner

MR. LEACH. We are rather a diverse group this evening. That was arranged deliberately in order to get as many varying points of view as possible on this question of religion and progress.

MR. DARROW. I think it is an impossible question. I never knew anyone who could give a definition of religion that had any universal application — nor of progress either, though everyone has his own idea of what progress is. Some think it is efficiency in business, or prosperity; some think it is quite the opposite.

Dürer
Head of Christ

MME. NAIDU. So far as Indian women are concerned, progress means going back very alertly to the sources of things. For us, retrogression is really progress, though for an English or American girl it would not seem like progress at all for her to go back to the days of her grandmother.

MR. DARROW. Each person interprets progress to mean going in the direction he is already going, or in the direction he believes the world ought to go. You must have a starting point for progress and you must have a goal, though nobody knows anything about either one. At least I am quite certain I don't. But even if there is such a thing as progress — and I think there isn't — what about religion? What does religion have to do with progress?

MME. NAIDU. A great leader like Mahatma Gandhi uses religion and progress as absolute synonyms.

MR. DARROW. If progress means change in the direction of putting up higher buildings or getting more money — which seems to be the conception to-day — I don't see how belief in God or belief in a future life has anything to do with that. I can't see that the two words, progress and religion, are related, although I admit I haven't any very clear definition of either of them.

MME. NAIDU. For myself, religion is a very personal thing. I come of a long line of mystics who searched after God and found God in

* Readers frequently ask whether THE FORUM's Socratic dialogues are real or imaginary conversations. The answer is that they are records of real conversations — the spontaneous interplay of mind on mind — taken down on the spot by a stenographer. For full details of how it is done, see the Editorial Foreword to this issue.

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Dürer

The Nativity and the Adoration of the Magi

themselves. Your religion is the God you create in your own image, and your progress lies precisely in the nature of that creation. If you ask me how that can be, I would say that the highest you can conceive is after all limited by your capacity, is created in your own image. The idea of God, whatever it may be, represents the highest conception that you or I, as human beings, can achieve. It is the perpetual measure of our progress.

Mr. Darrow. I think all we can do is search for the truth. Whether it leads to a belief in God doesn't matter one way or another. The first question about anything ought to be whether it is true, not whether it is religion. I have no conception whatever of God. Most people's conceptions are mere words. Because they can string the letters G-O-D together and make a word, they think the word must mean something. I don't believe anybody can conceive of anything or believe in anything that he can't form a mental image of.

Mr. Leach. You have indicated that you don't believe there is any such thing as progress in general, but you admit that everybody forms some personal notion about it. What is your own personal definition of progress?

Mr. Darrow. I would like to see the world kinder. I would like to see more human sympathy and understanding. I would like to see more liberty. To my mind, there is no progress that doesn't go in that direction, but that isn't the ordinary conception of progress. If you could call that a definition of religion also, then in my aspirations I am a religious man; but if you give some other definition of religion, I am not.

Mr. Leach. I think the general conception of progress is advance in civilization.

Miss Lockhart. Why bring in a word like civilization? That calls for further definition. Why not define progress as advance toward a desired end?

Mr. Darrow. Yes, I suppose that is the way we all look at it; but there's no universality in the ends desired, is there?

Miss Lockhart. Of course not; that's my point. If we accept progress as advance toward a desired end, it becomes evident that one may have an idea of the end desired without having any conception of religion as a necessary instrument in bringing it about. Religion *may* be conceived as an aid to progress, but there's no *necessary* connection between the two ideas.

Mme Naidu. That depends on what you mean by religion.

Miss Lockhart. I would consider religion as the attitude of mind of those who believe in a cosmic purpose.

Mr. Darrow. Cosmic?

Miss Lockhart. Yes.

Mr. Darrow. Well, I am afraid cosmic will have to be defined. What does cosmic mean?

Miss Lockhart. By cosmic I merely meant to indicate a purpose for life in all its phases, as distinct from individual purpose in individual lives.

Mr. Darrow. Does it apply to all the planets and stars, to the plants and trees and the animals as well?

Miss Lockhart. Not necessarily. That is a matter of personal belief. I should call a man religious even if he limited his belief in absolute purpose to humanity alone.

Mr. Darrow. I think we are all laboring under the same difficulties; it is easier to ask questions than to answer them.

Mr. Singer. But satisfactory answers have been given. From Hezekiah and Jeremiah down to Jesus of Nazareth, whom I call the Epitomizer, they all give practically the same definition of religion.

Mr. Leach. What is that?

Mr. Singer. Love your neighbor as yourself. That is all religion is. All the rest is waste.

Mme. Naidu. After all, what Christ said was

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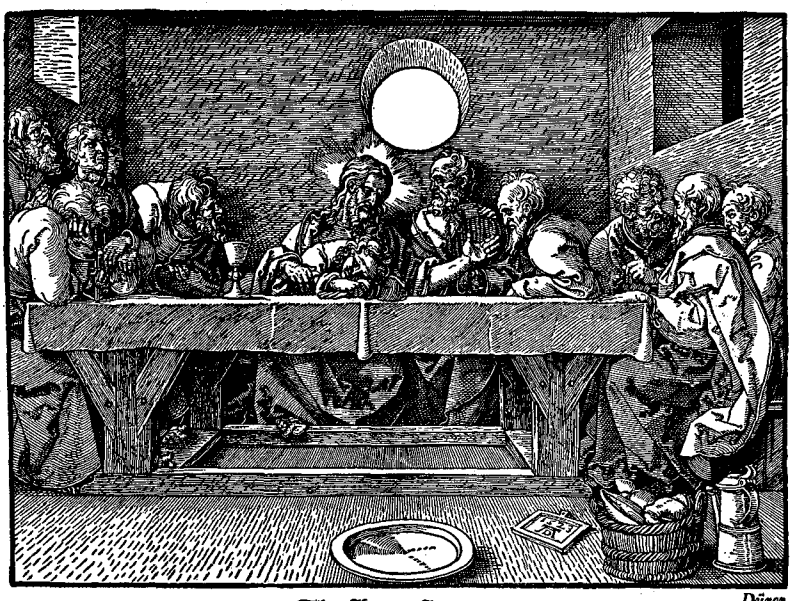

The Last Supper — Dürer

a reaffirmation of what Buddha said five hundred years earlier.

MR. SINGER. Why should we quarrel about names? I fully agree with Dean Inge: Buddha did as little preach Buddhism as Christ preached Christianity — both preached a universal religion. If all the progressive thinkers of the world would unite in an anonymous religion of truth and justice and peace, they would form a true spiritual democracy, working harmoniously in all the nations to forward the triumph of progress as Mr. Darrow defined it. What do names or labels matter so long as "the Lord is in this place"? I am absolutely of your opinion, Mr. Darrow, that there is a God in this universe.

MR. DARROW. I don't know where you get that impression of my views; I have no opinion whatever on the subject.

MR. SINGER. I have none either; but I know there is mechanism in the universe, and of course if there is a mechanism, there must be a Mechanician. Call it God or . . .

MR. DARROW. Where did the Mechanician come from?

MR. SINGER. We don't know.

MR. DARROW. Then I don't know where the mechanism came from.

MR. LEACH. Do you think, then, that something can come from nothing?

MR. DARROW. I haven't any sort of opinion. You ask me the origin of the universe. I don't know. Why should I guess? If I say God, then the question arises — Where did He come from? I ask you. You don't know. I am willing to go as far as I can see any evidence, but when I can't see any, I am perfectly content to say that I don't know.

MR. SINGER. Well, so am I for that matter. Recently I had lunch on a Sabbath with a certain Rabbi. Before lunch we were in his garden. I picked up a pebble and said, "Can you analyze this?" And he said, "I am not a mineralogist." I took a petal from a flower and asked, "Can you analyze this?" And he said, "No, I am not a botanist." Then I said to him, "You can't analyze a little pebble and you can't analyze a little flower; yet in your sermon you spoke for half an hour about God as if you had lunch with Him every day." It is better to be honest and say we don't know.

MISS LOCKHART. Why assume the existence of something we don't know?

MR. SINGER. In science you assume everything. Science is based on hypothesis; we have to assume something. I do not say we should worship God, for He does not need our worship; but our fellow men need our money and charity. We must start with the assumption that there is one God and one mankind.

MME. NAIDU. Don't you believe that every man creates God for himself as the highest thing he can conceive of? It is not your conception but *his* conception that is God for him.

MR. SINGER. I know we create God in our image.

MME. NAIDU. You do, because you can't conceive of Him except in the image of what you want to attain. God is in you because He is the conception of your highest thoughts.

MR. SINGER. If you say God is in us, that is an empty phrase. If I believe God is the Creator of the universe, how can He — this Being of whom I have no idea — enclose Himself in my heart or brain or brain cells? How can we have God in us? We have a God-idea, yes, but not God Himself in us.

MR. LEACH. I believe you said, Mr. Darrow, that your idea of progress was increase in kindliness in the sense of brotherhood between various men. Then you stopped short and didn't say whether you thought that religion — in the sense of the idea of God, of responsibility to God, of brotherhood with all mankind

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through this common Father — would be necessary for this increase in kindliness.

MR. DARROW. I said I didn't think the two ideas were in any way connected.

MR. LEACH. If you have that idea of religion, wouldn't there be a connection?

MR. DARROW. There might; but you can also have kindly feelings toward other men without mixing them up with any religious emotion whatever. This would seem to indicate that the emotions of sympathy and kindliness and the other emotions that some people generate out of religion are not related. If you can experience one without the other, I fail to see the connection between them.

MR. LEACH. You also said, I think, that progress — whatever it was — had to be based on truth.

MR. DARROW. It seems so to me.

MR. LEACH. If there is a Supreme Being to whom we are related — and that is religion — then religion would be necessary as a foundation for real progress.

MR. DARROW. I don't know about that. You say, "*If* there is a Supreme Being" — but how do we know there is? I can't find any evidence of it. Progress has to be based on all the truth in the universe. You have to follow it wherever it takes you.

MR. LEACH. All truth is really related, isn't it?

MR. DARROW. Certainly.

DR. BOWIE. I should like to link these thoughts together. Mr. Singer left out half of the definition of religion when he only quoted, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and did not quote, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." These two things seem to me to be essentially interrelated as the explanation both of religion and of progress.

MR. DARROW. I still don't see the connection.

DR. BOWIE. Religion might be defined as the conscious bond between the spirit of man and the Spirit, intelligent and loving, which he believes to be both the beginning and the end of destiny. Progress, it seems to me, is best defined in the light of the actual evolution of the human race; it is the growth of man as man, the lifting him up into the thing that makes him essentially human — something more than dust, a thing of intellect and of desire, of love instead of hate, of coöperation instead of strife, dissension, war, and bloodshed.

MR. DARROW. We can have progress as you define it without religion.

DR. BOWIE. Do you really think so? We must be honest with ourselves. Now I think that religion is necessary to progress for this reason. Look about you and see men as they are. As a rule they are not very lovable objects; they are not likely to win your admiration or command your hope of a great destiny for the human race. But look into the heart of man and see him as Jesus did — not only as he is, but in his divine becoming. Then you are forced to believe that that something in Mr. Darrow which made him desire a kindlier, a juster, and a freer world was not just a bubble blown of his own imagining, but was part of that eternal purpose which is the meaning of creation and is mirrored in man from Something greater than himself.

MISS LOCKHART. Is that the way you prove that God exists? It's very clever, but I'm afraid you are still asking us to believe in something that we don't know.

DR. BOWIE. Why use electricity when we don't know what *it* is? But we do use it, and

Dürer

Christ in Limbo

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we use God because faith in God — the belief that back of the universe is a purpose which is the origin of all that is great and beautiful in human desire — that faith creates power and continuing purpose. In that sense it makes moral progress possible.

Miss Lockhart. Yes, we accept electricity because we can make use of it; but I have yet to see that belief in God helps us to live or that it necessarily helps us to live better.

Mr. Lovett. I think the point is that our experience with electricity is universal. Everyone knows that if he pushes the button, the light will flash on. But, as Miss Lockhart points out, the experience with God is by no means universal. The belief in God certainly works with some people, but the question to-night is whether it is essential.

Dr. Bowie. Art is not a universal experience, nor is music; but we recognize that they are great powers to enfranchise and uplift the human spirit.

Mr. Darrow. What do you mean by spirit?

Dr. Bowie. Well, that is one of the undefinable things, of course. What do you mean by love or kindness?

Mr. Darrow. Love is a sort of understanding and affinity and sympathy between people. Kindness is imagining yourself in some other fellow's place so you can help him.

Dr. Bowie. Then I would say that your answer defines the thing you ask me. If love is an understanding or affinity between people, those people are not mere chemical elements or bricks; they are the kind of created things which are capable of relations of kindness and sympathy. This is a practical way of saying that they have spirits.

Mr. Darrow. Then chemical elements have spirits, too. They have affinities; they don't talk about it, but we can see the manifestations.

Dr. Bowie. But obviously you are using the word *affinity* to cover two separate things. The affinity between chemical elements does not have the meaning you put into the words you used so finely when you said that love was the affinity and sympathy between people, and when you spoke just now of desiring a kinder and juster and freer world. There you touched something that reflects or relates to personality.

Mr. Singer. But how can the same word, love, apply to man, who needs our love, and to God, who does not need it? Isn't there a lot in our concept of God that is just anthropomorphic language? We are still using the language of three thousand years ago.

Mme. Naidu. Doesn't much theology seem obsolete now because the language in which you interpret the old concepts had a different psychology? In all the Indian tongues we employ a symbolic language, but we don't make the mistake of believing that God has hands and feet just because we use the symbolism.

Mr. Edman. The point Madame Naidu has just made seems of extreme importance. Religion, whether you think it is necessary or not, is an activity of the imaginative creature; and an imaginative creature, such as the human being, is forced to use symbols. Unless I am mistaken, then, our question is really whether that activity of symbolic imagination is or is not necessary to progress.

Mr. Leach. And how would you answer it?

Mr. Edman. I suppose what we are really interested in, in spite of our quarrels about terms, is whether or not religion in its simplest symbolic or emotional form can any longer play a part in life as it is organized and lived in the contemporary world. But you might just as well ask whether people ought to breathe or not, and whether breathing is necessary to progress, as to ask whether people must be religious or not in order to progress. They are inevitably religious in one way or another. Whether you define it as belief in a God, or in a cosmic purpose, or in anything else, being religious is as natural as breathing.

Mr. Leach. In what way would you say Mr. Darrow is religious when he defines his idea of progress as being simply the increase of human sympathy and charity?

Mr. Edman. Mr. Darrow seems to me to agree with the Catholic theologians on all but one point. They differ about the details of what constitute human ideals in their movement toward freedom. The Catholic theologian believes it depends on a certain theological position. Mr. Darrow is agnostic on that position. Mr. Darrow won't mind my saying that he is a good example of late nineteenth century liberalism. But I think you don't have to agree on a theological issue to agree on the importance — or better still — on the actuality of religion.

Mr. Darrow. As I said in the beginning, I

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don't believe we are going to get anywhere in this discussion simply because we can't agree about what religion is.

MR. EDMAN. In one way or another, we are all exhibiting what religion is, even if we are not defining it. We are trying to state as accurately or as effectively as we can what we regard as important and central in life. It seems to me that religion, whether in the East or West, has always been concerned with attempting the most cosmical statement that human beings could make of what they valued most in life. Human beings in the past transformed such thoughts into gods and creeds and sacraments. . . .

MR. DARROW. Of course, if you make your definition of religion broad enough to include everything worth while in life, you can easily prove that religion is necessary to progress.

MR. EDMAN. But you can't settle this question by remaining in the realm of purely intellectual definition. You must start with the fact that religion occurs in the most atheistic civilizations and in the most atheistic personalities. Our discussion to-night seems to testify at least to that fact of human idealization. It may not always be evident in the form of a defined creed. It is very easy for us here to dismiss organization and ritual from religion in our discussion, but wherever people live together, their ideas tend to take a social form. Religion is ultimately a kind of poetry or mysticism enshrining that which we care about most.

Next month the discussion continues, drawing new speakers into the dialogue.

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Why Adonis Laughed

Drawings by LeRoy Baldridge

***by* SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN**

I

DOWN AT the Vaal River farm where we sometimes go to ease our hearts of the strain of living in Johannesburg, six thousand feet above sea level, Adonis, a graceful but very dirty young Kaffir, was languidly drawing water from the well. As David, another farm boy, passed, Adonis began suddenly to laugh. David walked on without looking round. No word was spoken on either side, but the loud and persistent laughter of Adonis followed David right up to the house.

I called to Alita, our native cook, who had come with us from Johannesburg. She was standing at the garden wall conversing with some friends in a Kaffir dialect I did not understand. I judged from the sound of her voice that she was very angry about something. She threw a last indignant sentence at them as she answered my summons.

"Why does Adonis laugh at David?" I asked her as she came up to me.

The uncommon but natural red in Alita's brown cheeks deepened. "I have just been speaking of it," she said. "I will tell, Missis."

It was the story of a great romance that Alita unfolded to me, and it concerned Dinah, the daughter of Hercules, the herdsman.

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THERE was a time when Dinah had come daily to fetch the sour milk which was one of her father's perquisites; but lately, for good reasons, she had not come. Except on the day of her wedding, I had, indeed, not seen Dinah for more than a year.

That wedding took place a month ago, and David was the bridegroom.

Why David or anyone else should have chosen to fall in love with Dinah was one of those mysteries which Nature keeps secret in her own heart. She was a grave, thin little girl, who resembled her wizened and inappropriately named father. All over the Cape Colony there are brown people who have adopted such names from their Dutch masters. . . . And she used to squat in the sunshine outside the kitchen door while David went to get her the sour milk for which she was waiting, very quiet, very solemn.

I assume she must have been about sixteen, but she looked twelve; and she was really singularly ugly, even for a Kaffir of Griqualand West, with her flat nose, small eyes, protuberant forehead, and high mouth. Nor could it have been her solitary physical merit of cleanness which captured David, for cleanness is not, among the River Kaffirs, a greatly cherished attribute.

Yet here commenced an idyl which, but for an unexpected mercenary intrusion, would have ended as simply as all idyls end. Of all things, Hercules must needs insist that David should pay him for Dinah — as if these were the good old days, as if River Kaffirs were Zulus and had such a thing as dignity left.

"But what had David to give Hercules?" I asked Alita. "Had he cattle or horses or sheep or goats?"

"There lies the thing," said Alita. "He had no beasts and no money. That was how the trouble began."

She went on to explain.

"Missis must understand," she said. "I am not one who believes the new fashions are the best. It is right that the father should get something for his girl-child. He put her in the world and gave her food that she might work for him, that she might grind his mealies and carry his water. What does it mean if a father gives away his daughter for nothing? Does it not mean that she is of no value to him? When John Itumeleng married me, he paid old Frans, my father, ten oxen and seven cows and fifteen sheep, and it was agreed also that we must give old Frans our eldest child when it was a year old. But those times are gone. Then we had our lands and our herds. Then Alita would have sat in the kraal with her daughter-in-law and her grandchildren, and her ten fingers would not have been her only span of oxen. Then it was a different life. Missis, we Kaffirs are not the people we used to be, and it is best we should know it."

"And so when Hercules wanted *lobola* for Dinah, what did David do?"

"He had to work for him, Missis, he had to let him have every month the whole of what he earned. Only if someone gave David a present could David keep anything for himself."

I remembered David's eagerly cupped hands as last year we had given him a farewell gift.

"And how long was this to go on?"

"For a year, Missis. And because David and Dinah were anxious to marry soon, Dinah herself also went to work for Mr. Jackson who has the farm on the other side of the river."

In this way, as Alita went on to tell, the year passed, and the time came when David was released from his bondage to Hercules and could begin to work for himself.

But, even so, the wedding day was not yet at hand. Now Hercules wanted David to save toward a wedding in the church and a feast. For that he had to have not only a new coat and trousers and hat and shoes, but fifteen shillings for the missionary who came to perform the ceremony, and a pound for what they called the tea-meeting. Even the fifteen shillings was more than many Kaffirs were prepared to spend on sanctifying their unions, and

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most of them in these days came together like any other of the earth's creatures, hoping vaguely that the Lord would understand how hard it was for a Kaffir to save fifteen shillings for a wedding in the church, and would excuse them.

III

IN THE MEANTIME David and Dinah built their home. They built as the birds build. They gathered reeds in the river, and filled the spaces in between the reeds with mud, and covered them with grass. And thus they achieved a hive-shaped hut, into which, in due course, they might crawl through an opening about three feet high and two feet wide. This opening would be the only concession to air and light. And when they went to bed, they would hang bags over it, and shut out the world of night — the clean, warm air, the faint rumbling of the river, the distant croaking of the frogs, and all the little dear noises of loneliness. They would lie, their heads covered, in the clothes in which they lived by day, between dirty skins and blankets on a bare, dung-smeared floor. They would hide themselves from the frank, unclouded stars. But, if it were full moonlight and summertime, they would gather together the young folk for miles around, and they would dance and dance all night to the music of their own wild and harmonious singing and the rhythmic clapping of girls' hands.

IV

"AND IN THIS manner," continued Alita, "another year went by. And then one day David comes to Hercules and tells him that now he and Dinah must go and live together. It is the time. They cannot wait for weddings now, he says."

"And what did Hercules answer to that? Was he angry?"

"Well, Missis knows Hercules. He is not an easy man. Yes, he was angry. He looks at David with his little eyes, and he does like this with his finger" — Alita put her right forefinger in her mouth, pulled it out with a sucking noise, and pointed it upwards — "and he says so true as his dead father, without a wedding David shall not have Dinah."

"But that wasn't so wrong of Hercules," I commented.

"No. That is true. It wasn't so wrong," admitted Alita. "But the first thing was, he still spoke of a big wedding, and the second thing is, David had to buy this and that for the house, too. He had to buy a Kaffir pot, and some mugs, and a bag of mealie-meal. Missis knows what is a bag of mealie-meal with us Kaffirs."

I did know. It was a rampart against the future. Alita actually sent mealie-meal from Johannesburg to her family in Bloemfontein, because she could not trust them not to waste her substance before life was thus made safe.

"And so for five months," Alita continued, "David ate just once a day — in the evening; he ate a little mealie-meal cooked with fat. Only when it was his chance to get the offal at a killing, or a beast died, only then did David eat meat. And at the end of five months they were able to have the wedding."

I had seen part of that wedding. When the ceremony was over, David in his new coat and trousers, Dinah in a white muslin dress with a wreath and veil on her head, Hercules in an old frock coat, riddled with moth, that some white man had once given him, and a pair of khaki trousers, flower-girls also in white veils, placed themselves at the head of a procession that went singing and dancing down to the river. They accepted presents from anyone who chose to give them, and when night came, they feasted and danced until the food was gone and the stars were dead.

Then David took Dinah to his home.

The next day he spent his last money on a blanket and some yards of print for the approaching baby.

Only a few days ago David had come to announce to Alita that the baby was here.

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"I asked him," said Alita, "if it was a fine baby. And he said yes, he heard it was a fine baby."

"He heard! Didn't he know? Hadn't he seen it?"

"It is not our custom that the father should look at the baby before three days," Alita told me.

"I see," I said, and, having arrived at what appeared to be the end of the romance, I was about to turn away when I remembered suddenly why I had called Alita.

"But about Adonis," I asked. "Why was he laughing?"

"Adonis?" said Alita. "Yes. It was on the day after the baby was born that Adonis began to laugh. And not only Adonis. Other people saw the joke too."

"Why?" I asked, and remembered the bewildered and stricken look on David's face. "What was there to laugh about?"

Alita's eyes met mine across a world of experience. "They laughed because it was not David's baby," she said.

"How did they know?"

"They had to know," said Alita in a tight voice. "And when David heard, he went in too before the three days, and saw with his own eyes that it was not his baby, because it was a white baby. And he asked Dinah, and she told him it was the baby of the man for whom she had worked that they might save money to get married, she and David. She said it was Mr. Jackson's baby."

Alita looked away to where Adonis was winding the bucket into the well again, and I looked too. A smile still lingered on his face. And, suddenly, without another word, as if a physical force drove her, Alita went from me to Adonis and struck him with her flat hand on his widened mouth.

The rope of the bucket ran sharply out as the hand of Adonis abandoned its work. Adonis stared at Alita. Then he made a little snort of contempt, turned back to his windlass, and deliberately laughed again.

Dawn Tryst

MAD, O divinely mad, is the world in the morning at five;
Birds turn stars in the dimness, and stars are birds that sing,
Fluttering low in the blue with large, white, vivid wing,
And the very stones are alive.

A chaffinch but chips in the pale dead bronze of the sycamore,
Leafless, unlighted as yet — and out the melody rushes:
Starlings like rain, blackbirds like waterfalls, torrents of thrushes
And larks in a starry soar.

The world dissolves into music in a wild and rapturous storm;
The mellow mist of the moon and the milk-white mist of the ground
Wreathing in bridals of light and melodious marriage of sound
Seem music's visible form.

Floating, floating away is the world and the walls most strong
That hold you quietly breathing asleep in the mist —
And high over all, our kin souls wreathe in a flame-white tryst
And float away like a song.

—Geoffrey Johnson

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Making Flying SAFE

Research as a Worker of Miracles

by **HARRY F. GUGGENHEIM**

An enterprise may be said to have reached a high state of development when people ask of it, not "What has been accomplished?" — but "What problems still remain to be solved?" Aviation is to-day in the latter category. In the past three years it has emerged from the period of thrilling and spectacular achievement and has rapidly expanded its operations as a public utility. With thirty passenger transport companies operating in the United States between some sixty cities, with a Pan-American service connecting this country with Cuba and Central America, with several thousand machines privately owned, the airplane is demonstrating its claim to the title of common carrier. The past year has witnessed the development of some very large companies, both in aircraft manufacture and in air transport, which have offered their securities to the public. Perhaps this entrance of the aircraft industry into Wall Street is the most striking indication of the arrival of the new industry.

In the March issue Mr. Roger W. Babson, the expert forecaster of business, described his vision of the future development of aviation. He foresaw a time when the skyways of the world would be thronged with purring planes and the now infant aircraft industry would supplement the automobile industry as the foundation of a continuously expanding prosperity. To make this dream come true many laboratories are now engaged in patient research, seeking new devices to increase the safety of flying. Mr. Harry F. Guggenheim, a leader in this movement, now tells what science is doing to make possible the success of commercial aviation.

It is to this practical end — the public usefulness of aviation — that modern aëronautic research is directed. This is in keeping with the general policy of American business. The extraordinary present development in the industries of this country is very considerably due to the patient labors of research over a period of years. There is probably no great corporation to-day which does not maintain a research department of some kind engaged in a study of the output, the refinement, and the marketing of its product. Interesting and highly diversified research is now being conducted in aviation, and it is safe to predict that it will produce results which, from our present point of view, we might term fantastic. After all, the difference between the fantastic and the practical is only a question of time.

The writer has occasionally been challenged for stating that within a very few years — probably not more than a decade — it will be possible to operate airplanes with the ease and safety of automobiles. Close observation of aëronautical developments has only strengthened that conviction. In the first place, the unobstructed and almost limitless air above the tree tops, without intersecting highways swarming with traffic, offers the safest travel lanes. The only thing that brings an airplane down to-day in normal weather is engine failure. With an adequate system of landing fields, this need result in no disaster; and as far as any abnormal weather is concerned, there is every indication that the airplane will shortly be so equipped as to reduce this to a minor hazard.

There are a few important problems in aviation which remain to be solved. This does not refer to those needs where the solution is obvious, such as the establishment of landing fields and airways or the identification of towns and cities by roof markings. Here the remedy is only a matter of effort. There are other problems, however, which still seek the correct answer — such as the stability of an airplane at all attitudes or speeds, or when flying in fog.

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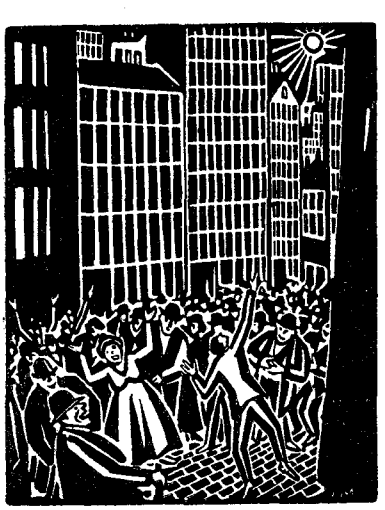
These are problems requiring repeated experimentation both in the laboratory and in actual flight; upon their solution waits the final and complete acceptance of the airplane by the people. To bring this about is the task of the scientist, who is more important to our mode of living to-day than in any other period of history.

Early Attempts to Fly

Behind the triumph of the Wright brothers in 1903 lies a long period of desultory research in aëronautics that took place in many countries for over four hundred years. Leonardo da Vinci is remembered chiefly for his paintings, but his keenest ambition was to fly. His notebooks were crowded with observations of the flight of birds and with notes on his own unsuccessful experiments. Research in aviation from his time has proceeded along very diversified and highly confused lines. John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, in a treatise written at the end of the seventeenth century, summed up in the characteristic vein of his day several ways by which "flying hath been or may be attempted: First by spirits or angels, second by the help of fowl, third by wings fastened immediately to the body, fourth by flying chariots."

A more practical analysis was presented by Sir George Cayley early in the nineteenth century, who pointed the way to the solution of flight in heavier-than-air craft in the following simple but comprehensive formula: "To make a surface support a given weight by the application of power to the resistance of air." Or, in other words, to drive a machine through the air at a rate of speed so great that the air, acting on the wing, will lift the craft. This the Wright brothers accomplished. Probably their greatest single contribution to aërodynamic research and design was their wing-warping method, the progenitor of the modern aileron. Since their achievements, four major research problems have gradually evolved in aviation — problems of safety, speed, cost, and comfort — and each one of them offers an unlimited field for development.



ASPIRATION

Woodcuts by Franz Masereel Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

Safety in flight depends upon a multitude of conditions, among them the structure and equipment of the machine, the aids to navigation on the airways and landing fields, and the skill of the personnel. Particularly important are the aërodynamic characteristics of aircraft. In aërodynamics — the science of air flow, involving the fundamental principles of flight — there are some very important developments taking place at this time. Improvements in aërodynamic design looking toward increasing the safety of flying have not received as much attention from the airplane manufacturer as their importance for commercial purposes would justify. Until recently manufacturers have been almost solely dependent for orders, and thus for existence, on governments whose airplane requirements for military purposes subordinated safety to speed and to ease of maneuvering. In some particulars, these characteristics are so diametrically opposed to each other that it is impossible to include both in the same design. Commercial planes of to-day are largely adaptations of military types for commercial use.

Safe Aircraft Competition

In an attempt to hasten the inevitable development of the aërodynamically safe plane, the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics has organized a Safe Aircraft Competition. Prizes totaling $150,000 will be awarded for those machines which represent the greatest advance in safety without sacrificing efficiency. Already twelve entries have been received, including models from some of the leading manufacturers of airplanes here and abroad. The planes must first qualify on the basis of certain specifications and then be tested in actual operation at Mitchell Field, Long Island. This competition grew out of the realization that in order to be aërodynamically safe, airplanes must land more slowly, roll

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only a short distance after landing, be able to glide steeply and in safety over obstacles surrounding a field, take off quickly and on a steep path, remain in perfect control at the stall and in all other flight attitudes, and be inherently stable when, in adverse weather, the pilot cannot himself maintain an even keel.

When engine failure occurs in cross-country flying, safety depends on the availability of an emergency field. The emergency field may be broken up in surface and very small. The average airplane lands too fast and rolls too far for such terrain. Moreover, in addition to being small, the field may be surrounded with obstacles such as trees and wires. The only possible approach is then on a steep glide. But with the airplane of to-day, a steep glide in landing frequently means disaster. In getting out of a small field with a present-day airplane, these difficulties present themselves in reverse. The take-off is too long, and the plane, even while climbing rapidly, may not climb steeply enough to clear surrounding obstacles. Accidents have frequently occurred because of engine failure at such a time. The plane may stall and the pilot lose control, the plane falling off on one wing and going into the dreaded spin.

There is also the problem of stability in flying through fog when the pilot no longer has the horizon to guide him. He is completely blind, and gusts of wind or other disturbances may make his instruments unreliable. He may then be flying in the most extraordinary and dangerous attitudes without being aware of it, unless the plane is so designed that it is inherently stable and can automatically maintain a normal attitude. Most of these problems have been solved individually in different planes, and it is the purpose of the competition to coördinate them into one plane, which will be the "safe airplane" of the future.

By far the most frequent cause of airplane accidents to-day is the stall. To overcome this problem Mr. Handley Page has been working for many years on the development of the slotted wing. The slot operates to delay or prevent the breakdown of the air flow around the wing, which, with an ordinary wing section, occurs at an angle of about sixteen degrees to the wind. It is the breakdown of the air flow which causes the loss of control. Recently, Mr. Handley Page has perfected his automatic slot. In the spring of 1925, I flew in an airplane equipped with the then imperfect slot control, and a short time ago I flew a plane equipped with the improved device. My experience would indicate that the development is one of epoch-making importance to aviation.

The Autogyro

Still another remarkable aëronautical invention — the autogyro — may have a marked effect in stimulating our efforts to obtain safety in flight. This machine, awarded the Grand Prix for 1928 by the French Academy of Sports, is the invention of Señor de la Cierva. Although its function is similar to that of the helicopter, its mechanism is quite different. It cannot rise vertically and its revolving wings are not power driven; indeed, in many respects it is just like an ordinary airplane. It has the usual engine-driven propeller to pull it through the air, the customary fuselage to house the engine and crew, the usual form of landing gear and tail surfaces to provide up and down and side steering. Its fundamental difference is that its lift is obtained from a sort of giant windmill with four blades. Once these blades have been set in rotation and forward motion is attained, the windmill continues to rotate. In so doing, it provides a constant upward reaction or lift.

There are two great advantages to the autogyro. With an ordinary fixed surface, the wings must meet the air rapidly in order to give sufficient lift. In the autogyro the craft may be flying or gliding very slowly as a whole, yet the swiftly revolving blades will provide all the lift necessary. In consequence, the autogyro is an aircraft which can fly and land very slowly and never stalls. The second great advantage is

EXPERIMENT

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found in the fact that the blades are not only free to revolve around the vertical shaft, but are also hinged at the inner end, so that they can adjust themselves in any required fashion without introducing sidewise tipping forces. The autogyro, as well as an entry of Mr. Handley Page, will be among the competing machines in the Safe Aircraft Competition.

Given the aërodynamically safe plane and continued progress in the various problems involved in safe flying, which were briefly summarized above and which do not require for solution anything but ordinary sound industrial development, there remains one fundamental, unsolved problem — that of flying through fog. Fog is one of the few hazards that are really feared by the aviator, and the more experienced the pilot, the more respect he has for that extreme condition of the atmosphere in which vision is completely obscured. In the present state of flying development, fog cannot be successfully combated.

Fog — Aviation's Chief Enemy

Even though a pilot cannot fight fog and win, there is no reason for fog to take toll of life. When fog thickens ahead to a dangerous point, the wise pilot follows the rule that Lindbergh consistently uses, namely: "Turn back before it's too late." Usually the increasing wisps of clouds that beset his path give the pilot ample warning that he is entering a fog area. There is a great temptation to keep on through these harmless-looking, billowy wisps that seem to beckon him to go farther and offer assurance that just a little way ahead the wisps will give way to clear sky. When airports are so sparsely scattered throughout the country as they are to-day, turning back may mean a long return flight, but it is usually the only safe course to pursue. The dangers of going on are illustrated by the experience of an army pilot who tried his skill at fog penetration and, happily, "lived to tell the tale." He had been following a railroad track for miles — a convenient method of navigating through "thick" weather. "Suddenly," he says, "the railroad track disappeared like magic and I crashed into the side of a mountain." The railroad track had passed through a tunnel under the mountain.

INVENTION

The major problems that have arisen to date in a search for the solution of fog-flying are:

1. The improvement of airplanes and instruments assuring a safe flying attitude in fog.
2. Maintenance of course and the location of landing fields while flying through a fog.
3. The development of instruments to show accurately the height of an airplane above the ground, replacing the barometric instruments now in general use which only show the height above the starting point.
4. The penetration of fog by special rays.
5. The dissipation of fog.
6. The perfection of communication systems between airplanes and the ground.

Governmental, scientific, and commercial organizations are coöperating in the research study of these problems. The Daniel Guggenheim Fund has established a full-flight laboratory where the actual operation of an airplane in all kinds of weather conditions can be tested. In some of these experiments one of the two pilots at the controls will wear a head covering, so that he cannot see outside of the machine, and will direct the airplane under conditions similar to the thickest fog. The delicacy of the instruments to be perfected for fog-flying is illustrated by the fact that the machine must be equipped with an altimeter which should indicate within a margin of five feet the exact distance from the ground.

One of the most fertile fields for research in aviation is that of the power plant. Mechanical flight at the beginning of this century would have been impossible without the internal combustion engine. The automobile engine of that day, just as the automobile engine of this day, was useless for flying on account of its excessive weight. The Wright brothers gave further proof of their mechanical genius by

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adapting the internal combustion engine, reducing its weight till it could be used for heavier-than-air craft. In fairness it should be added that at about the same time Charles Manly designed and constructed for Professor Langley another engine which was truly marvelous for that period; but experimentation with this engine ceased with the disaster at the trial flight of the Langley machine.

These two engines mark the beginning of the extraordinary development in aircraft motors. The Wrights' first engine had four cylinders, was water-cooled, developed about sixteen horsepower at twelve hundred revolutions per minute, and weighed a little over two hundred pounds, or twelve and one-half pounds per horsepower. The Wright brothers continued their work, building larger and more powerful engines which developed as much as seventy horsepower and weighed as little as five pounds per horsepower. Up until the war little progress was made beyond this point. At the beginning of the war, the average airplane engine developed about one hundred horsepower, with a weight, for the best ones, of from four to five pounds per horsepower.

Speed and Then More Speed

The demand for high performance for military planes caused a rapid increase in the power output accompanied by a steady decrease in the weight per horsepower. Since the war this development has continued. The postwar period has been distinguished by the development of a successful air-cooled engine, the reliability of which, it is fair to say, made possible the glorious flight of Lindbergh. The air-cooled engine established a new scale of weight for aircraft motors, and only intensive development has enabled the water-cooled engine to keep pace, and then merely in the higher horsepowers. A modern, commercial, air-cooled engine may weigh about one and one-half pounds per horsepower, as compared with about twelve and one-half for the first Wright engine. Both air-cooled and water-cooled racing engines have been reduced below one pound per horsepower.

These factors are closely related to the problem of speed, which, on account of its great importance for military purposes, has probably been the subject of more research than any of the other major problems involved in aviation. As a result, the speed of the airplane has been increased from about thirty-five miles an hour in the day of the Wright brothers' first flight, to the stupendous speed of three hundred and twenty miles an hour to-day. In spite of this great speed of racing planes, the average commercial plane travels at a cruising speed of approximately ninety miles an hour, although some of the more recent large passenger-carrying planes cruise at the rate of about one hundred and twenty miles an hour. Commercial cruising speed is a matter of great economic importance. The airplane must compete with a highly organized system of rail transportation, and in the present development of aircraft, speed has become the foremost advantage that the airplane has to offer. The increased development of economically sound air transport routes now depends upon two conditions — night flying and increased commercial speed.

The whole economics of air transportation is also involved. Methods of production of aircraft are in the primary stage. The airplane is still virtually a handmade product. In the early days of airplane construction a series of ten airplanes a year was considered a large one. Now there are factories — the envy of the industry — which produce three or four planes a day of the same type — an accomplishment in production which will hardly arouse the jealousy of Mr. Ford. Here, indeed, is a fertile field for the production engineer. In airplane production, possibilities have scarcely been scratched and many problems await American ingenuity. Methods and materials for mass production must be evolved that will reduce the price of airplanes, airplane engines, and accessories to but a fraction of their present cost.

REALIZATION

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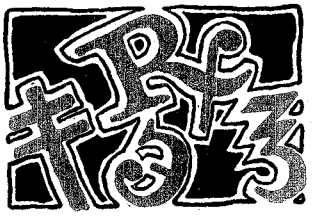
New Metals — New Opportunities

Metallurgy has played, and is destined to play, an important part in aviation development. The original plane of the Wright brothers was entirely of wood construction. Even the propellers were made of wood, though the engine was of cast-iron and steel. In order to reduce the weight without greatly decreasing the strength, the modern airplane propeller and engine are constructed of duralumin wherever possible. This metal has certain disadvantages, however, such as its very high coefficient of expansion, the fact that it cannot be satisfactorily welded, and its lack of resistance to fatigue and corrosion. There has been considerable experimentation with magnesium alloys, but without any great degree of success. At the present time much is expected of beryllium alloys, although scarcely anything is yet known of their properties.

The history of transportation is the history of mankind. When the first workman laboriously hewed a wheel from a block of wood or carved a boat from a tree, he was beginning a period of swifter communication which centuries later was to reduce continents and oceans to mere casual distances. The automobile, the locomotive, the five-day liner grew out of the ox cart and the coracle. But the most magnificent dream of all was that of flying. Sitting in his work room in Florence four hundred years ago, brooding over the huge, intricate, batlike apparatus with which he was experimenting, Leonardo da Vinci wrote in one of his innumerable notebooks:

> If the heavy eagle on his wings stays up in the rarefied air, if large ships under sail move over the sea — why cannot man also, cleaving the air with wings, master the wind and rise up, a conqueror, on high?

This conquest, now achieved, seems the most dramatic of all. And all the initial experimentation — the clumsy, inadequate machines, the failure, the disillusions, the weary disregard of defeat — all these are largely forgotten to-day in the perfection of the modern airplane, with its speed, its grace, and its constantly increasing reliability. The experiments of pioneers like the Wright brothers found fitting expression in the achievements of to-day, and these, in turn, may be taken as indications of the developments still ahead of us.



The Doctors and the PUBLIC

by FRANCIS GRAHAM CROOKSHANK, M.D.

Articles in magazines, and other signs of the times in England and in America, are making it very clear that the public and the doctors are no longer so satisfied with each other as they used to be. To use again an old joke — perhaps they never were! However, honest discussion should do little harm; and the Editor of The Forum has invited me to talk about the present discontents with greater frankness than might be convenient elsewhere.

Now, having read many recent papers on the subject (some containing a good deal of grumbling by the public, and others too much sentimentality from the doctors), I am persuaded that if discussion is to be fruitful, both sides had better acknowledge one or two plain truths that are germane to the matter. Otherwise, we may as well go on grumbling and counter-grumbling until things sort themselves out, somehow, in the long run.

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LAST MONTH Mr. T. Swann Harding urged a complete reform of the medical profession. He maintained that the American Medical Association is little better than a trade union, is almost wholly concerned with keeping doctors' fees high, and cares little about the public's rights. He proposed state medicine as a remedy. Dr. Crookshank, an eminent London physician, agrees with much of Mr. Harding's criticism, but he opposes state medicine and offers a new solution of his own, which may be termed "group medicine."

I would say, in the first place, that no wise doctor ever lends ear to tales from a patient about another doctor — it may be his own turn next. And the public will do well, when told of the greed of Dr. A., or the folly of Dr. B., to remember that all people who consult doctors are sick. Except, of course, those who have "nothing the matter with them" — and they are the sickest of all. Now sick people are not often very wise people, and are very seldom the best judges of what is best for them. They may know what they *want;* they do not know what they *need*. Especially, that is, if they are educated — in the way that most well-to-do people are educated. People who are intelligent without being educated — the most intelligent of all — choose a good doctor, as if by instinct, when they are well, and do what he tells them when they are sick. That is why, when it is a question of exercising their art, all good doctors prefer the uneducated but intelligent poor to the educated and unintelligent rich. When it comes to earning their living, it is another story.

Moreover, sick people are not always very nice people, even when they get well. Twenty-five years ago, before I became a general physician (or general interne, as Americans seem to say), I was a family doctor, or, as the English say, general practitioner. Ninety per cent of the grateful letters I received, with checks, came from the relatives of those who died under my care. Ninety per cent of the letters of complaint, with unpaid bills, came from those who recovered, or from their relatives! The most satirical imagination could conceive no more exquisite commentary upon human nature. But this is not imagination but actual truth — so true that it is the reason why I gave up general practice.

THE BEDEVILED DOCTOR

Small wonder that a family doctor of the last generation should have called upon Heaven to declare why he should continue to perform tasks that God did not impose and that man did not requite. Small wonder that drink, drugs, despair, disgrace, and death levy greater toll from doctors than from lawyers or business men. Small wonder that we doctors get a little askew, sometimes, in our relations with the public — that is, unless we have the knack of "compensating" for our association with the sick and perverse by the consolations of art, literature, and philosophy. Is it not natural that we should resent interference and should refuse to surrender to the wishes of the community? Is it not natural that we should seek to retain autonomy for our profession, taking refuge either in "Academicism" on the one hand or in the no less deplorable "Associationalism" on the other?

The fact is that doctoring is a very irksome business and, for the honest fellow without private means, a very poor one. It is, indeed, the only profession in which honesty is *not* the best policy — if, by best policy, we mean that which brings the financial reward nowadays esteemed the gauge of success in all other walks of life. The honesty by which every good doctor sets such store, however, is intellectual. We have as little opportunity to be financially dishonest as some other professions have to be intellectually honest. But this honesty which impels every good doctor to do what he thinks best for the patient rather than what the patient asks him to do, is a handicap to financial success in the exact measure that his income depends upon the foolish favor of the sick rather than upon the candid judgment of his colleagues.

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Nevertheless, the queer ethical conscience that most doctors do somehow acquire does prevent all but a few of us from employing those methods which bring false reputation and hard cash so surely and so swiftly to the quacks, within and without the pale. All successful quacks are clever enough to see the "catch" in their own quackery; that is why they succeed. If they were more honest, they would know that their quackery is not justified merely because the public asks to be quacked. But if ever the public sees to it that, in medicine, intellectual honesty *is* the best policy, then the quacks will at once strive to be honest, and, since many of them are very clever fellows, they may make very good doctors. I know, for example, that I shall really fear the competition of the osteopaths when they stick to what is true in osteopathy. At present, thank goodness, they don't!

Someone — La Rochefoucauld, I suppose — once said that if vice were in the long run profitable, most virtuous people would become sinners. No doubt. That is why we doctors who are poor but honest are sometimes as astonished at our own integrity as Clive was at his own moderation in plunder!

Mr. Lewis Morriss has recently sketched, in *Harper's*, the successful humbug, Mammon, M.D. I wish he had used his brilliant pen to depict the penurious probity of the doctor whom other doctors consult when they are ill. Their patients, you know, "like someone better known, like old Mammon." So be it. Countries get the governments, and patients the doctors they deserve. Mammon, M.D., will be in his office just so long as his waiting rooms are filled. Why not?

Now it may be that, as the world now is, every man has the right, if not to the medical services that he would choose, at any rate to the medical services that are necessary to preserve his usefulness, or harmlessness, as a social component. The claim that such medical services should be provided for the individual (on either a contributory or a non-contributory basis) by the state, municipality, trade union, or social class to which he belongs, is now so commonly made that I am not at pains to dispute it. After all, such a claim is one to be admitted or rejected on sociological or economic grounds, and hardly concerns us doctors *as doctors*. But if admitted (as I think it should be), I can imagine no reason why it should be satisfied at the expense of the doctors.

In the past it was the high privilege of a few well-paid doctors to recognize the public consideration shown them by gratuitously exercising their art for the benefit of the indigent sick at hospitals and dispensaries. *Mais, nous avons changé tout cela.* The struggling physician or surgeon may be, and often is, less well fed, and far less free from anxiety, than the burly artisan whom he treats at the hospital for nothing! Moreover, for doctors to insist on refusing salaried or sessional remuneration for work done at Voluntary Hospitals — as we call them in England — is as vicious, economically, as it would be if the best clothiers and provision merchants threw open their stores thrice a week so that the "poor" could obtain for nothing that which the rich buy dearly, and the middle classes cannot hope to get honestly. Then, indeed, would the middle classes have a grievance! As a matter of fact, they have one now. Why should doctors give charity to the "privileged poor" at the expense of their own social class, in the hope of getting a luxury income from the rich? Why on earth does the public both expect and allow them to?

The Average Man's Grievances

Now, for present purposes, the public may be considered as divided, like all Gaul, into three parts. The first is the well-to-do; the third, the poor (or workers, as they are sometimes called); the second, the middle class, ground between the upper and nether millstones. But we may also distinguish three kinds of medical service. I will call the first of these general or family; the second, consulting; and the third, institutional. Medically, the first deals with maintenance; the second, with repairs; the third, with reconstruction. Economically, the costs of the

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first should be defrayed from income; of the second, from reserve; and of the third, from capital. In respect to none of these have the well-to-do any grievance; unless one was voiced to me a year or two ago by a prominent man who bewailed that "his class" could never tell which doctors are good and which humbugs. I told him to choose a good general medical adviser for culture and for character, and never to consult a specialist save on his advice.

Aping the Rich

Anne Miller Downes was quite right when, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1927, she declared that the middle-class man, "desirous of giving nothing but the best to his family, has aped the rich." I agree; but I demur when Mrs. Downes goes on to say that the middle-class man is not rich enough to buy the best advice. He may be "not poor enough to accept charity," but that is no reason why he should lack

the common sense to see that the advice for which most is paid is not always the best, and that, having thrown over his best friend, the sterling family doctor, he has put himself in the way of trouble by aping the rich and seeking specialists on his own account. His salvation, in respect to general and consultative or specialist medical services, depends upon his retaining the general practitioner of experience, character, and ability as the guide, philosopher, and friend who will see danger coming and avert it, or who, when trouble does come, will choose the right specialist (if special advice be needed) and will ease the financial burden even if an operation or hospital treatment be required. But, "he has aped the rich." Small wonder that the family doctor, at any rate in the United States, is obsolescent.

Nor have the poor (or workers) much to complain about, in England at any rate, because the really indigent are well provided for by the Workmen's Insurance Acts which now secure for them excellent domiciliary and other medical benefits. And when we have paid off some more of our debts to other countries, these benefits will probably be extended to wives and families as well. As for the consultative and specialist services and the institutional and surgical needs, at present supplied by the Voluntary Hospitals, it has been said that the poor share the best doctoring with the well-to-do. I am inclined to say that they get better doctoring than the well-to-do, for they have the good sense, as well as the opportunity, to submit themselves when really ill to the disinterested care of doctors whose anxiety is not to please but to do their best. Even Mammon, M.D., compounds for his expensive humbug and releases his honest but repressed subconscious self, when, as Mr. Morriss says, he visits the hospital and "gives an hour to its clinic."

But the middle-class man has grievances all round. He complains that the family doctor is disappearing — which is another way of saying that the family doctor has grown tired of waiting for his modest bills to be settled while the specialist is paid spot cash. Our middle-class man complains also that the specialist and consultative services that he procures are very expensive, and not always very good, while for the well-to-do they *are* always good, and, for the poor, not only good but gratis.

The truth is that our middle-class man has got his medical values all wrong. It is his own fault, for he not only reads the newspapers but believes them. In England we have not one daily paper — no, not even *The Times* — that can be trusted to discuss a medical subject without eccentricity of opinion or material error. I imagine that things are rather worse in America. The vacuous futility of the people who write, and read, the contemptible nonsense slobbered in the daily press about "specialists" who rush about at the last moment with vaccines and nostrums — sometimes in motor cars, sometimes in airplanes, but always in the limelight — is unspeakable. Commonsense doctoring in the beginning would save ninety-nine

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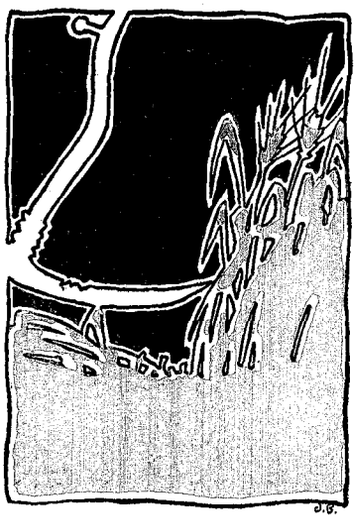
sick people out of a hundred from the stunt "fights against death" which so impress the public imagination.



Moreover, though the technician who does things to guinea pigs with a squirt is hailed by a frantic press as a "wizard," as a "mystery man of science" who "grapples with the mysteries of life and death," it is at the bedside that the art of medicine is learned. It is at the bedside that knowledge, experience, and insight are put to the test, and, in the end, it is by the judgment of the bedside doctor that the discoveries of the laboratory stand or fall. God forbid that I should do less than justice to the painstaking and sometimes brilliant laboratory workers and office specialists. I hope, too, that I do not grudge them their place in the spotlight. But it is at the bedside that the real fight against death is waged incessantly throughout the length and breadth of the country, and the real heroes are the Ephraim McDowells of the backwoods, the Grenfells of Labrador, and their younger brothers of the lone moorlands and the solitary journeys, of the black silences, harsh poverty, and neglect.

Too Many Specialists

Now, while specialism is all very well in its way, the true specialist is he who knows something about all medicine and all about his own speciality. Realizing his strength and his limitations, he will work with the general practitioner or physician, respecting his own and others' "frames of reference," recognizing fully that the whole is greater than the part. But as a rule, the self-sufficient specialist so often consulted by the middle-class man does not know enough about general medicine to know properly his own specialty. His work is dangerous to the very extent that it is not coördinated by any comprehensive intelligence. Our middle-class friend, however, has been taught by his newspapers to rate a narrow technical slickness more highly than the broad knowledge and ripe judgment that often render unnecessary the spectacular *tours de force* which attract popular attention. And so the splitting up of medicine into independent specialties goes on, keeping pace, as it always has done, with the vulgarization — or democratization — of culture. It was so in Egypt and in Babylon; in Greece, Alexandria, and Rome; again, in Bagdad and in Cordova. It is so now in Paris, in London, and in New York.

There are portents, nevertheless, that a reaction toward synthetic or Hippocratic medicine may be soon felt. If so, this reaction will be soonest manifest in those centers where the reaction toward autocracy, aristocracy, and mental sobriety is already obvious — in Rome, in Madrid, and — who knows? — in Berlin or in Russia. For a vast deal of rubbish has lately been written about the impossibility of any one man's grasping all the recent advances in medical science. I say "rubbish," because real science simplifies and does not confuse; it synthesizes and leads back to first principles, so that men of intelligence and judgment can with ease keep themselves abreast of the best opinion. No one expects, and there is no need, that the general physician or surgeon — much less the general practitioner — should himself master the technical details of every new procedure or test. Indeed, the employment of "modern methods" is not always so indispensable at the bedside as many think. Indispensable for teaching purposes, no doubt; no less indispensable for those whose business it is to appraise the work of the technicians and the specialists; but, in practice, and when uncorrected by clinical experience, these modern methods are sometimes as perilous to the patient as they are hindering to the acquisition of the clinical art.

In a sentence, the middle-class man needs not only less and better-balanced specialism, but also more — and more intelligent — family doctoring. As I have said, ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is in the beginning, at the bedside in the home, that the fight is lost or won; it is but rarely that the rout can be converted into a victory at the last moment. Let the middle-class man remember that disease is a reaction of the individual to his environment rather than an "attack" by an enemy, and he will realize better than he now does the true secret of health and its preservation.

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Very unfortunately for the middle-class man, the medical schools have been largely diverted from their primary purpose of turning out good doctors. For this the overzealous endowment of "research" and "researchers" by benevolent but ill-advised millionaires is greatly to blame. In this connection two points should receive full notice. The first is that the colleges wrongly place greater emphasis upon the mere acquisition of scientific knowledge than upon the development of that intelligence by which further knowledge can afterwards be acquired. The second is that, in science, no systematic knowledge is sufficient by itself; it must lead up and point to first principles. In the medical schools no attempt is now made to develop intelligence; and the advance to first principles is consistently discouraged.

High Hospital Costs

Definite and drastic reform is needed, and urgently, if the just grievances of the middle class are to be met. But, in discussing two of these grievances — the disappearance of the family doctor and the inaccessibility of specialist advice that is both cheap and reliable — I have left on one side that which is perhaps the most pressing of all: the grievance which concerns those institutional medical services which, with the growth of surgery and the atrophy of the home, are now, if not a necessity of life, at any rate an almost necessary preliminary to death.

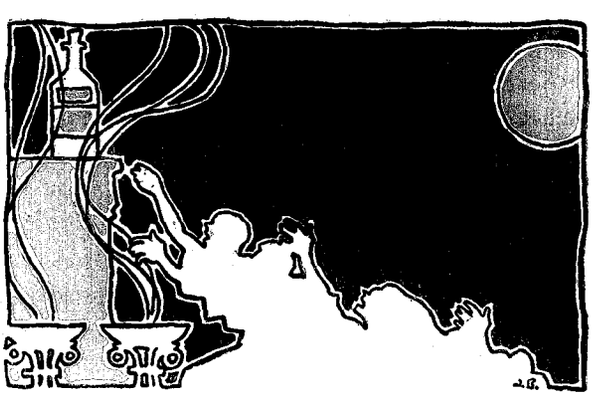
The middle-class man complains, and with justice, that, although ineligible for admission to the free wards of the public hospitals, he cannot afford to pay the luxury fees demanded for the pay wards, which, he says, are monopolized anyway by the well-to-do. It is certainly true that modern hospital service has become incrusted to an incredible extent with a parasitic growth of unnecessary luxury in construction, in furnishing, and in "organization," all of it as costly (in proportion to its value) and as useless (in proportion to its cost) as is the extra knot an hour extorted from the engines of a luxurious transatlantic liner.

The solution of the whole problem of institutional medical service, however, is to be found, I believe, in a great extension of hospitalization. That is to say, hospitals must be provided, in part or entirely, by communities or social groups, and so organized that not merely different classes of disease, but the different medical, surgical, and social needs of different social groups can be adequately dealt with. But before this solution of the problem can be realized, one thing is necessary. The doctors *must* abandon their prejudice against receiving public money, either as salaries or as sessional remuneration, for work done in hospitals, and they *must* admit the need for a measure of public control over such medical service otherwise than by purely medical boards or committees.

On one point I lay particular stress. Except in rural districts (where possibly the medical and surgical treatment will be provided for each patient by that patient's own medical man), each "provided hospital" — and by provided hospital I mean a hospital where the capital expenditure is provided not by charitable endowment but by community enterprise — will enjoy the services of a properly appointed medical staff who will be paid a salary by the governing body of the hospital, or will be paid on a sessional basis. Any system of payment by fee, the fees varying according to the work done and the ability of the patient to pay, is foredoomed to disaster.

Solution of the Problem

Once these principles are adopted, the whole plan falls into shape and we are able to envisage, first, the continuance and betterment of the present hospitals and infirmaries for the indigent sick; second, a chain of hospitals, on the German model, for the insured industrial population; third, municipal hospitals available for all good citizens who might care to use them, where wards would be free, and where cubicles or private rooms would be provided for those who might wish to make a small contribution or whose medical necessities demanded special



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consideration; fourth, coöperative hospitals organized by group enterprise with or without municipal or state subsidy, or by insurance corporations; and fifth, privately run hospitals or nursing homes, with accredited medical and surgical staffs, for those who desire a luxury service.

To elaborate the economic details of such a scheme as this — for hospitals ranging from those provided and maintained solely by the community to those provided and maintained solely by private enterprise — is impossible within the limits here allowed me; but, in England, the approaching passage into law of a bill prepared by the Minister of Health and now before Parliament, will, within five years, have shown the way to a revolution on these lines. A reform of this nature may be hampered, but it cannot be prevented, by such objections as are going to be raised by a great part of the medical profession.

Without doubt, these two classes of hospitals, as well as others that will be created, will be partly staffed, as at present, by paid, resident medical officers. But, as during the war, each hospital will also have an appointed staff of visiting physicians, surgeons, and specialists, who will be paid by salary or on a sessional basis. The lives of the younger members of these visiting staffs, who will retain their right to private practice, will at once be put upon a better economic basis; at once the fees for operative and specialist work of certain kinds, in private practice, will fall — as they should and must fall — to an economic level. Except, of course, so far as certain notoriously eminent medical men are concerned. For in the medical profession, as in every other, there will always be those whose services are paid for at fantastic rates. But the real cause for the generally high level of the fees charged at the present time, by surgeons at any rate, is not to be found elsewhere than in the economic uncertainty of their lives. This economic uncertainty will be removed for the young surgeon the very moment he accepts a part-time hospital post worth, say, fifteen hundred dollars a year. It is monstrous that any doctor should be called upon — as he now is — to decide whether or not a capital operation is required when he knows that the operation in question will pay his quarter's rent, and that *no* operation will mean an overdraft at his bank.

Another benefit under a system of graded hospitals will be the creation of something like an avenue of promotion for the young physician or surgeon or specialist. Special gifts will bring special opportunities and special transfers; "rising from the ranks" will become less infrequent than it now is. Moreover, the general practitioners in every hospital district will be brought into close association with the hospital work, and will be paid for sessional services at the clinics — to their own great advantage and to that of the community. The suggestion that the general practitioner will not let himself be hospitalized is bosh. He was during the war; he will be again — if it is made worth his while, as it must be. Incidentally, a system of clinics for consultation and for special investigations of cases not admitted to the wards must be developed; and in these the general practitioner will again have both a share and an interest.

Not State Medicine

It is no State Medical Service that I advocate, no system under which the ordinary — as opposed to the preventive and sanitary — medical services should become a part of the Civil Service. There must be opportunity for private practice by the doctors and for private contract by the public. I should deprecate the absorption of the doctors by the state as heartily as I deprecate the present professional autonomy that makes doctors a sect within the state. This sectarianism has two evil consequences, now becoming apparent: first, New Academicism — as intolerant as medieval Christianity, but now fostered by the endowment of research and the starvation of clinical medicine; and second, Associationalism — the mass mentality developed by the kind of professional organization that "watches professional interests" and ends in stereotyping thought by "plugging" the narrow views of those who control the journalistic monopoly created by it.

After all, if things have gone wrong, it is someone's fault. And it is someone's business to put things right. The grievances and problems which I have been discussing can only be removed and put right by coördinated endeavor in the general interest of all three parties to the discussion — the public, the doctors, and the state.

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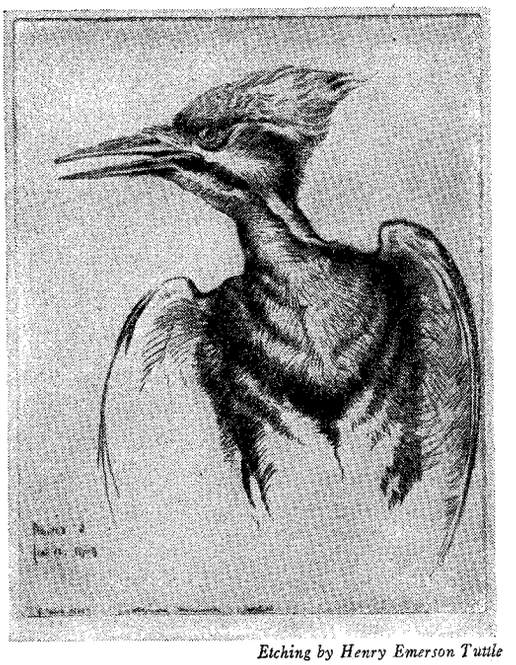
LOST Island



Pileated Woodpecker

Etching by Henry Emerson Tuttle

by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

I

"Come down. Lost Island found," wired my friend from the edge of Okefenokee Swamp — that unexplored Seminole stronghold which covers six hundred square miles between Georgia and Florida and which I had visited for the first time two years before.* There are scores of islands, named and unnamed, hidden in the depths of that great marsh, such as Floyd's Island, where General Floyd fought a battle with the Indians in the thirties; John's Negro Island, discovered by a runaway slave; Bugaboo Island, where no man will stay alone after dark; Billy's Island, the home of Billy Bowlegs, the Seminole chief; and many others.

Of them all, however, Lost Island has always been the most interesting to me. Years ago it was supposed to have been discovered by a trapper, but after his death the way to it was lost. Twice I had searched for it. Once I had reached Lost Lake, which few people indeed have ever seen, but I could not find the hidden trail that was said to lead from there to the island. On my second attempt I lost myself in a labyrinth of morasses and only found my way out with the greatest difficulty.

As was to be expected, all kinds of legends had grown up about Lost Island. Some said that it was infested by a gang of moonshiners and that anyone visiting it would never come back. Others held that it was all an invention of the dead trapper's imagination and that there never had been any such place. Then there were those who claimed to have met men who had visited Lost Island and who told me about the pileated and ivory-billed woodpeckers which nested there, and of the enormous live oak which grew within its limits. There, too, they said, could be found the limpkin, that link between the herons and the rails, and the wood ibis, our only American stork.

Two days after the telegram I stood at the entrance to the Swamp. Bud was waiting for me — a young giant with bleached yellow hair, blue eyes, and an unlimited fund of courage and endurance. It was he who had found Lost Island the winter before and who was to guide me there.

I climbed into a tiny flat-bottomed boat and stacked my duffel around me. Then Bud told Peggy that she could come with us. Peggy was a fox terrier with black ears, a tawny and black muzzle, and the brightest, blackest eyes that any dog ever owned. When she found that she was to go, she raced, she ran, she rolled, she jumped, she pretended to bite stolid old Jake, the English setter, and knocked over Rip, his puppy. Then she took charge of the boat and,

*For an account of this first visit see "Secret Island" in The Forum for April, 1929.

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appropriating the most comfortable seat, barked good-by to the other two and told them at length just what they were missing.

Although no bigger than a minute, Peggy was not afraid of anything or anybody. She was the only dog I have ever known that would kill a diamond-back rattlesnake in a fair fight. Her tactics in such a battle were exactly those of a mongoose against a cobra. She would circle around the coiled rattler and, by making quick darts and feints, trick the snake into striking again and again. Each time the diamond-back would come back into coil more and more slowly until at last there came a moment when its huge body would lie exhausted at full length. That was the instant for which Peggy had been waiting, and she would dart in like a flash, sink her sharp teeth into the snake's spine just back of its head, and never let go until it was dead. During midsummer she was not allowed in the Swamp at all, for the sly, black alligators which lurk there during warm weather are fatally fond of little dogs.

II

As we started that afternoon, the dark water showed all sepia and silver with gleams of emerald and midnight-violet in its depths, and now and then a strip of pure turquoise where the canal mirrored the open sky. Here and there water lilies, left over from the summer, floated like lumps of ivory on the wine-brown surface and along the banks the high foxtails made rows of silver candles, with yellow asters showing in their midst like scattered gold coins. Back from the water's edge the colors of the trees were blended in a long strip of Eastern carpet which included the purple and dull crimson of the gum trees, the orange-tawny of the cypresses, and the emerald green of the pines.

All about us were the birds of the South. A dazzling white egret watched us from the top of a tall cypress all silvered with Spanish moss. Little brown-headed nuthatches fed, head downwards, in the trees and kept up a continuous little clinking note. Constantly we heard the harsh cry of the "jam-jacks," as Bud had named the red-bellied woodpeckers. Now and then we met flocks of brilliant wood ducks and flights of the ring-necked ducks, whose drakes have chestnut-brown rings around their necks and white circles about their bills. A kingfisher flew ahead of us down stream, and occasionally we saw little gray ground doves with a faint rosy glow on their heads and necks.

Once we met a loggerhead shrike — a trim, well-dressed killer who wore a black-and-white uniform with a black mask and had glittering black eyes and a hooked beak. Like the other shrikes, the loggerhead fastens his victims, little birds and large insects, to thorns and always bathes after his kill before he eats. Then there were the Louisiana herons with blue necks and white underparts, and the Southern towhee, which in the Swamp is named "jo-ree," and has white eyes instead of red ones like his Northern brother.

Once, among all these interesting strangers, we heard the "far-away, far-away" of a bluebird — those lovely contralto notes which fall from the sky like drops of molten silver. Looking up, we saw that dear, brave bird of the North flying toward the sunset with the sky color on his back and the color of the red clay of the South on his breast, and we watched him until he was lost in a mother-of-pearl cloud.

As the stream stretched away ahead of us through fairy vistas, Bud pointed out to me a deep mark in the sand on the bank, which looked like the print of a bare human foot, except that it was wider and the heel mark came to a point. "That's a bear track," he said. "Yesterday as I come aroun' this bend, I near ran into an ol' he-one startin' to cross. When he see me, he took out an' run through the bresh to the next clear place — but I got there as soon as he did. Then he run ahead again an' I paddled, an' again we both got to the next crossin' together. That time he stood an' looked at me plumb disgusted like, an' then turned aroun' an' went back."

By midafternoon we had reached the fish hawk's nest which marked the spot where we left the canal. From that point Bud followed hidden waterways and twisted channels toward Floyd's Island, where I was to meet Dan and John. For miles and miles he drove the boat along with his three-pronged push-pole, following secret marks and ranges hidden from my eyes. All about us were the "prairies," as he called the open stretches of marsh so covered with water lilies, golden club, pitcher plants, and other water weed as to resemble green and flowering meadows. Everywhere they were dotted with "houses," the Swamp name for

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islets, ranging from a few feet to half an acre in extent, where bear, deer, and others of the wild folk made their homes.

At last the air grew sharp and there spread out before us the unearthly beauty of a winter sunset in the Swamp. The western sky was a sea of pearl, stippled with flame and turquoise and apple-green. As the light dimmed, the pines showed black against a band of blood-red and the moss hung from the cypresses in festoons of burning rose. Then across the blazing sky a Ward's heron flapped heavily, blue-black against the flame, and through a bank of lavender cloud the evening star flared like a lamp hung out in the west.

In the afterglow we came to a clump of cypresses towering above the thick underbrush. With a deft turn of his wrist Bud swung the boat around the moss-covered trunks into a hidden channel masked by the trees and stretching away through the bushes like a tunnel. Following this, we came at last to a path made of boards nailed across stumps and fallen tree trunks, which ran for nearly a mile above the morass and brought us at last to Floyd's Island, where my friend had a cabin hidden between two vast live oak trees.

As we reached the island, the full moon looked down upon us from the top of a long-leaf pine like some living, glorious creature from another world. Far away, like the roar of distant surf, we heard the sound of the wind sweeping across miles and miles of open marsh, yet not a breath reached the island to break the cold, moonlit stillness or to stir the sleeping trees.

We followed a little trail through the dwarf palmettos, which the frost had made safe from lurking diamond-backs, and soon came to the tiny shanty of Uncle Billy, the caretaker of the island, a little gnome of a man with a bristling white moustache, who is one of my best friends. He had his cook-fire blazing beneath a tree and around it were grouped the guides. The leaping flames among the dark shadows of the overhanging boughs brought into relief the faces of the hunters and made a scene which harked back to the days of Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone, and all that long line of our pioneer forbears.

We stopped for a moment's greeting and then went on to the cabin where Dan, my host — a mighty hunter before the Lord — and John — the manager of one of his turpentine companies — were waiting to receive us. John was another small man, with a deeply-lined face, a beak of a nose, and gray-blue eyes which looked out unflinchingly from behind horn spectacles. He was perhaps the most noted shot in the Swamp and could break bottles in the air with a rifle, or put a bullet into any specified part of an up-thrown hat, as many of his friends had learned to their cost. Moreover, he proved himself to be an accomplished cook by the dinner which he served for us that night. It began with snapper soup made from a turtle which he had dug out from under a tussock where it had been hibernating. Then came a broiled three-pound, large-mouthed black bass which Uncle Billy had caught that morning, followed by roast mallards and ring-necked ducks, all topped off with a magnificent plum pudding and a pot of hot coffee.

After the dishes were washed, we sat before a great fire of lightwood cut from the pitchy heart of pine stumps and had a long evening of such good talk as one finds only among good friends around an open fire in the wilderness.

On the floor in front of the fireplace lay the tawny pelt of a panther which measured seven feet from nose to tail-tip. This great cat, which is almost extinct throughout the Northern states, is still to be found in the swamps of Georgia and Florida and is the same animal variously known as the painter, cougar, puma, and mountain lion. That particular one had been tracked down by dogs after it had killed a number of young cattle and several hogs, and John assured me that its mate was undoubtedly still lurking somewhere in the Swamp. Then he told us of the curious habit which a panther has of following the trail of a human, and of its blood-curdling cry. "A scream like a woman having her throat cut," was the way he described it.

"One night I was out with Rid Chesser an' we heard a painter screech quite near us," he went on. "Red climbed a tree, though he had a machete — and I'd have gone up with him if there'd been room," finished John quite honestly.

BEFORE DAYLIGHT the next morning, Bud tapped at my window and I crept out of my warm bed into the icy dark, slipped on my

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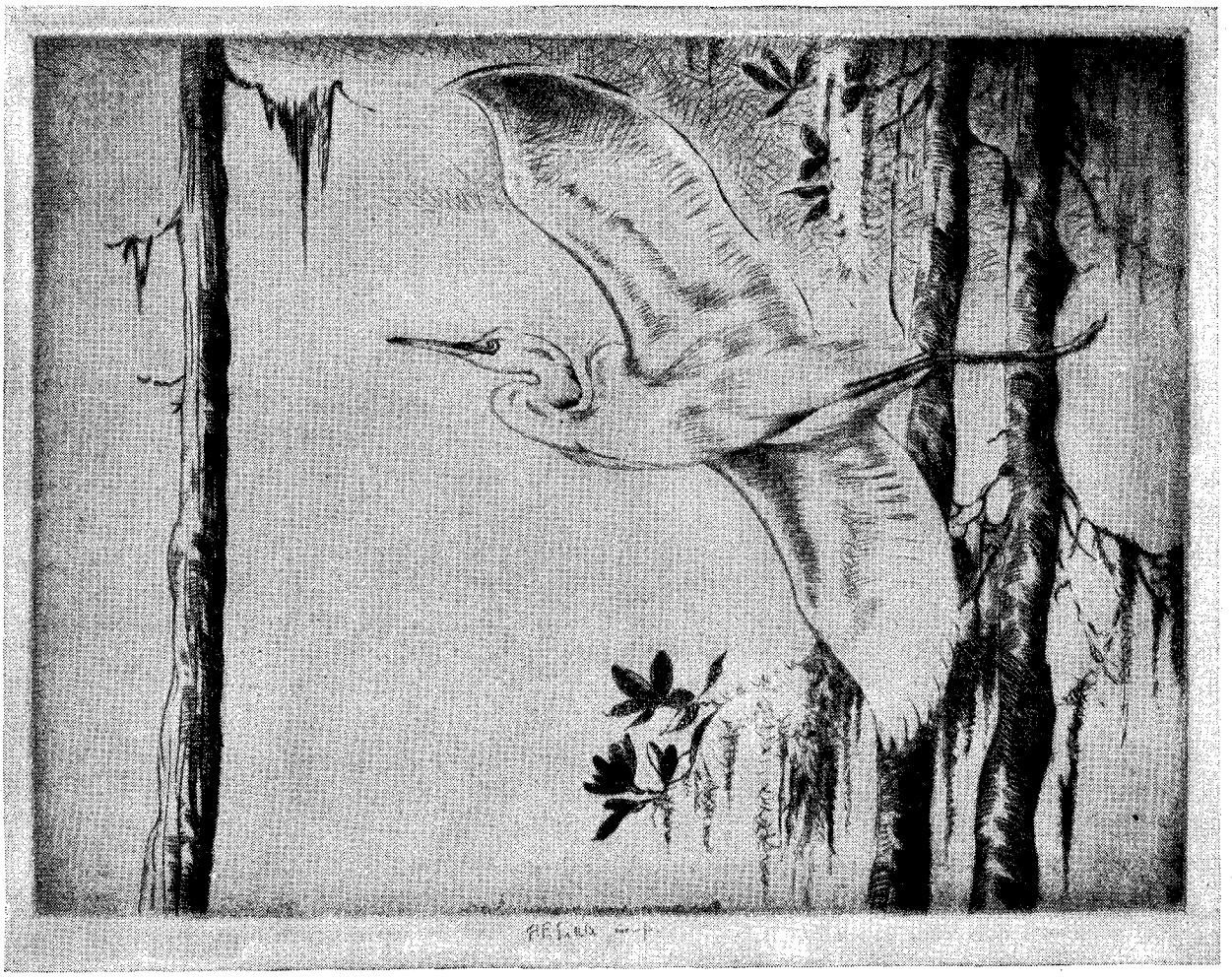

FLYING EGRET

Spirits of the Swamp

by

HENRY EMERSON TUTTLE

CONSIDERING Mr. Tuttle "the best dry-point man now working in America," Mr. Scoville invited him to visit Okefenokee Swamp — that romantic shadowland between Georgia and Florida where Lost Island was found. These distinguished etchings were executed during that visit and, together with many others, are now on exhibition at the Kennedy Art Gallery in New York City.

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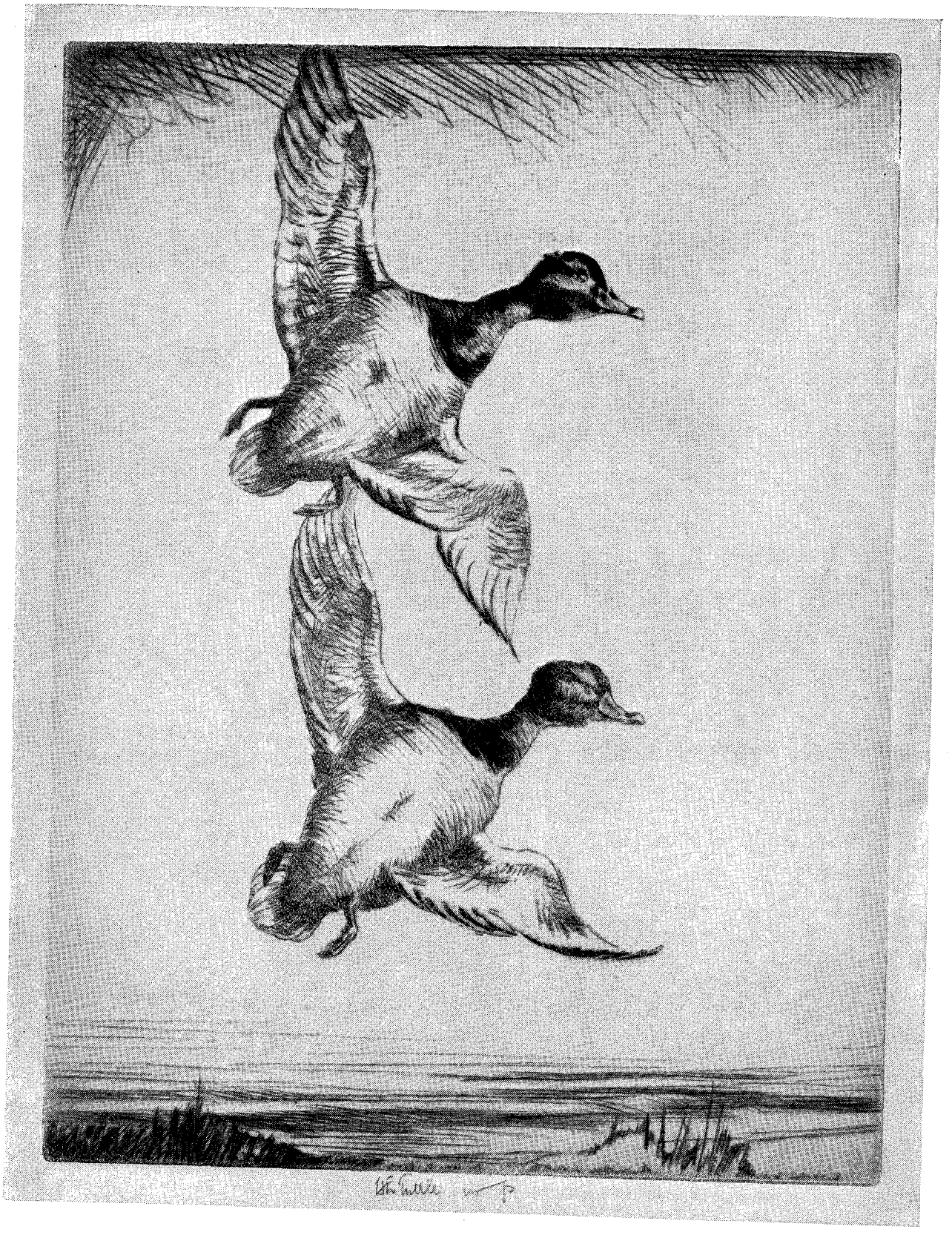

RING-NECKED DUCKS

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clothes, and joined him in the kitchen, where he had an unlimited supply of coffee and bacon and eggs waiting for me. Then, leaving our friends still abed, we began the quest for Lost Island.

The moon was still high in a midnight-violet sky as we pushed our tiny boat through a little channel which zigzagged among the cypresses on the north side of Floyd's. Then it was as if a film had passed across the flaming gold and a band of silver showed in the east, which slowly brightened to amber and then to gold, while the dusky water of the marsh was transmuted into a pale emerald and then to beryl-green overlaid with rose — colors which no lie-abeds ever see. When at last it had become the frosted silver shadowed with violet which is the usual color of the open water of the Swamp, the whole eastern sky was a sea of burning rose and incandescent scarlet, through which a rim of flame-gold suddenly showed — and another day had begun.

Hour after hour Bud poled me expertly across wide prairies and past innumerable islets. Sometimes we would seem lost in stretches of tall yellow grass, shoulder high; yet, following the same hidden waterways which the Indians had once known, he always brought the boat out again into open water. The Swamp was covered with a film of ice, like black, watered silk, which broke before our bow with a tinkling sound, while from far away came the rippling trumpet calls of the sand-hill cranes as they flew above the tawny cypresses and the crimson water oaks.

IV

AFTER HOURS of travel through a labyrinth of channels, islets, and bogs, large and small, we came to a deep, narrow stream which led between huge cypresses and widened into a chain of dark pools, linked by stretches of blue water, like a necklace of black opal and sapphire. Then it widened into a river bordered with cinnamon-brown hurrah bushes, casina trees with evergreen leaves and brilliant red berries, and rows and regiments of cypresses festooned with amethyst-gray moss.

There Bud pointed out to me a pool where the year before he had taken Dan's daughter a-fishing. On her first cast she caught a four-pound bass. On the second she hooked the largest black bass that Bud had ever seen. While she played it with the short steel rod, which all fishermen use in the Swamp, her reel came off. Dropping her pole, the girl gripped the line and began to pull in the great fish hand over hand. At that moment, attracted by the splashing which the fighting fish was making, an alligator darted out from under the bank and tried to seize it.

"I clipped him over the nose with my push-pole an' kind o' discouraged him, but he kept comin' back," related Bud. "At last she got the fish close enough so she could slip one hand into his gills an' yank him into the boat, while I kept off the 'gator with my pole."

Then Bud began to laugh.

"I never will forget Mr. Dan's face that night when we got back," he went on. "He asked her did she catch anything. 'A couple of little ones,' she says. Then I brung 'em in. One weighed four pounds an' t'other fourteen, an' Mr. Dan he nigh fell over backwards. She was sure the fishingest girl I ever see," he finished.

Beyond this famous pool the river widened into a tiny crescent-shaped lake, indescribably beautiful as it stretched away before us bordered with the bleached silver of the cypress trunks. As we entered it, a pair of wood ducks rose before us, the crested, rainbow-colored head of the drake gleaming in the sun.

Paddling expertly through a school of snags and water-logged tree trunks, Bud brought the boat behind a clump of gallberry bushes — that holly with bitter, black berries and evergreen leaves which we call the inkberry in the North. Pushing aside the overhanging boughs, he showed me a hidden waterway zigzagging through a tangle of trees and brush and just the width of the boat. Overhead the boughs were so dense that the light which filtered through them was of a dusky green and the way became a tunnel instead of a channel. For perhaps a mile we followed this little canal until it came to an end and we stepped out of the boat to wade the rest of the way to Lost Island, following a line of blazes which Bud had made the year before. He went first with a machete and cut a way through the close-set bushes interlaced with vines.

Once a bear path crossed our way, a narrow trail filled with the same marks of wide, bare feet which we had seen on the bank of the canal the day before. At another place we came to an otter slide, a pile of sticks and leaves heaped

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together on a log, down which the otter would coast two or three feet into the water below — a poor substitute for the high banks of his Northern brother.

FINALLY, after five hours of climbing and wading, we reached the island and I dropped exhausted on a bit of the first dry ground I had seen since early that morning. When at last I could walk again, Bud guided me through the long grass and reeds to the ruins of a little shack which he had built during the winter he had spent on the island. Then we visited the "bay," the Swamp word for a grove of hardwood trees, where Bud had once seen an ivory-billed woodpecker — "a big ol' bird with white jaws that chops holes in trees." A little later Bud showed me the huge live oak of which I had heard, a towering, gigantic tree bent by the weight of half a thousand years, yet it looked as if it would stand as long as the earth endured.

Suddenly, as I stared unbelievingly at its vast girth, from its far side came the sound of heavy blows, as if some woodcutter were at work there. Walking around the trunk, we saw on a dead stub a magnificent bird. Its upper parts were black and the whole top of its head scarlet, the feathers lengthening to form a solid, vivid crest. Its wings were black and white and it seemed nearly as large as a crow. As I watched it hewing out slabs of decayed wood with its sharp, horn-colored bill, I recognized it as the pileated woodpecker — next to the ivory-billed, the largest of our woodpeckers.

For a long time we watched him. Although the pileated woodpecker is one of the wildest and shyest of birds in the North, that one on Lost Island paid us no attention whatever. After each heavy blow of his chiseling beak, he would stop and cock his head as if listening for some answer to his knocking. Finally, convinced that there were no grubs in that dead limb, he raised his head and gave his call, "wick-wick-wick-err" — a cry much like that of the flicker, only louder and wilder and with a curious drop at the end. Later on we saw a red-bellied and a Southern hairy woodpecker come to the same tree, but there was neither sight nor sound of the lost ivory-billed woodpecker nor any time to explore the island further if we were to get back to our boat before nightfall.

The return trip will always stand out in my memory. I tried to forget my fatigue by recalling other difficult trails in different parts of the world, but could remember no worse going anywhere. We waded and cut our way knee-deep through miles of thickets laced with the accursed bamboo vine, which twined around our legs like barbed wire. Once we lost our way and had to go back an interminable distance, and all the time we were racing with the dark; for if we were not out by nightfall, we would have to stay in the icy water of that black swamp until morning. Bud began to regard me anxiously, wondering, as he told me afterwards, how far he could carry me if I gave out altogether.

Finally, just before the last light faded, we reached the channel which would lead us out into the open marsh. Dragging myself stiffly into the boat, I crouched down in the bow and hoped against hope that Bud would be able to find his way through the mazes of the marsh after dark. At any rate, whether he could or not, a dry boat would be an improvement over a wet swamp as a sleeping place. Like a slow stain the dark spread over the lake and the shadows of the great cypresses were inked against the dull silver of the water. Then the pale gold moon blossomed in the dim violet sky and slowly rose above the edge of the Swamp, followed by a flaming star.

All around us were the mystery and the magic of the shrouded, silent trees, and as our boat slipped through the shadows, it seemed almost as if we had entered another world. Bud followed the clues of the twisting waterways for hours and hours on end, as unerringly under the moon as under the sun. As the night wore on, the moon rode high and keen above us and all the cold in the open sky seemed to concentrate upon our little boat until my teeth chattered in my head. Then at last the great trees on Floyd's Island loomed up before us and through the twisted channel we caught the sudden, warm glow of firelight.

Half an hour later I was seated before a roaring fire of blazing pine knots, while John set before me a brace of roasted ring-necked ducks, a pan of fried sweet potatoes, a pot of smoking coffee, and a stack of flapjacks covered with honey and butter and cinnamon.

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I may forget my name or my age (I wish I could) or my home, but never to the very last hour of my life will I forget that dinner and the twelve hours of sleep which came after.

VI

Soon, all too soon, came the day when I must leave the Swamp, with its treasure of adventure and beauty and friendships, and go back to the workaday world whence I had come. My last morning on the island dawned warm and balmy and I was up before sunrise for a farewell walk through the woods. Near Uncle Billy's shanty, in the top of a high tree, I suddenly heard the song of a pinewoods sparrow which, though wintering on the island, evidently thought summer had come again — the same wonderful song I had heard there the spring before.

The fox sparrow of the Far North has a song whose notes are as rich and beautiful as gold. The minor cadences of the white-throated sparrow, the silver flute-notes of the field sparrow, which sings in the twilight, and the dreamy melody of the vesper sparrow are all beautiful; but the pinewoods sparrow has a mystery in his song which is not of earth. As I listened, I saw Uncle Billy in the distance and beckoned him to join me. When at last the bird stopped singing and flew away, the old man drew a deep breath.

"Do you know," he said, "when I hear that bird sing, I believe I'm goin' to live forever."

"Why of course you are, Uncle Billy," I assured him. "We all are."

"Well," he replied slowly, "I know that the preachers say so an' I used to think so too — when I was young. Now that I'm gettin' old an' tired, I ain't so sure. But when I hear that bird sing — I know it, I *know* it."

Does Wall Street RULE Us?—a debate

I — Plutocracy in the Saddle

by NORMAN THOMAS

So obvious is the control of our government in all its branches and all its divisions by the business interests of the country, so natural, if not inevitable, is such control on any reasonable analysis of the origin and development of the state and its essential relation to the prevailing economic system, that I find it as hard to argue the question before us as it always is to argue what seems axiomatic. I can understand an argument that business control of our government is good; not that it does not exist.

Indeed, the only ground that I can discover for a plausible negative arises from a misunderstanding of what we are affirming. To say that business controls government is not to affirm a picturesque open or closed conspiracy of Wall Street magnates who give orders to docile judges, governors, and presidents. To say that business interests control government is not to affirm that such control is absolute, dictatorial, and free from all necessity to placate the masses who are governed. There never has been any government over any long period that did not have to rest upon some sort of acquiescence, bought at some price, of the governed. In our country I am aware that our magnates think the price is occasionally high; I have heard some of them deplore the deference Wall Street

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must pay to Main Street, and the high brokerage fees the politicians collect from them as a price for keeping things quiet.

It is generally known that the triumphant Mr. Hoover was not the first choice in the regions south of Canal Street, New York. Nevertheless, under a system which he curiously miscalls "rugged individualism," this same Mr. Hoover is a militant and intelligent advocate of the closest and most helpful relations of government in the service of business. He is the latest of the long series of presidents not one of whom has been elected against the definite opposition of business. Sometimes business has had to accept second-choice presidents; but never since Jackson came out of the West has it lost in a straight fight to the farmers or industrial workers under whatever banner the latter might fight. Emphatically, I do not except Roosevelt in 1904 and Wilson in 1912, both of whom had strong business backing and both of whom chastened business for its own good and, especially by their foreign policies, put it farther on the road to empire.

Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

It is in the shaping of foreign policy that big business control has been most obvious. The nation which in 1851 went wild over the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, was not morally better than the same nation which closed its doors on the Hungarian patriot, Károlyi, in 1928. The difference is that a new nation could afford to be enthusiastic over liberty abroad; to-day, as the world's creditors, our bankers and investors must make "law and order" their God — that is, they must maintain the situation best adapted for receiving dividends.

Men of such diverse temperaments as Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge have followed a fairly uniform policy toward Latin America — a policy only to be explained under the curious hypnotism of nationalism in terms of land concessions, oil wells, loans, and trade advantages. We ordinary folks let ourselves be taxed and our brothers in the marines face bullets and tropical germs to collect interest on the adventuresome dollars of stay-at-home citizens — not for the greater glory of God and country, but for the profit of big business! Where we hesitate, as in Mexico, and send Morrow to "say it with flowers," it is because Mexico is somewhat more than a marine-sized job for those youths who enlist to see the world and sometimes end by seeing both worlds. Still, our government has done very well by business in Mexico.

In world politics it is impossible to explain our entry into the Great War except that our benevolent neutrality to the Allies had given big business such stakes in Allied victory that we could not hold back. More ideal reasons were sincerely, even passionately, held; but it was not Belgium or the ravaging of Armenia which put us into the war; it was the economic interest, duly rationalized, of a business class which could trade with only one set of combatants. Is this not supreme proof of the relation of government and business?

Business has had almost equal success with legislation and its enforcement at home. By direct control over Congress or, more indirectly, through the executive and the courts, it has not only got the tariff and fiscal legislation it

Professor Munro agrees with **Mr. Thomas** that the philosophy of business has come to influence all classes of the American people and even of the government itself. The question is whether this bodes good or ill for democracy by giving the big business interests virtual control of our government. Mr. Thomas looks upon it as a very sinister development which has made it possible for a small group of capitalists to manipulate Congress, the state legislatures, and the courts. Professor Munro cannot share these feelings of alarm. He sees the government's tender regard for business as the natural reaction to be expected in a democracy suddenly grown prosperous beyond anything the world has ever seen.

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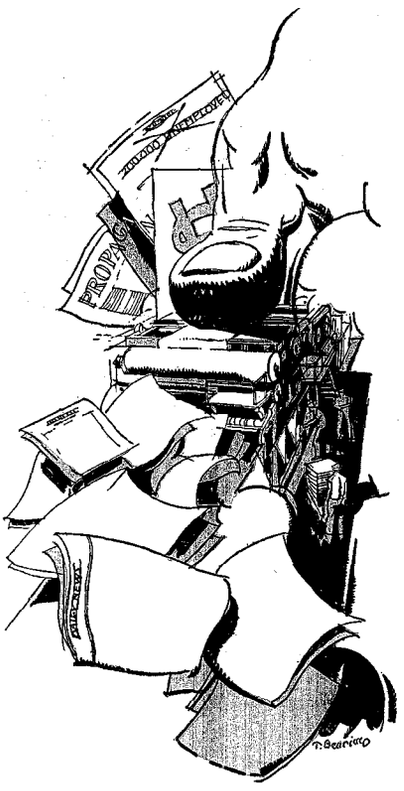
wanted but it has blocked or virtually nullified most of the legislation it did not want. It has been about as successful in the states as in the nation. Thus this great industrial country of ours is unique in having no national child labor law, no national labor code, and almost no social insurance, state or national. It offers to the masses of the workers no security against sickness, unemployment, and old age — this though we have a standing army of some four million unemployed and one-third of our people sixty-five years and over are wholly or partially dependent on charity. Labor's vigorous struggle against the use of injunctions in industrial disputes has so far been unavailing, although the wiser conservatives have recognized the dangerous strain on our judicial system which results when judges take it upon themselves to enjoin literally every peaceful act necessary to the successful conduct of a strike, leaving to the strikers only the recourse of private prayer.



Turning to another field, we find that the failure of regulation over public utilities is so notorious that it is becoming a matter of public discussion. Even the able defender of the private corporations, Professor Philip Cabot of Harvard, admits the weakness of regulation. How can he help it when the New York telephone case has dragged along nine years and when, without even a protest from the Commission, the first act of a gas and electric merger in New York City was to slap a seven million dollar increase on the dividend charges which consumers must pay. Private business can almost ruin itself and waste the heritage of posterity by such chaotic mismanagement of a natural resource as characterizes the soft coal industry, and still its power has been such as to keep the government from intervening. According to sworn testimony before the Federal Trade Commission, the electric power interests, in order to keep their control over government, have resorted to hiring politicians, bribing newspapers by advertising, and invading schools and colleges with their unsigned propaganda. All this without arousing any overwhelming storm of disapproval!

Nowhere is the control of business more serious than in our judicial system. Here, emphatically, it is indirect rather than direct, but it is not for that reason less real. More than in any other alleged democracy, property is the concern of our courts. They do their ordinary business of administering justice to individuals and between individuals so badly as to call forth weighty protests from leaders of the bar. Our criminal record is a national disgrace. The courts are a very unsatisfactory bulwark to civil liberties. Over against a rather optimistic statement of progress in government, Professor Charles A. Beard significantly sets "a story of decline in our ancient Ideals of Liberty."

Guardians of Property

And the instruments responsible for this decline are the courts, which, in exercising the power of injunction to which we have referred, are thus perverting their legitimate duties. Read the story of recent great strikes and you will observe that in spirit the courts can scarcely be distinguished from the private police and the state constabulary, which are the recognized agents of employers in industrial struggles. (Here, of course, there are degrees of police and judicial tyranny in different parts of the country.) In short, our unsatisfactory police and judicial system, whatever its other derelictions, can be trusted to show a tender regard for property. It has become a byword that in a criminal court it is difficult to convict a million dollars and impossible to convict ten million dollars. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, meant presumably as a defense to the life and property of our people, has in practice become a sure refuge only for property. It has not helped Sacco and Vanzetti, Mooney and Billings, or many Negroes who found state justice scarcely better

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than lynch law; but under this same amendment public utility companies have been assured an eight per cent return on the inflated valuation of reproduction costs!

In none of this do I charge direct dictation by business interests; I charge something more subtle and more dangerous — such a permeation by the business point of view, even in courts, that property becomes God.

Nowhere has that perversion of justice become so hideously evident as in the continued imprisonment of Mooney and Billings in California. For ten years it has been evident to anyone who can read plain English that they are innocent of the crime of exploding the Preparedness Day bomb. The perjurer who was chief witness against them has confessed. The judge who sentenced them is now the champion of their innocence. The jurors have signed a petition for their pardon. But the higher courts of California have been unable to find a remedy for this tragic miscarriage of justice, and no governor in these years has been willing to pardon them in the face of the feeling held by the respectable — that is, the business sections of the community — that Mooney and Billings are labor agitators and ought to be kept in jail anyway.

The most striking thing about the American scene is the degree to which the public itself has accepted or adopted this business point of view, which prevails even in the administration of justice. Long before Karl Marx, Harrington, in sixteenth century England, observed that "the distribution of power follows the distribution of property." That is a generalization true in lands other than ours. What is unique here is the luck or skill which for the time being has so successfully indoctrinated a political democracy with the business point of view. The vast resources of a new country, the lack of a feudal tradition or of a homogeneous working class, the relative prosperity of postwar America in comparison with European countries — these things have given the business interests their chance. They have improved it well. The older resentment of little business against big, or of farmers against Wall Street, is, in 1929, either lessening or losing power. There is no such effective outcry against chain store monopolies in distribution as there was against the earlier trusts in the field of production. Psychologically the wide distribution of stocks to workers and consumers has, for the moment, spread the gospel of ownership. Even in this supposedly liberal reorganization the advantage remains with Wall Street, because the more scattered are small stockholders, the smaller the block of stock which insiders need to hold to maintain their control.

Perverted Powers of the Press

But more important than any other single factor in the control of big business over government is its domination over the agencies of information and communication. Who was the prophetic Greek who said, "Let me write the *Saturday Evening Post* of the people and I care not who write its laws"? We live in an age in which newspapers are no longer the mouthpieces of ambitious political teachers and leaders; they are an immense and expensive industry, dependent upon big advertising. Increasingly these publications belong to newspaper chains whose owners are the business and social familiars of other magnates. The uncritical newspaper acceptance of Mr. Mellon's theory that the way to prosperity for the poor was to untax the rich can only be explained in the light of the aforementioned facts. Actually it was as plain as daylight that a nation exporting capital at a rate of more than a billion a year did not need more investment capital but more purchasing power for the masses. But how rare were the editors — Democratic or Republican — who ventured so elemental an observation!

Movies are another big business. So is the radio. At first the average radio station maintained a censorship in behalf of business and patriotic orthodoxy more stupid and more rigorous than any newspaper, even the most reactionary — in proof whereof, did space permit, I could tell amusing tales. That period is passing, as again I can testify from my own experience. In the last campaign I found the National Broadcasting Company and other stations decent or even generous in their treatment. But they have to pay their way. That means they have to charge big prices in political campaigns, and the poor don't have the money.

When we turn from these agencies of communication to schools, churches, and colleges, it can fairly be said that they also illustrate the ancient truth that "he who pays the piper picks the tune."

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The main weapon, then, whereby an owning class keeps its control is cajolery. But it is willing, if necessary, to use coercion, partly through its influence over the police and the lower courts, more largely through its control of jobs. Every historian admits the direct pressure employers put on their workers in the Bryan campaign of 1896. Similar pressure against La Follette in 1924 is not yet so generally accepted as part of the record. But in that year farmers found reason to moderate their progressive activities at the hint of banks that held their mortgages; young business men suddenly found that silence would be the better part of wisdom if they wanted accommodation at the banks; workers were more or less specifically threatened with loss of their jobs — all this if the local vote for La Follette was too large. I shall never forget what happened in one industrial city in 1924. Early in the campaign I found the workers full of progressive zeal. Then came a slump in the town's main industry. Some thousands were turned off. When I went back near the end of the campaign the whole city was in the grip of fear. There were rumors of threats that to be active for La Follette was to be a marked man for the next batch to go out on the street. Perhaps they were false. The fear was desperately real. Indeed, the most profound impression of years of campaigning in America is the tremendous extent of fear, usually fear for one's job. Diogenes might find a passably honest man among us with a lantern; he would need a powerful searchlight to find many truly *free* men.

Not all coercion is prior to the balloting. There is the coercion of theft afterward. Of course business interests do not steal the votes. They merely look the other way while the political machines they subsidize do the job. It is only in Nicaragua that Americans are zealots for honest elections. To give one instance: in 1927, Tammany, by a variety of devices, stole reëlection from Judge Jacob Panken of the Municipal Court. In no case could his supporters get legal redress. For instance, strong testimony was presented before a magistrate that in a certain district a false vote had been read from the voting machine; that the nominal Republican election board members had signed the returns in blank and left the polling place; that one Democratic official had voted where he did not live and that the other should have been barred from his place by a conviction for grand larceny. The magistrate after weeks of delay refused even to hold these men for a grand jury. But that, you say, isn't the fault of business but of a corrupt machine. Perhaps, but the point is that neither in New York nor elsewhere do our respectable business leaders show real concern at such a situation. They are too grateful to the machines they subsidize for keeping the people quiet. Did not ex-Ambassador Gerard (if he was correctly quoted) once remind the Harvard Club of New York what it owed Tammany for keeping New York from going Socialist?

TWEEDLEDUBLICANS AND TWEEDLEDEEMOCRATS

This leads us to consider somewhat more fully than we have yet done the rôle of our political parties as the convenient tools of an owning, a business, or more accurately, a capitalist class. Parties are a necessary device in political democracies. They tend to divide as to which political philosophies and programs conform to their appropriate economic interest. Thus our American parties once expressed the real difference in interest between the agrarians behind Jefferson and the rising mercantile and industrial class behind Hamilton. At a much later period there was some truth in the observation that the Democrats represented small business against big. There is no such distinction to-day. We have two parties with but a single thought: how to get and keep office. Their platforms are interchangeable. Every important bit of legislation is passed by votes that wreck party lines. To say that an official is Republican or Democratic is not to describe him at all. Except for the strange power of traditional names, we could just as well call our parties Reds and Blues or Team One and Team Two. They are rival organizations seeking power. How they are organized and how little their organization has to do with principles, Frank Kent has made delightfully clear in his *Great Game of Politics*.

Now, for our purpose, the important part of the story is that an organization like Tammany Hall or the Republican machine in Philadelphia — either of them only accidentally Democratic or Republican — is a broker between the

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classes who support them and the masses who vote for them. Their function is to keep the dogs from jumping up on the table by the smallest possible distribution of bones. They dole out rewards to the faithful and punishments to the unfaithful. Occasionally they feel it necessary to stand for some measure of social justice, but by and large they can be counted on to protect all "legitimate" and some illegitimate business interests and privileges — of course, for a price. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?

Political Insurance

What is clear in the case of local organizations is somewhat less clear, but substantially true, of the national organizations of which they are a part. It follows, therefore, that all our strong corporations and big magnates have to do is to insure in both companies — that is, to contribute to both campaign funds and collect dividends afterward, as Mr. Grundy of Pennsylvania now seeks to do in the form of higher tariffs. Thus, in 1928, one Du Pont executive gives to the Democrats, another to the Republicans; one General Motors official to the Democrats, another to the Republicans. Whoever wins, *they* won't lose. Both parties are theirs and accept substantially their philosophy. If an elected official shows signs of wandering, they can usually bring party pressure on him, in addition to their own store of arguments.

This is immensely better than having one dictator who might get shot or one party which might provoke a rival organization based on principle. Two parties to stage a good show annually and a roaring circus every four years to divert the people — what could be better? Is it any wonder that prominent Republicans, political and business leaders, have expressed concern for the health of the Democratic party following its third successive crushing defeat? They need their traditional rival just as Tammany needs some sort of Republican opposition in New York. A devout and reasonably shrewd "captain of industry" who does not daily thank God for this great gift of two parties, both his for the campaign contributions, is an ingrate.

It is by such devices as these that our industrial autocracy renders our political democracy almost impotent. Indeed, its more sophisticated leaders may sometimes reflect how much better it is to teach people how to read and then give them what they should read, let them vote but control the parties through which they vote, than, like the stupid Czar of Russia, to try to keep the masses illiterate and voteless.

Yet I do not want to close on a note of absolute cynicism about democracy. Poor thing, it has enough critics, most of whom miss the point that the real enemy of true democracy is our economic autocracy. This autocracy is not absolute. It has had to yield something to actual or potential labor organizations, something occasionally to the farmers, something to sheer pressure of facts when private ownership has broken down, something to the tradition of democracy, something every now and then to actual political pressure, however imperfectly exercised. It has not always been either wise or united. When we look at history it is apparent that no dominant class is immortal. Our modern bourgeoisie is in no better position than the older aristocracies of feudalism were in their day.

In the long run the question is not so much — "Will government always remain in the hands of a business or owning class?" — but rather — "How can we best make government the servant of those whose labor of hand and brain keeps life going, without that appalling catastrophe toward which the rivalries of imperialist powers armed with incredibly deadly means of destruction logically tends?" To answer that question lies outside the scope of this debate. I can only say, somewhat dogmatically, that in America the possibilities of economic organization of farmers and workers (in the most inclusive sense of the word, both as producers and consumers) are by no means exhausted and that when the power of these groups is supplemented by political action through their own political party, there is at least a fighting chance that our government may be rescued from its present position as one of the most important possessions of big business.

For the purposes of this article, however, I need only quote the words of the revered Warren Gamaliel Harding, who said that the business of America is business. Why, then, should not business control the United States Government?

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II—Bondage Exchanged for Bonds

by WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

When a proposition seems difficult or impossible to prove, one way of escape from the dilemma is to declare it self-evident, axiomatic, and nonarguable. Mr. Thomas begins by affirming that the control of government by the business interests is in that category. Business controls government, although not as the result of a conspiracy, nor in a dictatorial way, nor against the consent of the governed. And it is not big business alone that exercises the control. Little business has become its ally. In a word, the American electorate has become indoctrinated with the business point of view, and for that reason real democracy has been replaced by an economic autocracy.

It is true, of course, that we have become a property-minded nation. During the past fifteen years there has been an extraordinary diffusion of material prosperity among the industrial workers of the United States. In Europe, the World War and the subsequent inflation served not only to diminish the sum-total of wealth but to narrow its distribution. The middle class declined in size and the proletariat expanded. But in the United States the outcome was precisely the reverse. Literally millions of Americans have been pushed during the past dozen years into the category of property owners.

A Nation of Capitalists

If you have any doubts on this score, just study the list of stockholders in any of the large industrial corporations. The vast increase of names, each with a few shares to its credit, will be found impressive. Or look at the steady expansion in savings bank deposits, brought about mainly by the increased number of small accounts. Consider the popularity which investment trusts have attained in recent years, largely through the multiplication of small investors. All in all, and for better or worse, we have become a nation of capitalists, big and little, with more of them to the square mile than can be found anywhere else on earth.

Under the circumstances it is small wonder that the country has become permeated with the business point of view, as Mr. Thomas complains. A nation of capitalists will inevitably show friendliness to capitalism — so long as human nature remains what it is. It will refuse to get stirred up over issues which would cause great popular commotion in countries less well endowed with material wealth. The desire to be rich is strong in men everywhere, and nowhere is it stronger than in America.

Moreover, this desire to increase one's own worldly prosperity is by no means a reprehensible trait when we bear in mind that under modern conditions of industrial production, the individual prosperity of one man cannot be increased very far without furthering the economic advantage of others. Every profitable day's work on the farm, for example, produces two or three days' employment for workers in the flour mills and the packing plants, on the railroads and in the banks. Hence the farmer has been one of our chief city-builders, although he is not always proud of his handiwork. Similarly, the prosperity of the industrial worker, his increased purchasing power, and his higher standard of living all react to the benefit of agriculture. Prosperity cannot be kept in quarantine. It follows all the major routes of economic infection. There is fundamentally no conflict of interest between industry and agriculture, although all the rabble-rousers from Daniel Shays to Eugene V. Debs have tried to make people believe the contrary.

The true test of an economic order is whether it tends to promote a wide diffusion of material comfort among all classes of the people. Does it push production to the peak and give everyone a greater share than he otherwise would have? Does it augment purchasing power on a nation-wide scale? Judged by this test, the people of the United States have no reason to envy those of any other country. The standard of living among American farmers and industrial workers has reached a higher level

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than the world has ever seen at any other time or in any other place. To be sure, absolute justice in the distribution of what a great nation produces, year after year, has not been attained either here or elsewhere, and probably never will be; but the United States has achieved a nearer approximation to it than has any other country, big or little, in three thousand years of human history.

And in any event, the character of a nation's economic organization cannot be determined by a mere exercise of human judgment or discretion. No people, by merely taking thought for to-morrow and marking their ballots this way or that, can determine whether a business spirit shall be allowed to infiltrate the national mentality. Such matters are largely matters of geographic and racial predestination. In the United States, the capitalistic system, so-called, is not the outcome of human perversity, or class tyranny, or a conspiracy of bond-holders in the constitutional convention of 1787.

Puritan-made Prosperity

Three hundred and some odd years ago the Puritan tradition, with its aggressive individualism, was implanted in a new continent whose vast natural resources were waiting to be exploited. The Puritan's motto was: "Up and smite! By the Spirit of the living God ye shall prevail." So he up and smote — forests and field, along one frontier after another, till he made the land his own. Fervent in spirit, he was not slothful in business. He sought justification by work as well as by faith, and he put the proceeds into his own pocket. Say what you will about the harshness of this Puritan strain, duly modified by the frontier environment, the fact remains that none other has been able to prevail over it in America to this day. Great stretches of the country cling with unyielding conviction to the old frontier concepts of *laissez faire*, free competition, and every man for himself as the very groundwork of all political action. From a fusion of two great forces — Puritan self-confidence and frontier opportunity — we have derived that "rugged individualism" which President Hoover approves and Mr. Thomas deplores. It has become ingrained in the national character.

In a society so heavily saturated with the spirit of economic individualism there is bound to be a relation of government and business — if you let the people have any say in the matter. Socialist writers assume that the greed of the capitalist is the basis of individualism; they ignore the acquisitive passion of the great multitudes. The desire of the masses for comfort and security is the real basis upon which a capitalist system rests. Without that basis it could not endure a single decade. Ever since the day that man was condemned to earn bread by the sweat of his brow he has been devising means whereby to get the most bread for the least sweat.

To the great majority of men, accordingly, the immediate measure of civilization is the purchasing power of a day's labor. Nor is this statement so materialistic as it sounds, for the creation of an economic surplus is an essential prelude to any real advance in the realm of science, letters, and the arts. In the sequence of civilization, profits have always antedated poetry, and shopkeepers have come on the scene before sculptors. All higher culture has made its greatest advance in rich and prosperous nations during rich and prosperous epochs. Figs do not grow on thistles, or universities spring out of barren soil. Large-scale production under corporate management will provide immense resources for cultural advance if we give it time and opportunity.

Of course it is not difficult to pick flaws in the existing order, as Mr. Thomas does. We have had spasms of dollar diplomacy, and

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American marines have at times gone to places where they had no right to be. But no one who has studied the whole history of American foreign relations can fairly say that this national selfishness has been the dominating factor at all times or even most of the time. Was the granting of independence to Cuba, for example, a sign of governmental control by big business? Or Roosevelt's mediation which brought to a close the war between Russia and Japan in 1905? Or the presence of our delegates at the Algeciras Conference? Or Coolidge's attempt to settle the Tacna-Arica dispute? Was the refusal of the United States to ratify the Peace of Versailles and to enter the League of Nations the work of American capitalists or of the common man? To ask these questions is to answer them.

So with the making and enforcement of laws at home. The money power has at times perverted both — in its own interest and to its own advantage. But go to the fundamentals of government and of legislation. There have been four amendments to the Constitution of the United States during the last half century, the era in which business has grown big. These amendments dealt with the federal taxation of incomes, the direct election of United States senators, the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and the nation-wide establishment of woman suffrage. Was big business responsible for any one of them? Or did the opposition in each case come chiefly from the industrial states?

Was it big business that impelled the establishment of public service commissions in all the states, or the use of the direct primary in most of them? Has big business been behind the movement for campaign-fund publicity, the initiative and referendum, the short ballot, municipal home rule, the taxation of inheritances, and the anti-usury laws? How came all these things if, as Mr. Thomas avers, business "has blocked or virtually nullified most of the legislation it did not want"?

Was it big business that inspired Roosevelt's conservation policy, or secured Wilson's backing for the Adamson Law, or compelled the regionalizing of the Federal Reserve system, or put the brakes on immigration, or caused Congress to propose to the states a national child labor amendment, or set the Federal Trade Commission at work on the investigation of educational propaganda by public utilities? Was Mr. Hoover's recent action in withdrawing oil lands a sign of his subservience to the corporate exploiter? Is it the voice of the big business man or the little farmer that has successfully demanded the calling of Congress in special session to deal with the problem of farm relief? For every instance of governmental control by big business one can readily produce an equally impressive illustration to the contrary.

The three most powerful lobbies operating at Washington in recent years have been those of the Farm Bureau Federation, the Anti-Saloon League, and the American Federation of Labor. Big business is not behind any of them. Its salvation from more congressional lashings than it has received is largely due to the fact that the farmer and the organized industrial worker have been unable to unite their political strength. They have failed to discern their fundamental harmony of interest and have magnified their superficial differences. The farmer's immediate objectives are high prices for food stuffs and low prices for manufactured products. The industrial worker wants just the reverse, and quite naturally the employer is his ally when a tariff is being framed. That is why tariff schedules usually embody a series of compromises which give the industrial sections the better end of the bargain.

Speaking of tariffs, moreover, it is not altogether surprising that the majority of the American people, having the experience of England before their eyes, should exhibit a partiality for high protection. As against free trade and unemployment, with weekly doles to the unemployed (which is the English method), the United States has preferred the plan of subsidizing the employer to keep his people employed. It is a plan that costs no more than the other, and its psychological superiority is beyond doubt.

Why Justice Falters

Mr. Thomas will provoke no serious dissent from his assertion that "our criminal record is a national disgrace." He is also within bounds when he declares that perversions of justice have become "hideously evident" in this country. But the derelictions of the courts are by no means wholly attributable to the pressure of the propertied interests. It *is* difficult to convict a million dollars (Mr. Harry F.

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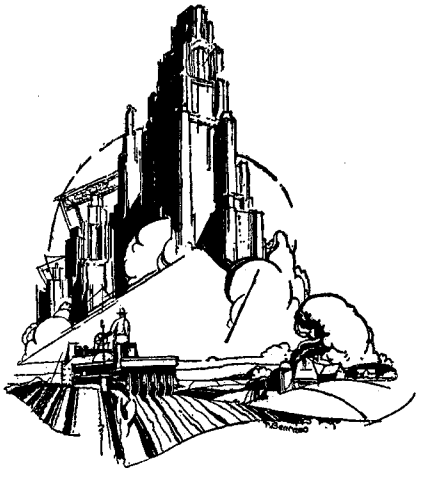
Sinclair's experience to the contrary notwithstanding); but have our criminal courts displayed any conspicuous zeal in sending to jail the racketeers and gangsters who prey upon legitimate business? Does Mr. Thomas believe that the police and judicial systems of Chicago, for example, have shown "a tender regard for property" during these past few years?

Police and juries, judges and district attorneys, are drawn from the ranks of the people. Being human, they are influenced in their point of view by the public opinion which surrounds them. They share its inclinations and aversions. They will display solicitude for the interests of property whenever and wherever property is popular. They will swing the other way with the popular current when it turns. In short, the courts are a mirror of the public mind. It must be so, for of such is the kingdom of democracy. The only way to keep police and courts from reflecting the public temper is to place them beyond popular control and responsibility.



The trouble with our administration of justice, unhappily, goes deeper than the Fourteenth Amendment and its insistence upon due process of law. It is the product of a dozen factors — the permeation of politics into police and judicial organizations, the shackling of the courts by procedural restrictions, the wholesale exemption of good citizens from jury service, the interminable appeals, exceptions, objections of counsel, and pleas in avoidance which are permitted, the low standards maintained in many states for admission to the bar, the abuse of the parole and probation systems, the undue expensiveness of all litigation — these and various other blemishes upon the American judicial system have given it an ill repute which is proverbial and deserved. No wonder! When a jury is locked up while the defendant who is being tried goes out on bail (as has repeatedly happened), is it any marvel that twelve good men and true are hard to find for service on jury panels? Out of a perverted judicial organization, perversions of justice are bound to come. But property is not the instigator of judicial incompetence, for it is property that has most to lose when the administration of law and order breaks down.

From Chain Stores to Socialism

There is no reason why Mr. Thomas, as a Socialist, should be discouraged because the old resentment of little business against mergers and trusts and combines has been lessening or losing power, as is shown by the absence of any effective outcry against the chain store movement. Socialists should rather find consolation in the fact that this chaining of groceries and drug stores, this merging of banks, public utilities, and industrial concerns is leading the United States to Socialism more effectively than any organized propaganda could hope to do. So long as the whole process of production and distribution remains in the hands of countless small producers and distributors, the Socialist ideal is destined to stay among the utter impracticalities of politics. To-day it is out of the question for a government to step in, take over, and manage the hundreds of thousands of small independent shops and stores and factories that dot the vast expanse of territory from Portland, Oregon to Portland, Maine.

But what we have hitherto known as "little business" is being everywhere absorbed into giant chains and combinations. The same is true of the little newspapers. Scarcely a week passes, nowadays, without the announcement of some further stride in the steady process of business integration; and there seems to be no likelihood that the movement will come to a stop, for the economies to be secured through consolidation are demonstrably great. For example, a survey of a group of grocery chains, made some time ago by the Harvard Bureau of Business Research, showed operating expenses to be only fourteen per cent of sales, whereas the average for a group of independent groceries was twenty-eight per cent. With expense ratios running two to one, there can be no doubt what the ultimate future of the

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grocery business is likely to be. And the same is probably true of all other small business enterprises. In the next few decades they may go the way of the old-time village grist mill, livery stable, and blacksmith shop.

What the business men of the United States do not seem to have fully realized, however, are the social and political implications of this enveloping movement. Let us assume for a moment that it is permitted to continue at an accelerating speed for the next fifty years. Little business, as we now know it, will have virtually disappeared. Everybody will be working for the heads of a few great holding companies with interlocking directorates. That is what has already come to pass, or nearly so, in some great industries.

The economic consequences of this unifying movement have been all to the good — elimination of waste, reduction of overhead, higher wages, larger profits, lower prices. But let no individualist overlook the fact that if all the vital instrumentalities of production, distribution, transportation, communication, and credit ever pass under the control of a few giant holding organizations, the inauguration of a Socialist Commonwealth will involve little more than the replacement of a few executives by an equal number of skillful politicians. Our war experience with the railroads showed how easily the thing can be done, and with what consequences to the taxpayer! Mr. Thomas, as a good Socialist (albeit a high-minded and fair-minded one), ought to chuckle over this merging and supermerging rather than waste his ink bemoaning it.

Who own the earth will rule it. That has been true from the beginning of time and doubtless will be to the end. There is no disputing the axiom of political science that the distribution of power normally follows the distribution of property. To the degree, therefore, that we have a wide diffusion of material wealth among the people of any nation, their government would seem to be approaching the democratic ideal rather than moving away from it. It is hardly a sound indictment of a democracy to argue that its people have become prosperous, that prosperity lessens their grievances, and that, having fewer grievances, they do not register as much resentment at the polls as they used to do.

III — Rebuttal

by NORMAN THOMAS

Professor Munro says, "Who own the earth will rule it." Precisely my point. The only thing left for Professor Munro to do is to prove that the effective ownership of the earth or of America is not in the hands of big business; and here he offers us the usual complacent and uncritical generalization about the increase in the number of stockholders and the size of savings bank deposits. On the former subject I have recently got an admission from one of our leading statisticians that the number of stockholders is usually arrived at by adding together all the stockholders of various companies without eliminating duplications. As to the inadequacy of savings bank deposits as a gauge of economic well-being, I refer Professor Munro and the reader to Dr. Abraham Epstein's analysis of the subject in his *Challenge of the Aged*.

I grant that there has been an increase in the number of stockholders, but Professor Munro has not challenged my statement that the more scattered such small holdings become, the more effectively can a small group of insiders exercise its control. This is exactly what is happening to-day. The most reliable estimate of wealth in America, made by Dr. King of the National Bureau of Economic Research, indicates that one per cent of the people own thirty-three per cent of the wealth; ten per cent own sixty-four per cent of the wealth; while the poorest twenty-five per cent own but three and a half per cent of the wealth. A more recent study in Chicago shows that the heads of families of unskilled workers in about seventy per cent of the cases earn annually less than enough to support their families as well as charity societies might support them — this at a time when 283 people reported an

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annual income in excess of a million dollars.

"Who own the earth will rule it" no less surely if one of their methods is to create "a property-minded people" with a pathetically inadequate appreciation of the degree of well-being they might have if we managed our great resources and machinery for the common good.

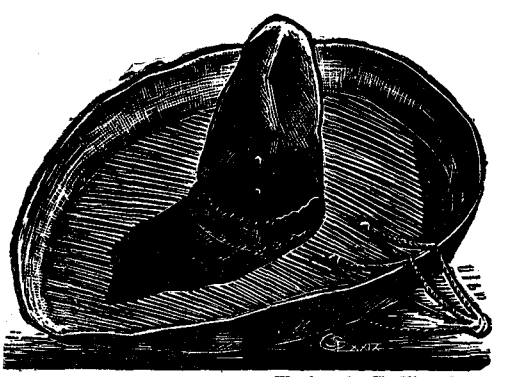
It will be granted that the income tax amendment was one of the few really significant victories of the common man; but isn't the present level of income taxes a result of the war which the economic policy of our business classes brought about? And hasn't big business had astonishing success in getting tax reductions and refunds from the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton?

Some of Professor Munro's statements are extraordinary. His implication that England might have used our tariff system instead of her "doles" is amazing economics. If tariffs make "doles" unnecessary, why, then, do the protectionist countries in Europe have to have social insurance similar to doles? Again, he states that the "rabble rouser" (*sic*) — Eugene V. Debs — preached a fundamental conflict between industry and agriculture. This is still more amazing if it is intended as history.

I have never expressed discouragement over the growth of mergers, which Socialists have always prophesied. Indeed, it is on the basis of this movement of economic forces that I hope through education to arouse the producing masses to such economic and political organization as will make political democracy more effective without bringing about an overwhelming catastrophe. But no political democracy will be ultimately successful until we have established real democracy in the ownership and control of property for power. "Who own the earth will rule it."

Sombrero

A First Short Story



Woodcuts by H. Glintenkamp

by PAUL CONANT

HE WAS standing with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, thick legs spreading solidly to the sidewalk, a wisp of a brown-paper cigarette depending from his full, dark lips, and a blue pattern of tobacco smoke tracing leisurely about his head. He was of medium height, I suppose, but his barrel-like body made him seem unusually short, out of proportion, as though a giant mallet had tapped him and reduced his stature to the increase of his girth. He was a very bull of a man, and the sturdy strength of his muscles beneath his sepia skin, bare at neck and arms, commanded attention. In his attitude there was something reverent, something compelling and beyond description; it was as though his posture of standing somehow held the quality of kneeling. Once, in the dark, passionate days of Christianity, monks and hermits must have looked like that at the images of saints.

It was on Cañon Perdido Street that I saw him, one day when I was on my way to order a fiesta costume from Mr. Gutierrez, the tailor; and his immobile adoration made me hesitate, wondering what its object could be. I paused on the curb near him in the August sunshine and followed his eyes to Mr. Gutierrez's window.

Hats! Of course. What could better rouse the dying flame of worship in a California Mexican than hats? Indeed, I should have known all along that it was hats. Hats? There were any manner and number of hats in the window. There were black, flat hats with silken chin-

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cords; there were gay, conical hats with red and purple and yellow fringe; there were tasseled hats; there were high-peaked sombreros of the most excellent grades of felt; and besides all these, there was The Hat. Proudly it sat in the geometric center of the exhibit, fawn gray and glorious, immense and impressive and commanding among its fellows, a God-hat among hats, with a mountainous crown and a band around it like a rainbow at sunset. It was a jewel, a lily, a Mad Hatter's dream, that hat — and it was marked thirty dollars.

It was no wonder he gazed with the gaze of a disciple, and I remember thinking there was probably not a Mexican in Santa Barbara who would have denied himself a look of desire into Mr. Gutierrez's window. I moved nearer the dark idolater (whose own hat, I noticed, was insignificant before the splendor of the shop window), and I employed an ancient method of introduction. I asked for a match. He had no match. So I was forced to examine my patent lighter, and presently my pipe, as well as his cigarette, was aglow.

"That's quite a display of hats," I suggested. "Quite a display of hats." He rolled his heavy-lidded eyes lazily toward me, seemed about to speak, then appeared to reconsider and went on puffing the tag-end of his cigarette, giving me the impression that he considered my remark unworthy of an answer. Well, after all, anyone could see that it *was* quite a display of hats.

While I began casting about fruitlessly for another method of approach, he spoke, with a low, heavy, and rough-edged tone, with a certain resonant timbre, like the twang of a bass string on a guitar.

"She'ss dam' high price," he said, "but she'ss dam' good hat, too. What you think?" His broad fingers released his cigarette, let it fall to the curb, and he returned his solemn attention to the window.

"It's a high price," I admitted. "Were you going to buy it?"

His weighted eyelids seemed to hint, in the faintest, almost imperceptible way, of a flicker, but his lips did not move and in no way did he betray any overpowering anxiety to speak. I suppose there are shades of Indian forbears standing, reserved and taciturn, beside the California-Spanish people, making them silent, and opposing such simple curiosity as mine. At any rate, I realized well enough that conversation was improbable, and I went into Mr. Gutierrez's shop and ordered my outfit. When I came out some minutes later, it was after one o'clock, my friend had vanished from the sidewalk, and the sombrero sat magnificently on its stage without its audience. Yes, he had been right. It was a damn high price and it was a damn good hat, too. Even I had a moment of desire before I turned away and walked up the sunlit street toward home and luncheon.

Before I had reached State Street, which they now call Estado in the Spanish tradition, I caught a glimpse of two brown, muscular arms thrust upward from brown, muscular shoulders, and a shovelful of dirt tumbled onto the pavement. It was my man of the sombrero, deep in a ditch the gas company was making, digging regularly, powerfully, but not rapidly, and with the utmost economy of motion. His dull, dark eyes met mine unrememberingly as I passed and went on.

II

MANY TIMES during the next few days I saw him there in the ditch, and when the work was completed, I discovered him at a similar task up near the County National Bank Building. And I passed Mr. Gutierrez's tailor shop many times and saw the hat — the splendid hat — tempting but unbought, in the window. But it was not for some considerable time that I talked to him again, learned that his name was Manuel — Manuel Camarillo — and had the opportunity of doing him a slight service.

It was at the end of a dull Saturday, and I betook myself to Antonio Bastanchoury's French Restaurant for refreshment of a kind not procurable in other restaurants. Antonio's Marie met me gaily in the kitchen, and while I mumbled something back to her, she went to the foot of the stairs — "Tony! Toanee! Toanee-ee!" Her piping Basque voice shrilled upward, and presently Tony, fat and bustling, appeared to greet me. He was hurried but apologetic.

"I am sorry," he said breathlessly. "Everybody, they are here to-night. Everybody in

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town, they are here. The beeg room is such a crowded. I will serve you in the leetle room, is it all right?"

It was all right, and he led me upstairs to a bedroom where the bed had been replaced by a rickety table to improvise a bar in the corner. Sitting beside it was the hat-worshiper of Cañon Perdido Street, dusty-overalled, tousle-haired, a quart bottle of claret beside him. As we came into the room, he was sipping the wine from a thick tumbler and looking at us stolidly across the rim of his glass. I asked Tony for Bourbon, and for a moment he was gone, to return with a bottle of what I know for a fact he considered Bourbon. Several minutes he hovered around helpfully, producing ginger ale and ice and lemons; then he apologized volubly and returned to his customers in the big room, while I made my own highballs in silence.

Finally I spoke. "Well," I said, "have you bought the hat yet?"

He turned toward me morosely, looking at me from beneath his dark, drooping eyelids, and set down his glass. He seemed to be pondering my words, turning them in his mind to wrest from them their full meaning. Then he smiled, slowly and gloomily, showing glistening teeth that appeared to be set on edge.

"No, *Señor*. I do not buy the sombrero." He reached for the bottle and emptied it, with a steady hand, into the tumbler. Then he added, "She'ss a dam' fine hat, no? But how can I buy him, huh?" This I could not attempt to answer, so we sat silent for a long time, while he drank his wine with deliberation. I found Tony and asked for more claret; when it was on the table, the Mexican's thick fingers closed around it and he regarded it broodingly.

"Got no money. Got no dinero," he mumbled in his deep, husky voice; then he added, as a sort of chorus, "Got no sombrero."

"You could save your money," I presumed. "In a while you would have enough to buy the sombrero." He continued to look solemnly at the bottle, and finally poured a tumblerful of wine and began drinking it.

"Got nawthing," he said. He finished most of the claret before he spoke again; then he fumbled at a sack of Bull Durham and managed to roll a cigarette. His voice was a little huskier, his words a little more expressionless and inarticulate than before. "Got nawthing. Say, what you think? The ol' woman got another baby. How the hell I do with ten kids, huh? Too many." He seemed to be speaking to himself, and his chin fell heavily on his chest as though he were on the verge of going to sleep.

But again I heard his voice, low and vibrant and pained. "Ten kids. Too many. What you think that doctor tells to me? That Doctor Valenzuela? He tells to me I mus' pay him; if I do not pay him, he will not come. How the hell I pay him, huh? Got nawthing. Got no dinero. Got no shoes. Got no shirt. Got nawthing. Got no sombrero. Je' Christ!" He drained the bottle, drank the wine ponderously, clumsily, spilling some of it on his broad chin.

"One of the kids is sick?" I asked, speculating upon the inconsistency of a people that could avoid doctor bills, curse their condition, and spend what little money they had for wine. Or perhaps it was not the people that was responsible; perhaps it was the class — the wide-shouldered, simple-minded, muscle worker of every nation and race is inclined to fall vanquished before life and fate. But I insist there was something particularly California-Spanish here, something strange and sardonic and racial in the way he stolidly got himself drunk and cursed the obligations he might discharge if he stayed sober. . . .

"Sick?" His tone had fallen to a vague rumble. "*Aseguro*. Always sick. All of them sick. Doctor, doctor, doctor — Always the doctor. They 'ave the doctor, they get well. They don' 'ave the doctor, they get well. Always they get well. What good are doctors, huh?" I pushed the cork into the Bourbon bottle and offered a suggestion.

"There is the clinic. The city health clinic, I mean. That's free. Why don't you take your kids there?" For a time he fingered his dead cigarette stupidly, then he looked at me directly, a slow, smoldering fire in his dark eyes and beneath his dark skin.

"Say, what you think? She'ss charity, huh?" In his thick way he emphasized with scorn and pride the word "charity," and I was sorry I had mentioned the clinic at all. "My name is Camarillo," he said, and he stressed each word evenly with a curious, rich mixture

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of contempt, of dignity, of loftiness even, and of a subtle irony I had thought him incapable of. "Thos' are good peoples, thos' Camarillos. Wan time they own all this country, to Gaviota, to Conejo Pass. Thos' peoples, what the hell, they don' take kids to clinics. No."

While he made and lighted another cigarette, I found Tony and bought a smaller bottle of claret. I mixed myself a highball; my companion poured his tumbler full of wine. For a while we sipped our drinks in silence. Then — "Say, why you buy this wine? Why you span' this money?" His rumbled question held a quality of suspicion.

"It's my pay day," I lied. His voice was thicker; he leaned heavily toward me.

"Say. Say, my fran', you come to my house on Salsipuedes Street. Got *vino*. Got moonshine. I play guitar; you sing, huh?"

Of course I tried to evade his invitation, for I had no desire to go to his house in Salsipuedes Street that evening or any other evening. Although the wine had not made much outward effect on him, I felt that if he became drunk, the charm of his companionship would be considerably lessened. But, just the same, I went with him to his little house in Salsipuedes Street. I don't attempt to say why I did it; perhaps it was my curiosity again; perhaps, after all, Tony's Bourbon helped to cast a glow of adventure over the evening.

III

We walked up Anacapa Street to Micheltorena, and then across the town, moonlit, slumbering, entirely beautiful in the night. Manuel — I had begun to call him Manuel — walked heavily, uncertainly, beside me, sometimes staggering against my shoulder. For a while he sang, and his deep, rough-edged voice was low and pleasant in the little Spanish-California songs he knew. He sang "*Adios, Adios Amores*" and "*Alejandra*" for me. But when we came to Salsipuedes Street, he stopped singing and we went on in silence. I began to wish I had not come.

His little house showed a gleaming adobe front to the moon, but it was only partly white. The rest was nondescript and unlovely, and there were no lights. After Manuel insisted, I went in, and he turned on a feeble electric bulb that spread a flickering yellow glimmer to lick at shadows in the corners.

"I will bring wine," he said; but I did not want wine, nor anything else except the road toward home — the road away from the heavy depression of this house. Nevertheless, he stumbled, with his battered hat still on his head, into another room to get wine. I waited for him, and presently I heard a woman's voice, plaintive and piteous, wailing beyond the wall. I could not understand her words, nor Manuel's, but his tone seemed angry and high in pitch. Then he came back with a demijohn under his arm, set it down on the floor, and poured red wine into the glasses.

"My fran'," he said, "drink. I will drink with you too, huh? By God, what you think, the ol' woman tells to me that doctor is here to-night again. What you think he'ss here for? He'ss here for money, that doctor. What the hell!" He found a ruin of a chair and slumped into it leadenly, his leathery fingers mechanically rolling a brown-paper cigarette. Around him was confusion and disorder; the room was forbidding, unbeautiful, desolate. From the other part of the house came a little whining squall, then the woman's voice, punitive and sharp. There was silence for a moment, then a sound as of children scuffling on the floor. This, too, was terminated by the woman's rasping tone. I shuddered and turned to Manuel. He had drunk his wine and was looking stupidly at the glass.

"Is the kid very sick?" I asked. It was some time before he answered, and he spoke unsteadily and without interest.

"Sick? Always sick. Dam' kids always sick. The ol' woman, she tells to me she think he dies sometime, the little wan." He shrugged his shoulders morosely and gazed at his cigarette, which had burned out. The room had become unbearable to me, and the shadows seemed sinister and hot and constricting. I pushed the glass away and stood up.

"You must pay the doctor," I said. "Have you any money?" Manuel stared at me without seeming to understand.

"Money? Hell no. Got no money. Got nawthing. For why you want money?"

"Take this. Give it to Doctor Valenzuela for his bills. You can't let the kid die." I found a twenty-dollar note and laid it on the table. Manuel stared at it uncomprehendingly, then looked back to me, his dark, heavy eyes following every movement, doglike.

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"Doctor?" He rumbled the word with a tinge of amazement, as though I had been a traitor to a common cause. "Doctor? What the hell, doctor? For why I should pay him?"

"You must pay him. If you don't, the charity people or someone will be here anyhow. You can't let the kid die." His eyes fell to the bill, remained there a moment, then returned to my face. I was at the door, my hand on the unsubstantial knob.

"Say, you going away? Say, I get the guitar, no? I play; you sing. How is that?" Dull surprise clouded his swarthy face, his ponderous jaw hung down, his dust-laden eyelids drooped in an expression of mild pain. I closed the door behind me and walked into the luminous night. In the house a child whined miserably and was silenced by the woman's rasped rebuke. I fled down Salsipuedes Street toward my home on the mesa, glad of the purity of the clean Pacific wind, thankful for the immaculate moonlight.

I MET Manuel Camarillo only once after that, but that instance, while illuminating, was like a half-hidden light on a stark and desolate coast, overhung with an indefinable ironic fog; it was a light that deepened the unlovely shadows without brightening any pleasant valleys.

This was shortly before the fiesta, and I had gone to Mr. Gutierrez's tailor shop on Cañon Perdido Street for my costume. As I started in the door, a man came out — a thick, heavy man, a dead cigarette between his lips and a great hat on his head. It was Manuel. He stopped when he saw me, looking at me with that dull, serious air of his.

" 'Allo, my fran'," he said. Match in hand, he squinted down his nose to relight his cigarette. "How 'ave you been, my fran'?" I had been all right.

"How's the kid?" I asked. "Still sick?" He stuck his hands indolently under the bib of his overalls.

"Sick? Always sick. What the hell. Say, it is like the ol' woman tells to me, you know. The little wan dies. Jus' like the ol' woman tells to me, he dies. No money. No doctor. No nawthing." He shrugged his shoulders and stared gloomily into the street. "Maybe it is God, what you think, huh?" He did not amplify this remark, but presently turned to me with a slow, stolid look of pleasure, a look that conveyed a passive, unanimated shade of delight. "Say, how you like this sombrero, huh? She'ss dam' high price, but she'ss dam' good hat, too. What you think?"

Somewhere a whistle blew, and it served to set Manuel in motion. His hand stirred in a listless gesture of farewell, and he drifted on down the street, sunbeams settling around him and limning the peak of his sombrero. Fawn gray and glorious, it had a mountainous crown and a band around it like a rainbow at sunset — a God-hat among hats.

The Contest Continues

OUT OF 4,443 First Short Stories submitted, this is the tenth to be accepted and published — a ratio of one out of every 444 stories sent in. This indicates at once the high degree of literary excellence that is being maintained in this contest and the rare degree of honor that has come to the ten hitherto unknown authors who have won recognition in THE FORUM during the last thirteen months. This magazine will continue to give encouragement to ambitious talent as long as promising stories are submitted. Who will be the eleventh winner? There is only one condition of eligibility — you must never have had a short story published anywhere; your entry, if accepted, must really qualify as your First Short Story. The Editor of THE FORUM will be the sole judge of your work. Return postage should accompany all manuscripts. Address all contributions or inquiries concerning the contest to First Short Story Editor of THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

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America and the POPE

A Frank Protestant View

Drawings by Frank Rennie

***by* DAVID A. OREBAUGH**

I

To America, perhaps more than to any other nation, the recent restoration of temporal power to the Holy See is a matter of surpassing interest. While conceivably it may have important repercussions among the European nations, it is not likely to produce in them — bred in the Catholic tradition as they are, and accustomed for centuries to monarchical institutions and to the spiritual and temporal overlordship of the church — the disquietude that it awakens in the American democracy, twenty millions of whose people have sworn fealty to the Vatican while at the same time owing allegiance to the American state.

Since the Roman Pontiff has regained temporal power, these twenty million American Catholics wonder whether their traditional allegiance to him as a spiritual sovereign has been *ipso facto* extended to him as the ruler of a state. They are forced to speculate whether they are now one hundred per cent American (speaking purely politically, of course, and without the connotation which has now become objectionable) or one hundred per cent Vatican; or fifty per cent American and fifty per cent Vatican; or whether their conflicting allegiances can be harmonized on some other than a percentage basis. They remember the federal law which declares that before any subject of a foreign state can become an American citizen, he "must renounce absolutely and forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty." Halting between their religious fealty and their national fealty, they experience a humiliating uncertainty concerning their status as American citizens. They are in a quandary to know which of these fealties they shall abjure, realizing that they cannot consistently hold to both.

With all this in mind, no fantastic imagination is needed to conceive of a situation where the right of Catholics to vote or to hold office may be challenged — only academically, of course — on the ground that they have not renounced their allegiance to a foreign state. It may be claimed that before they can participate in all the privileges of American citizenship, they should be subjected to the same tests as the foreign born. The more wild-eyed of Protestant zealots may even contend that Catholics refusing to renounce their allegiance to the Vatican State are disloyal to America. With the pretext now afforded by the pact between Italy and the Vatican, it is certain that these exasperating innuendoes will be repeated and disseminated with added emphasis and authority. Thus old rancors between Protestants and Catholics will be kept alive and new occasions for bitterness and heartburning created.

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For American Catholics it is, indeed, an embarassing dilemma, such as has seldom confronted so large a section of the American people. Protestant Americans are no less puzzled by the situation. Standing aloof, yet contemplating with an interest not unmixed with anxiety the possible reaction of Catholic America to the recent developments in Rome, they ask themselves and each other, "What meaning has all this for America?"

The ordinary Protestant, ignorant of the past history of the Catholic Church, can only wonder uneasily. In the minds of those more familiar with that history, certain questions arise. Do American Catholics generally approve of the restoration of papal sovereignty? Why did not the Vatican consult them (if it did not) before embarking upon so momentous an enterprise? Do they realize that this latest aggression of the hierarchy has widened still further the breach between them and their Protestant fellow citizens, and will they take any steps to end the anomalous situation? The Protestant ponders over the real purpose of the Holy See in seeking temporal power and wonders why it was not content to exercise over its adherents spiritual sovereignty only, as it has done since the days of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel I. Why the years of constant effort to regain temporal power, and the great elation of Rome when that effort was at last crowned with success? What is the significance of the agreement to enforce the canon law of the church throughout Italy? Is it this that occasions rejoicing at the Vatican?

These questions as to the origin and acceptance of the pact give rise to further queries concerning its ramifications. Will the papal hierarchy be content with its gains in Italy, or will it seek to extend and consolidate those gains in other countries — possibly in America? Will the Supreme Pontiff seek admission to the League of Nations, there to claim and exercise the rights of a sovereign state? Will he demand the establishment of diplomatic relations with the American government?*

* Although the Roman Catholic Church has in Washington an Apostolic Delegate, this delegate is not accredited to the American Government; nor does the United States now maintain a diplomatic representative at the Vatican. From 1848 to 1867 our government did maintain diplomatic relations with the States of the Church. In 1842 a consul general of the Papal States was recognized in this country and, subsequently, consuls and consuls general from the Papal States were stationed in various parts of the country, down to 1873.

Such questions, perhaps ridiculous alike to the well-informed Catholic and the well-informed Protestant, take on to the average Protestant layman a new and sinister meaning. The ancient distrust of the Roman hierarchy (in comparative abeyance since 1870) has been fanned into new life by the recent treaty and concordat. However unjustified, Protestants conclude therefrom that the church is running true to form — ever reaching out for power, ever seeking political aggrandizement, relentless, inflexible, inexorable. Not longer ago than the last presidential campaign, sincere but uninformed Catholics were contending that the Vatican's alleged yearning for temporal power was a figment of the Protestant imagination, the product of a studied and wanton intolerance which resulted in the defeat of Smith. Yet the smoke of the political battle had scarcely cleared away before the supposed impossible contingency became an accomplished fact — overnight the Pope added to his spiritual sovereignty a new national and political sovereignty, with all the responsibilities and privileges incident to such a status.

II

It is unfortunate for American Catholics and Protestants that just at this time, when the nearly sixty years of exclusively spiritual rule by the church had greatly ameliorated old antagonisms, this reactionary step should have been taken. It is extremely desirable that ill-feeling and misunderstanding be eliminated between these two great sections of our population. But how? Obviously, not by cultivating and emphasizing their differences. Mutual good will and understanding between Protestants and Catholics will not be promoted by a policy of aloofness and suspicion, coupled with overt acts calculated to irritate and antagonize. Open, friendly discussion between the intelligent and fair-minded clergy and laymen on both sides is the only approach to this centuries-old problem if bigots and fanatics are to be prevented from misleading and inflaming the public mind with poisonous propaganda.

But the Catholic Church has repeatedly shown that it *does not want* to discuss questions of church polity with Protestants, even though that polity may have for Protestants far-reaching civic and political implications. In a current cable dispatch, the *Corriere d'Italia*, organ of

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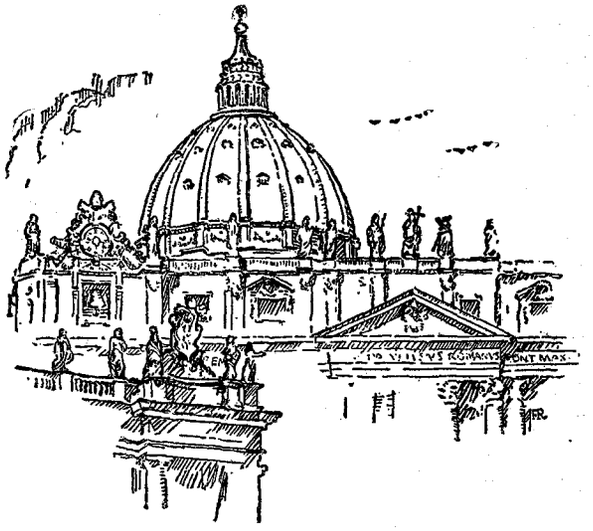

the Italian Catholic Centrists, says: "Catholicism admits of no other religious authority than its own. It refuses to enter into discussion with any other religious sects, all of which it regards as error or heresy." The church, by its own choice, stands solitary and aloof upon a self-erected structure of dogmatic infallibility. Truly it is hard to arrive at an understanding concerning any matter of mutual interest with an organization which takes this attitude. The recent Vatican treaty, however, so threatens the good relations of American Protestants and Catholics that some mutually conciliatory approach to the subject becomes imperatively necessary. We must attempt, therefore, to point out some of the difficulties involved.

At the outset it seems fair to remark that the rank and file of American Catholics are wholly at a loss to understand Protestant distrust of the papacy. They are encouraged to attribute it to sheer bigotry and fanaticism. Subjected from infancy to the rigorous discipline of the church, they have no adequate conception of Protestant principles, ideals, and habits of thought. Even though born in America, they do not have, nor can they be expected to have, the same outlook on modern life and institutions — particularly democratic institutions — that their Protestant neighbors have. Prevented from sharing many of the beliefs and theories of Protestants, they cannot acquire any sympathetic appreciation of the Protestant background and point of view, and their opportunity to become acquainted therewith is limited. The affiliation and fraternization essential to mutual understanding are discouraged by the church. Rome's recent proscription of the Rotary organization is an outstanding instance of the attitude of the church in this respect. The strict cleavage between the parochial and public schools, and the refusal of the church to give whole-hearted support to the latter, is another example of Catholic aloofness tending to irritate Protestant sensibilities and to inflame suspicion.

Catholics make another fundamental mistake in assuming that Protestants condemn Catholicism *as a religion* — that is, that they dislike the form of worship in the Catholic Church and question the sincerity of the faith and spirituality of its membership. Nothing could be further from the truth. To ninety-five per cent of Protestants, a Catholic neighbor's religion — that is, his spiritual conceptions and his modes of expressing them — is a matter of total indifference. They gladly accord him his supreme right under the Constitution to believe what he pleases concerning the vital things of religion — God, the Bible, the universe, or the future life. In the last presidential election, Governor Smith had the respect, even the admiration and affection, of thousands of Protestants who felt bound to vote against him — not because of his *religion*, but because of his adherence to the autocratic organization of the Catholic Church.

This, then, is the underlying reason that prompts Protestants to differentiate Catholics from all other sects, to discriminate against them, and to distrust and fear their influence on American institutions. Underlying this fear and giving support to it is one incontestable fact: that the political and religious foundations of America were laid by Protestants — the Pilgrims, the Cavaliers, the Scotch, the Huguenots, the Dutch, and the Germans — all imbued with a traditional and deep-seated hostility to everything that smacked of monarchy, despotism, and oppression, and all possessed of an acute appreciation of democracy and liberty of conscience.

The reasons for that attitude in America's founders are obvious. At that time the fires of the Inquisition had barely been extinguished. The rise of rationalism in Europe, and the exercise of private conscience — a result of Luther's revolt against the claim of papal supremacy — had taught men to distrust centralized power both in the church and in the state. Mankind began to taste the delights of spiritual and intellectual liberty and to

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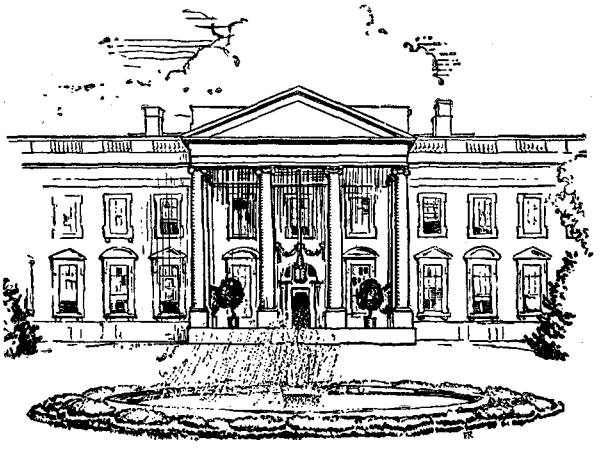
resent more and more the domination of the papal hierarchy. The latter, then as now, not only asserted but actually possessed and exercised both temporal and spiritual power. Luther's rebellion against the domination of the church, as well as against certain of its dogmas, afforded an opportunity for rationalism and freedom of individual judgment to assert themselves. To these free spirits, of whom Luther became the leader, dictation and compulsion in spiritual matters were synonymous with tyranny and were not to be borne without resistance.

THE NEW doctrine of freedom of private judgment in spiritual things spread with amazing rapidity among the so-called Nordic peoples in northern and northwestern Europe and resulted in the establishment of various sects representing varying degrees and kinds of protest, but all agreeing in the fundamental idea of opposition to despotic control by Rome. To these sects were attracted many progressive-minded men and women without distinctive religious convictions, but who were in sympathy with the revolt against papal supremacy. Quite appropriately the name of "Protestants" was applied to them collectively, and their descendants constitute the non-Catholic America of to-day. It is not too much to say that they now represent the coalition of all the forces of progressivism and democracy as opposed to the forces of medievalism and reaction.

It was in this great travail of humanity, denominated the Reformation, that the spirit of modern democracy was born. That spirit, while still young and throbbing with the passions and prejudices engendered by the great religious upheaval, was transplanted to America, where it thrived and developed into the basic ideals of the American people: namely, man's right to self-government, and his "right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience." These principles have become so interwoven and intrenched in the American mind as to be wholly inseparable. Even Catholic Americans themselves uphold these principles when permitted to consider them apart from the mandates of the church.

In view of this historical background and these political ideals, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that Protestants should still harbor a latent prejudice against the Catholic Church. This is a natural phenomenon of human nature. The average man is prone to remember what he regards as abuses or wrongs, even if both the perpetrators and the abuses have long ceased to exist. But if at every turn of his daily life he is confronted with the individual or the organization whom he knows or suspects as the author of wrongs, real or fancied, he will forget much less readily. This is not a pleasant trait of human nature, nor one to be condoned, but it must be reckoned with in any attempt to understand the Protestant mind. The average American, who typifies ninety per cent of American Protestantism, proceeds upon the time-honored theory that he has no way of judging the future but by the past. And in judging the future, certain facts stand out in his mind in strong relief.

The most obvious is the existence in America of a church controlled by an alien state, having its seat of government on another continent, and with a governmental organization distinctly and avowedly monarchical. It is the very same organization with which his forbears came to grips in the Middle Ages, and, so far as he can see, the leopard has not changed its spots. It is still his hereditary *bête noire*. He observes that the head of this state combines in himself and his ministers all the executive, legislative, and judicial functions ordinarily appertaining to and exercised by the most despotic sovereigns. Perhaps more offensive than anything else to the average Protestant American is the fact that this sovereign of a foreign state, who claims to be morally and spiritually inerrant and infallible — an



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avowed opponent of the theory and practice of democracy — has always assumed a more or less despotic control over the spiritual lives and civic conduct of many millions of Americans, professing to be the keeper of their consciences and exacting from them implicit and unquestioning obedience. Is it unreasonable that he fears the Pope as a foreign prince who, with the prestige and authority of his newly acquired temporal state, may seek with increasing insistence to extend and confirm his control over the American citizenry?

To the American Protestant, because of his inherited background and traditions, these assumptions are intellectually and spiritually intolerable. He has a settled conviction that an institution or movement so organized is un-American, and that an American adherent thereof must of necessity have a divided allegiance. Dialectical refinements which define papal supremacy as applicable only to a *completely* Catholic state may be offered in explanation by the spokesmen of the church; but under existing circumstances such arguments sound hollow and insincere to most Protestants. If there were any evidence to indicate that the church had departed one jot or tittle from its ancient stand, or had shown a disposition to repudiate or relax its claim of the supremacy of the church over the state, or its views on the desirability of the union of church and state, the Protestant doubter might be more amenable to reason. If it would but acknowledge the moral and spiritual right of other churches to worship according to their own peculiar views, he might relent. But the evidence is all the other way. Instead of manifesting any signs of relaxing its ancient claims, the church has continued emphatically to reassert and insist upon them — with "unbending constancy," in the words of Pope Leo XIII; and now the re-creation of the temporal state corroborates and confirms the doubt, distrust, suspicion, and bitterness in the Protestant mind.

In the face of this reactionary move and of the scathing denunciations by various Popes of the spiritual and political ideals which the American Protestant has been taught to revere as the very essence and foundation of his country's liberties, can it be fairly said that his hostile reaction to the threat of papal supremacy is so very unreasonable? He has a subconscious belief that American institutions are in some way peculiarly his own. Did not his fathers establish them, and has anybody except the Catholic hierarchy ever questioned either their wisdom or their sanctity?* He instinctively feels that any organization, religious or otherwise, not in complete sympathy with those institutions will "bear watching." He knows that to the Catholic Church a century is as a day, and he visualizes a possible time in the more or less remote future, when by sheer force of numbers, contributed to by a high Catholic birth rate and an increased immigration of Catholic aliens, the Constitution may indeed be changed, and his birthright of nonsectarian liberty be taken from him. He may be foolish, he may be "seeing things," he may misjudge the church and its purposes; but such are his fears — partly subconscious, partly reasoned — and they account for his distrust of the Catholic hierarchy.

IV

HAVING premised that Protestant suspicion and prejudice may be overcome by conciliatory measures — by mutual trust and confidence inspired and promoted by closer contacts — it is pertinent to inquire what such a program involves. Obviously it involves compromise, but not necessarily of fundamental principles. If the causes of Protestant distrust can be removed without the sacrifice by Catholics of the essence of their religious faith and practice, it should be done. I reiterate in this connection that no sane Protestant objects to the Catholic religion, *as religion*. He objects to the *political organization* of the church which, under the cloak of religion, may afford the real or potential interference of a foreign potentate in American affairs. Remove from the Protestant mind that one specter of foreign domination and interference, and Protestant "bigotry and intolerance" will melt away like snow under the summer's sun.

The solution I would propose may lay me open to the charge of naïveté, if not to more serious accusations; but at any rate, it is founded upon historical precedent and is neither impossible nor impractical. The Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America have taken the same path. They have

* For example, Pope Leo XIII, "The Christian Constitution of States."

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repudiated the papacy, and in America the Episcopal Church now enjoys the complete confidence and trust of all Protestants; yet so similar are its forms of worship to the Catholic ritual that if a Catholic should inadvertently stray into an Episcopal High Church service, he would probably not know the difference.

What, then, is to hinder American Catholics from repudiating the Holy See and either allying themselves with the Episcopalians or organizing an American Catholic communion, retaining all their distinctive forms and ritual — their worship differing in no respect from their present worship except in having "cut loose" from Rome? The Catholic clergy and many of the laity will immediately denounce this suggestion as too fantastic and grotesque to merit the slightest consideration; but to the great mass of Protestants it appears neither grotesque nor unreasonable. They say to themselves — "The Episcopalians have done the same thing, and although the two circumstances are not quite parallel, why cannot the Catholics follow if they are sincere in their avowals of one hundred per cent loyalty to America?"

Certain it is that however visionary and impracticable may be the separation of American Catholicism from the Vatican, Protestant suspicion and prejudice will never be overcome by any lesser measures. If this solution is rejected, there can be no doubt that the rift between American Protestants and American Catholics will continue to widen, probably with increasing distrust and ill will, and certainly to the great detriment of American institutions and the whole American people.

The issue is up to American Catholics.

The Curse of French Culture

by **THOMAS CRAVEN**

I

When the creative strength of the Italian Renaissance was exhausted, the center of culture passed from the city of Florence to the city of Paris — and in Paris it has remained to this day. The monopoly held by the French on affairs of the spirit is without precedent in the history of human achievement. Other nations — Egypt, Greece, Italy — have had their day, to be sure, but their supremacy was based upon works of art which have contributed to the enlightenment of mankind. With France this is not quite true. She has long been regarded as the home of all that is intelligent, gracious, and civilized, but she has maintained this position by cunningly separating culture from the objects upon which it was originally founded, and converting it into a charming business. Thus absolved from the necessity of producing art, she turns her adroit Gallic genius to the production of a peculiar state of mind which is called culture, and which is accepted universally as a mark of the highest distinction.

It is astonishing to see how successfully the French have propagated the idea of their own superiority in matters of refinement, even among the British, who, in their self-sufficiency, would seem to be proof against every extraneous influence. In London, last season, it was my privilege to join a certain royal society of tea-drunkards at a special high feast given in honor of a French painter who, at the moment, was exhibiting his wares at a fashionable gallery. The fêted artist was just another Frenchman who had added a nice slippery veneer of culture to the conceptions of Cézanne. I

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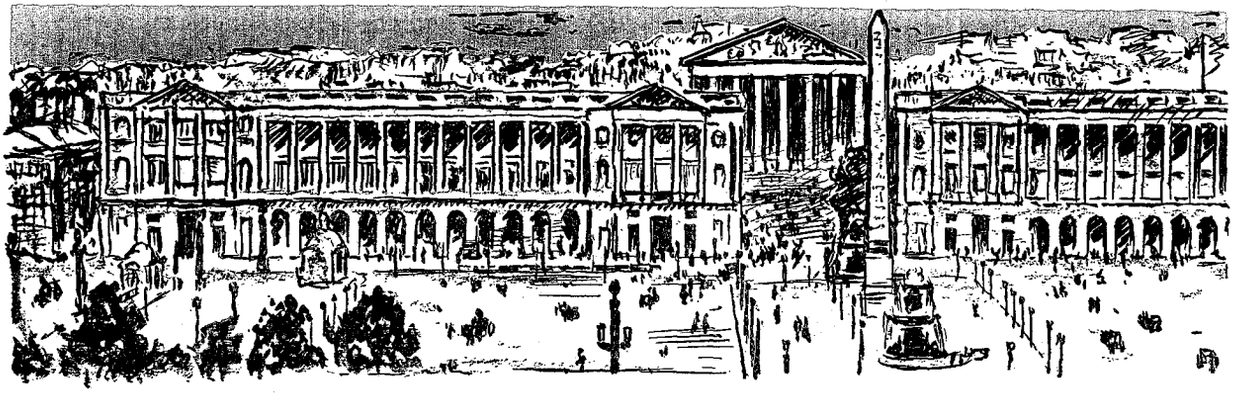
thought of how that great old man would have looked upon this upstart celebrity — Cézanne, a genius, whom the Parisians rejected, vilified, and drove back to the provinces because he was honest and had a soul. Long before the merchant of culture arrived, the cold rooms were ringing with empty French chatter — stilted quotations, silly phrases from primers, scraps of menus, and crude attempts to be brilliant and knowing in the Gallic fashion. Everybody spoke French, or tried to, and the benighted few who were limited to English apologized continually for their ignorance of the language of *la politesse*.

The artist was a great success. In his dress was a touch of studied Bohemianism that no Englishman would have dared to affect in the presence of titles. The perfection of his manner was irresistible. He kissed knuckles, he bowed, he walked, he talked — talked interminably, about France, and her art, and her sensitivity; and about himself, and his own art, and his own sensitivity. And all this was done so spontaneously that no one seemed to understand the tradition of cold-blooded avarice behind his overflowing eloquence. When a rude, unawed American asked him what he thought of British painting, he delivered a lecture on Ingres, Delacroix, and the modern master whom he had so shamelessly capitalized, concealing his impertinent evasion by beautiful posturings.

At the close of the performance, the whole company, with the exception of the rude American, was thrilled and edified, and the merchant of culture was handsomely rewarded. He was regarded not only as an artist, but also as an evangelist — which proves that even the British can be fooled into paying for French culture. So they bought his pictures and he pocketed their pounds, and as soon as possible departed for his beloved Paris.

The same humility is found in the cosmopolitan circles of Florence and Rome. For generations Brussels has been advertised as a second Paris. The cultivated gayety of Vienna bears the unmistakable French stamp. And Spain, contemptuous of the rest of the world, turns to France for her æsthetic nourishment. In Germany, before the war, the open hostility of Junkers toward the Gallic spirit expressed more than anything else a secret, malignant envy, in itself a form of laudation.

As for America, though she has always gazed with dark suspicion upon the personal freedom and physical candor of the French,



and in the plain facts of living has followed pretty closely the more solid British standards, she has never for a moment surrendered her belief in the preëminence of French taste, or her faith in France as the final arbiter in all questions pertaining to the beautiful. In the Colonial period, when our honest craftsmen were designing the most artistic furniture ever produced in America, and our domestic architecture reached its highest level, we appealed to the French for cultural assistance, and imported governesses, masters of drawing and fencing, music teachers, and linguists. As our cities and wealth multiplied, we summoned French architects and decorators, and when our young men of talent desired to become artists, we sent them to Paris. When we began to travel, we went to England to look up poor relations with family trees, to Italy to view the wonders of the past, and to France for elegance that was living and polish that grew brighter with time. We accepted France at her own valuation; and when she told us that we were a nation of barbarians, without manners, culture,

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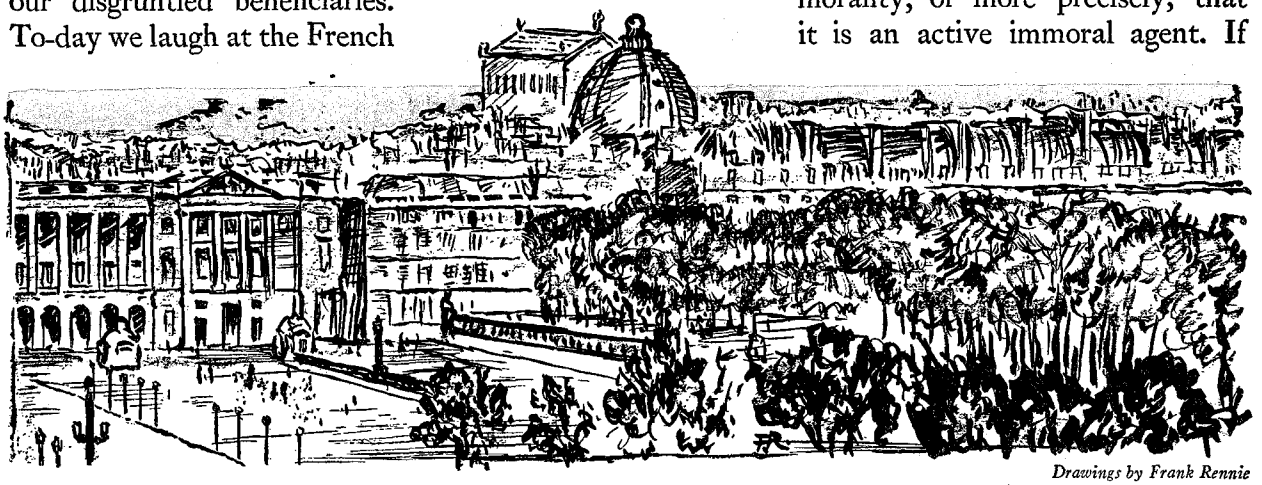
or art, we accepted that, too, with deep humility, and said that we would gladly pay her if she would lead us out of darkness.

To-day we are not so humble, but we are still subservient. We won the war — or think we did — and our doughboys brought back tales of France which were, to put it discreetly, somewhat at variance with our preconceived ideas of the guardians of liberty and refinement. We hold the bulk of the world's gold; we boast and swagger and do most of the unseemly things charged against us by our disgruntled beneficiaries. To-day we laugh at the French and throw them money. We call them "frogs" and put them in musical comedies and in the kitchens of our hotels; despite their proved qualities of great courage and stamina in the trenches, and their recent triumphs in sport, we caricature them as effeminate scoundrels. All this is bravado — patriotic whistling in the dark to ward off a mysterious influence. The American is still afraid of culture; he has not wholly solved its mysteries, but he feels that, as practiced by the French, it would debauch all his good resolutions and upset the routine of his existence. In his everyday interests he scoffs and jokes about it, but when faced with the genuine Parisian commodity, he is silent and reverential. Certainly it is a tempting thing, whatever it may be, but he must use it sparingly.



Drawings by Frank Rennie

This fear of the beautiful has been diagnosed by French cultural experts as symptomatic of "Puritan inhibitions" — an affliction common not only to the American masses but to all our authors and artists. That is to say, when writers like Hawthorne and Mark Twain avoid the discussion of sex — which, to the French, is the cardinal ingredient of culture — they are obviously suffering from inhibitions; on the other hand, the frank treatment of sex by Dreiser and Cabell is the reaction of a terrible consciousness of sin.

The truth is that the Yankee believes the homely virtues and Anglo-American moralities indispensable to the conduct of life, and deep down in his heart he considers beauty corruptive and libidinous, something unholy and intoxicating, a little beyond his pragmatic grasp. French specialists have persuaded him that art has nothing to do with morality, or more precisely, that it is an active immoral agent. If this were not so, it would not be so largely concerned with nudity and adultery — luxuries which should be confined to France. He shares the old superstition that the French are masters of the beautiful, that the girls of Paris devote themselves to love with a truly artistic passion, and that the French *cocottes*, one and all, are philanthropic and enchanting. He believes that Paris is a vast, unbridled Bohemia, the proper background for the development of the fine arts. Accordingly, if he is a business man, he yearns for a taste of this magic poison. Even his native jazz, at home only a coarse necessity, is transmuted into æsthetic revelry when administered by the vagrant ladies of Montmartre. And if he is an artist, his one ambition is to live in Paris, to drink in the inspiring atmosphere of Bohemian culture, and to imitate French painting. Only thus can he put his soul on the true road to beauty.

In order to understand how French culture has been victorious over the culture of other nations, and how it has come to be such a sharp, seductive, and insinuating instrument in

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the modern world, we must first define the relationship between attitudes and objects. It is not a perversion of meaning to speak of culture as an instrument. Culture is not a thing nor a collection of things — not art, nor music, nor drama, nor all of these together; it is an organization of attitudes. In the beginning, of course, it springs from actual accomplishments, and to carry any sort of validity it must refer, more or less directly, to objects having concrete existence. But the mere existence of things is not sufficient; there must be in addition a fixed point of view. In other words, culture is born of a stereotyped manner of looking at the world. It appears in every tribe, community, or nation when individual opinions coincide to form a general attitude toward life. The canonization of Shakespeare is an example. In England an impressive culture has been erected upon the works of this one man by the consolidation of general attitudes — of opinions taken for granted. As a result, it is no longer necessary to read Shakespeare to understand him in the cultural sense. In fact, it is unsafe to read him; for one might, like Bernard Shaw, have the intelligence to challenge conventional worship and consequently be forced into a life of disputation.

III

It is plain that in the course of time culture is completely removed from the art objects which generated it, and henceforth pursues an independent existence. In its independent state it eventually assumes the character of a fetish, and the Englishman, normally ashamed of ideas and certain to fall asleep when he opens his Shakespeare, will drag in the magic name of Stratford's bard when the glory of his country is impeached and he is obliged to establish the incontestable superiority of the English people. Here we have the familiar example of a cultural attitude converted into an instrument, a weapon, to further ends which have nothing whatever to do with the original works of art.

When culture refers directly to the arts, and to the ideals and manners of specific localities, it is a useless tool. Hard facts give rise to controversy, dissension, and revolt. Art and honest criticism do not make culture — they make trouble. They are, indeed, the foes of culture; for they destroy accepted beliefs and lead to new valuations and social readjustments. As a consequence, for all practical purposes — for national security and pride and individual conceit — it is the abstract conception of culture (that is, emotional habits crystallized by time) which is brought forward. Considered as an emotional tendency, culture is by no means confined to French soil. There are many other varieties — English, German, Scandinavian, Japanese, and even American — but they are relatively unimportant. It has remained for the French to transform culture into an adaptable and efficient national instrument and to apply it to the common business of life. And the reasons are not far to seek.

The average Anglo-Saxon is a sober person, undemonstrative, without much imagination, and inclined to ask no more of life than commonplace, uninterrupted cheerfulness. When confronted with spiritual issues, he immediately becomes self-conscious. He will, of course, awkwardly invoke the assistance of a cultural fetish when the greatness of his country is involved — as I have already pointed out — but he would much prefer to leave matters of the spirit to ecclesiastics, schoolmasters, and specialists. In his uneasiness and lack of experience he is likely to be stiff and dictatorial and to employ traditional beliefs as a sort of bludgeon. Now a bludgeon is not exactly an ingratiating instrument; it may reduce an opponent to silence, but it is seldom convincing. One does not wish to be beaten with anything — even a culture.

The Germans, on the other hand, are continually occupied with cultural forms. But they are so sentimental, so deadly serious, and spend so much time explaining their discoveries to each other, that they have not yet arrived at the bludgeon stage of the English. And their culture, like almost everything that is German, is handed out in such large doses as to nauseate races with less prodigious appetites. Furthermore, the sanctimonious spirit with which it is offered renders it ludicrous to all but the most thoroughgoing Germans.

With the French, however, culture is a national institution, an economic asset judiciously tended and superlatively exploited. It is compounded of emotional attitudes and habits embodying every phase of human activity. Philosophy, poetry, and the fine arts are no more important to French culture as an agent

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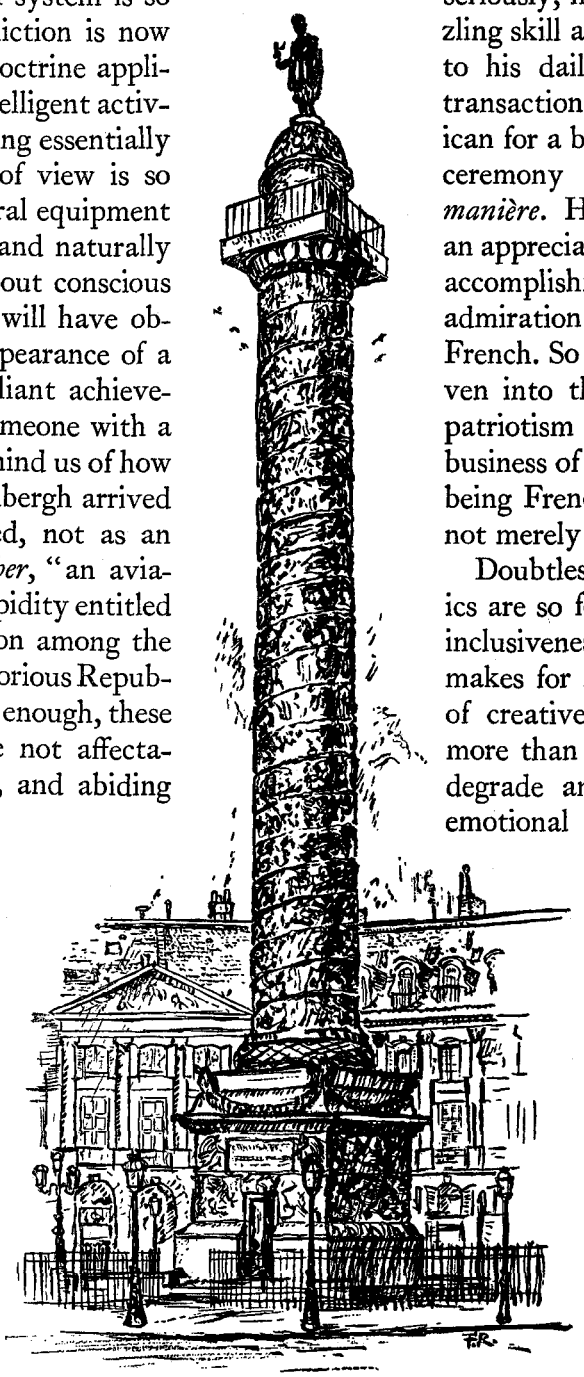
for self-aggrandizement than are cookery, cosmetics, and prostitution. In a sense the French are a nation of caterers, but caterers who esteem themselves as more civilized than their clients; and, thanks to their cultural heritage, they have no difficulty in maintaining their superiority.

The average Frenchman's knowledge of Racine, Molière, and Poussin is probably less than the average Englishman's knowledge of Shakespeare and Hogarth, but he has not the slightest hesitation in assuming that because he is French, he is at one with his artists in spirit. He is thoroughly at home in the world of the spirit, and his emotional system is so elaborate that its jurisdiction is now universal. Any idea or doctrine applicable to all art and all intelligent activity he regards as something essentially French, and this point of view is so much a part of his cultural equipment that it functions easily and naturally for his own profit, without conscious display of egoism. You will have observed that with the appearance of a new discovery or a brilliant achievement, there is always someone with a frog in his throat to remind us of how French it is! When Lindbergh arrived in Paris, he was greeted, not as an American, but as a *brother*, "an aviator whose skill and intrepidity entitled him to an exalted position among the immortal heroes of the glorious Republic of France." Curiously enough, these emotional outbursts are not affectation, but deep, genuine, and abiding convictions.



French culture, contrary to general opinion, has little if any connection with art. It is simply an established and homogeneous state of mind — a chronic, highly civilized, and more highly organized manifestation of self-esteem. Other nations do not seem successful with culture in the abstract. They may have the self-esteem, but they are wanting in the dramatic touch, the debonair enthusiasm, the unconscious and inevitable gesture. Americans afflicted after this fashion are ridiculed by their fellows with such terms as "high-brow" and "high-hat." The Englishman is fundamentally a realist, except when lecturing in America, and even then he is not, as he fancies himself, a missionary of culture, but only a snob. The Frenchman is not a snob; he opens his heart and his Paris to the whole world, and since the whole world flocks to his doors, he is, I think, entitled to his feeling of superiority. Although the Frenchman takes his culture seriously, he manipulates it with dazzling skill and so ingeniously adapts it to his daily affairs that the simple transaction of overcharging an American for a bottle of perfume becomes a ceremony performed in *la grande manière*. His cultural attitude, once an appreciation of objectively valuable accomplishments, is now a general admiration for everything that is French. So closely is this idolatry woven into the texture of his life that patriotism is not, as with us, the business of being patriotic: it is simply being French. *La patrie* is *the* country, not merely my country.

Doubtless it is true, as French critics are so fond of telling us, that the inclusiveness of their cultural scheme makes for familiarity with the nature of creative accomplishment. It does more than that, however: it tends to degrade and cheapen art. When the emotional intensity attached to the consideration of genuine works of the imagination is transferred to national interests of every description, it can no longer be taken seriously. It becomes a matter of business and no amount of charm can conceal the underlying commercialization. It is precisely for this reason that the French are caterers to the senses rather than to the spirit, France

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has been supremely successful in creating, not art, but something that passes for art, and has been unrivaled in erecting inimitable cafés for the discussion of art. It is for this reason that she has perpetuated the tradition of gayety, good living, good wines, accessible women, and the emancipation of the *libido*.

IV

THAT THE FRENCH nation should still be celebrated as the exemplar of the beautiful and artistic is phenomenal when her handiwork is examined in the light of æsthetic values. The private life of the people will not bear investigation. I do not mean that it is immoral, but that it is sordid, parsimonious, and far from beautiful. Nor is the Frenchman at home the light-hearted fellow we meet on the boulevards. More often than not he is solemn, argumentative, resentful, and cautious. But the instant he assumes his responsibilities to his country and engages to provide a romantic background for international idlers with money to spend, his culture comes to the rescue, his manners sparkle, his wits quicken, and his business flourishes.

French culture, in essence a practical instrument, operates most effectually in the field of ornamentation. Hence the prestige of Paris in fashions, salon art, interior decoration, furniture, cosmetics, cheap jewelry, and appetizing fripperies of all sorts. In men's clothes, where sobriety and durability are demanded, London — a man's city — has always dominated the market; but the French, with characteristic imagination, have discovered a means of fighting the British monopoly. Slowly and subtly they are bringing color and effeminacy to the male garb, and are sending to the Fifth Avenue shops multicolored uniforms for our athletes and sportsmen. The French are past masters in the use of uniforms. They have systematized and decorated frivolity; they have arrayed culture with pretty gilt and braid; they dress up ideas and prepare them for universal consumption. Even the nudity of their art is a glamorous popular mask to hide the emptiness of their conceptions. They are rapidly becoming the valets of art.

The notion that France loves art is all humbug. That she has produced her share of great men no one would deny, but she has neither loved nor tolerated them. She loves imitation art — Bouguereau, Falguière, and Besnard — and she has manufactured more of it than all the rest of the world put together. Not only that — she has evoked a specious culture to prove that it is the real thing. She invented the Academy, the curse of art, to preserve her outstanding asset, culture, and to overwhelm the efforts of her men of genius. Whenever a powerful artist arrives in Paris — generous, hospitable Paris — she tries to kill him or to emasculate him with academic honors. So truculent is her hatred of originality that artists of the highest intelligence have been known to solicit official recognition in order to get a hearing, or to avoid exile.

In no other country is art so brutally or ignorantly flouted by the press. The abuse hurled upon Delacroix's first canvases still sounds with terror in the hearts of sensitive students. Daumier was cast into prison. Courbet was run out of the country. Manet was publicly insulted. Rodin was branded a fake and a monster. And in order to call attention to his work, Cézanne hopelessly sought admission into — of all things — the *Salon de Bouguereau*. French writers have fared no better. Voltaire lived with one foot in Switzerland. Balzac, the toughest mind of all and still regarded as a freak without a style, endeavored, as Emil Ludwig expresses it, "to have his passport of genius viséed by the authorities" in order to convince the public of his importance. Victor Hugo was banished. Zola risked his neck in denouncing an official crime. Romain Rolland is classified as a traitor, not as a writer. And the wily Anatole France, as a measure of self-defence, slipped into the circle of the Forty Immortals on the strength of a book written, confessedly, with his tongue in his cheek.

The art of France, as a reflection of her culture, is prettiness carried to the point of genius. Aided by her unrivaled facility, her tact, her cleverness, and her fashionable salons, she has robbed art of its spiritual content and reduced it to a highly professionalized business. It is this conception of painting — the cult of prettiness — that she has scattered throughout the world. She has grafted the skin of Italian paintings upon her undraped ladies and given us a tradition of boudoir decorators — notably, Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher, Greuze, Nattier, Cabanel, and (in such things as *La Source*) Ingres. She originated Impressionism, not a form of art but a novel method of adding showiness to nature, and with customary acumen turned it into an article of commerce designed to brighten English and American drawing-rooms.

V

WHEN, IN THE latter part of the nineteenth century, Cézanne, a man of power, arose to combat seductive claptrap and to restore the classic dignity of art, France winced with pain and howled him out of court. To-day, after his name has spread into foreign lands, she gathers him into the bosom of her culture, but not, of course, in his original form; she denudes him of his strength and significance, seizes upon his most effective mannerisms, and debases them into a pretty, geometrical game of style. In this fashion the new art is incorporated with the Academy, and the cultural stream flows merrily on. Similarly, she dilutes Cubism, a violent enemy of salon art, into chic nonsense, and applies it to eccentric furniture, decorative patterns, and the embellishment of show boats. Her leading contemporary artists — Matisse, Derain, and the adopted Picasso — are now laboring for the glory of France; that is, they are conducting picture factories to supply the American market.

France is not only responsible for the character and trend of modern art, but for the critics of art. She produced the first critics and, in Taine, one of the best. While it is true that Taine had no use for popular French stuff, he became, in his persuasive severance of art and morality, a powerful ally of French culture. He drew a dreadful picture of the sottish English aristocrats and their attempts at refinement and manners. He made a brilliant case against Dickens and Thackeray, stigmatizing them as preachers; and his burning parallel between Musset and Tennyson — to the disadvantage of the latter — filled the French with everlasting gratitude. Taine's views on art and morality were precisely what the French wished to disseminate. His authority was of the highest, and he lent immense critical support to an idea which is now accepted by artists the world over and which explains why Paris remains the Capital of Culture.

The Capital of Culture! From every quarter of the globe artists and authors find their way to Paris to receive the spiritual blessing. What is in store for them I have already indicated; what they do there is hardly worth recording. If they are original and rebellious, their individuality and racial savor are soon compromised by a decorous and tasteful radicalism. If they are merely talented in the academic fashion, they acquire a smooth, mechanical proficiency under the most pleasant circumstances, and return to their native lands filled with the pernicious gospel of "æsthetic form." In either case, they soon agree that art and beauty, like culture, can be expressed only in a French idiom.

The truth is that France no longer has anything to offer the genuine artist; she reigns as the paradise of second-raters. Paris is the place for pretenders and misfits. There they may loaf and dabble and blaspheme in surroundings so alluring that they suffer no remorses of conscience. Look at the expatriates of

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the Left Bank. They rave about Proust. They rally round Picasso and James Joyce. They substitute bizarre typography for poetry, and abstractions for art. They publish indecent magazines that nobody reads. Their idea of wit is an obscene tirade against American materialism. Materialism indeed! How French it all sounds! And the French smile from morning till night, and cater to the Americans, providing them with studios, cafés, cheap women, and cheaper ideas — but always in the interests of culture.

I wonder what Daumier would say to the American artists in Paris — Daumier, a great man, a great painter, at whose death a distinguished confrere remarked: "He was different from all of us — he was generous!" You see, Daumier had no culture. He was profound and unpretentious, and his art, like that of Rembrandt, was made of intelligence, hard work, and a knowledge of humanity. He would say, I think: "Go back, my friends, to your own people, and develop the rich materials of your own land. Art is not produced by culture. Art is the child of new understandings and fresh appreciations of common things, and it is beyond the reach of those who are slaves to the impulses of others."

Footpath and Highway

Mad North-Northwest

by THE PEDESTRIAN

EXACTICUS has been arrested. Poor fellow, things looked pretty black for a while; but now that he has convinced the court of both his innocence and his sanity, he sits back in his accustomed chair at the club and chuckles.

Some people will regret to hear that he was not taken up on the ground of violent and outspoken political views, tending to foment sedition and privy conspiracy. A case might almost have been made against him on that ground. No; it was a quite private family affair, staged, one must suspect, by designing relatives. It is not entirely clear how these relatives got access to his check book, though evidently they first decided to start process as a result of the strange revelations contained therein. It is obvious, furthermore, that their ill-concealed motive lay in a desire to get control of his vast fortune — something between five and six thousand dollars a year. For Exacticus is unmarried, and it was undoubtedly the hope of certain people that his wealth, if not squandered by him or willed to some quixotic end, might help to keep nephews and nieces from the poorhouse.

About all they knew, of course, was that he bought a house last year for twenty-five thousand dollars and sold it this year for twenty thousand; that he has for years owned a farm which he never occupies, never rents, and on which he pays considerable taxes; and that one gift to a charitable organization was five thousand dollars. Cousin Edward had spoken to him, very guardedly of course, about money affairs; but after receiving the retort courteous, he had told Aunt Sally, who put him up to it, that, while he agreed with her that the financial views of Exacticus were quite unsound, he felt it unwise to press the matter further. In fact, when he was well out of Aunt Sally's hearing, he is reported to have muttered, "I'm damned if I will." Strong language for Edward.

But the check book precipitated matters. Even Edward joined with the others when that secret record was revealed. The check book, they felt, was enough by itself to prove him unbalanced. Not dangerous, of course — no need of an asylum — but in very great need of financial control.

The revelations of the check book do not strike a pedestrian mind as mad in the least degree, but they were so argued, quite seriously, with an array of experts on hand. No man in his right mind, it was held, could make such entries. Why be jocular in a check book? One alienist, to be sure, hinted that such jocularity might have been a "release," that it did not prove Exacticus mad, but rather that he would have gone mad if he had not indulged it. It seems simpler, on the whole, to answer the question, "Why be jocular in a check book?" by another question — "Why not?" Here are some of the items:

J. E. R. Kett		
Dental and financial surgery		$143.00
Olds & Sourd		
Superservice.....	$20.00	
Unplumbing.....	10.00	
Plumbing.....	1.17	
Vain Repetition..	22.34	
Retaining Fee ...	30.00	...$83.51

Aunt Sally only laughed, perhaps a trifle bitterly, at these entries. But when she came upon an entry, "Black Arts — $12.00," directly below an entry, "White Magic — $25.00," she felt there was unquestionable ground for suspicion.

THERE WERE only two possible explanations. Either Exacticus was so far gone that he had traffic with voodoo, or — almost as bad — Black and White must be the names of bootleggers. When Edward, goaded to a second visit, had asked him about these two strange entries, Exacticus for some unaccountable reason had called him a potsherd; and when Edward had persisted that, though he might be a potsherd, calling him names did not explain the entries, Exacticus had retorted in a burst of profanity which proved not only repulsive to Edward but expulsive as well. It was Edward, in fact, who confided to

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Aunt Sally that in his private opinion Black and White were bootleggers, for Exacticus, if he wasn't stark crazy, must have been "under the influence" during the interview. This suggestion Aunt Sally in turn confided to Aunt Elvira, who, unlike her sister, rarely spoke except under enormous provocation, and then always without moving her lips. On this occasion the provocation was enormous, and Aunt Elvira squeezed out, "Oh, Sally, it can't be." So great was her feeling, indeed, that the next morning at breakfast she went the limit and creaked, "Oh, Sally, he was such a good boy — it simply can't be!"

Well, the grim alternative was insanity, fixed upon by Aunt Sally, no less grim, with precipitate conviction. The next item was not in the same class, but it showed clearly that good money was going after bad. The stub recorded a check drawn to a well-known broker, with the following memorandum:

10 shares Torres Common...	$100.00
Sold (1-16-28).....	12.70
Experience.....	$87.30

Immediate action was necessary. What would be the good of proving him mentally incompetent if he was bankrupt?

To be sure, Exacticus did get off — but only just. This question of the difference between eccentricity and insanity sets one pondering. The dictionary defines an alienist as "a specialist in diseases of the mind." That's all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't account for the etymology. Can it be that they are called alienists because they sometimes prove people to be other than what those people pretty obviously are? Or is it because a clever expert can alienate a rich criminal from the gallows and can almost alienate a poor Exacticus from his purse? We used to be told that the line between sanity and insanity was easily distinguishable to an expert, but that it was a perilously thin line. The frightful thought of its thinness engaged one of our poets:

The brain within its groove
Runs evenly and true,
But let a splinter swerve,
'Twere easier for you
To put the water back
When floods have slit the hills
And scooped a turnpike for themselves
And blotted out the mills.

But now comes a well-known psychologist and tells us that no one is really normal; in fact, by the time he gets through his book, he intimates that we are "mad rogues all." Still, most people seem to be on the easterly side of sanity, so it isn't always safe to be "mad north-northwest." For all those with a variation eastward are quite convinced that they point true north, with the result that Exacticusses will continue to be counted eccentric and will be liable, when money and thrones are at stake, to ingenious and malicious attack. A northeasterly mind is always suspicious of a northwesterly. Often the question seems to be largely a matter of local prejudice, though sometimes it is national. In a country like ours, for example, which has a consuming passion for uniformity, it is more perilous to be "different" than in some other places. An Englishman apparently may say or do almost anything he likes and pass for quite sane. His compatriots, I suppose, recognize that when you come down to it, they are every whit as mad as he. Have we not the authority of the goodman delver of the Fifth Act?

Hamlet. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

First Clown. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

III

It is too bad that over here we allow so little margin for eccentricity. I was thinking that we might relieve the tedium of all sorts of dull details in this vale of tears and northeast winds. We are supposed to sing at our congenial tasks. Why not curse at the less congenial? When the postman arrives, for instance, bearing in his pouch printed matter that will break our spirit and overflow wastebasket and rubbish barrel, why not invite him to join us in a little improvised hymn of hate for the perpetrators of all circulars and magazines? Not every postman can sing, but, like the Covenanters of old, he would no doubt rise to his occasion and join heartily — "rolling the hymn strong and great against the sky!"

Then there would be cheery mutters for the subway; "The world is too much with us" might make a good beginning. And appropriate objurgations for undressing the Christmas tree; gentle oaths and courteous sniffs for the dinner table — as, "Who's for fish? I'm for none!" Again, are you fortified sufficiently to enter a large metropolitan bank? Do you sail past the bulldogs at the door as if you were a high-toned crook, to the manner born, or, when they glare at you, do you cower and confess in every gesture that you are after all only a perfidious mortal and therefore liable to suspicion? Try "Shake not thy gory locks at me!" It won't really hurt them and it may do you good. An exhilarating greeting over the telephone would be "Hello — cutworm!"

Of course some people shrink from strong language, however strong their feelings. They will balk even at a fine, mouth-filling Shakespearean oath. In fact, it was Aunt Elvira who objected to Shakespeare on this score in the Commankipank Reading Circle. "Why," she said, "there are so many damns and sirrahs!" Others swear inwardly and set up who knows what sinister repressions. Better the frankness of a little Quaker boy years ago in an Indiana school. He had been violently kicked in the shins during an impromptu soccer game and had retired to the school building, where he sat on the steps nursing his wounds. After the game his assailant, prompted no doubt by kindly motives, asked him how he was feeling. "Better," replied he of the bruised shins, "better, thank thee, damn thee."

There are limits, to be sure. I don't suppose most people would care to put down in black and white just what they say when they wrestle with the Income Tax Return. Like Eugene Field, on the "schnellest train," they would reply —

I had recourse to English and exploded,
without stint,
Such virile Anglo-Saxon as would never
do in print.

But I was rather curious to know what Exacticus was wont to mutter when he made out his Return, even if I might not face the censor with it. I braced myself for a volley which would blow Cousin Edward through the window, but to my surprise Exacticus replied: "There are no objurgations that will do. The few which are strong enough put you off figuring for the day. But I find it very soothing and actually quite in tune with the ordeal to sing softly over and over,

The King of France with forty thousand
men
Marched them up a hill and he marched
them down again.

By the way — speaking of Exacticus — I forgot to explain who Black and White really were. Exacticus, it seems, is interested in a Boys' Club and one evening hired for their amusement a prestidigitator named White, whom he paid by check. The very next entry was a payment to the local electrician, named Black; and what stub-maker, if his compass veers to the northwesterly side, could refrain from writing "Black Arts" when "White Magic" was on the stub just ahead? Disappointing, isn't it? Aunt Sally thought so, especially when Aunt Elvira, speaking for the third time that week, muttered through compressed lips, "I told you so." Aunt Sally waxed quite northeasterly. Exacticus chuckled as he told me.

"The trouble with Aunt Sally," he said, "is that she suffers from an utter lack of total profanity."

— *Walter S. Hinchman*

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Historically, Raleigh probably never set eyes on Pocahontas, the Indian princess.. but it seems fitting to show the New World offering the Old World its most gratifying of botanical achievements. For after this pretty exchange, certainly the rest is history.....

RALEIGH was the name of a gentleman-adventurer. He made tobacco popular. Raleigh is now the name of a new . . . a boldly original and an altogether perfect cigarette.

It is blended PUFF-by-PUFF

TWENTY CENTS

PLAIN — OR TIPPED

BROWN *and* WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky

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Do you know the fascination of HOME MOVIES . .

the thrill of seeing yourself, your family and your friends on your own home screen?

TIME slides back . . . you live yesterday's happy hours again. That bass desperately fighting . . . baby filling his little pail with sand . . . Dick arching through that cup-winning swan-dive . . . Jane driving a fast one over the net . . . hiking with the Browns. Each vivid moment flashed on your own home screen thrills you anew. Each expression, every action, exciting moments, enchanting scenes . . . all unfold before you exactly as they actually happened. Wouldn't you like to know the fascination of home movies?

Ciné-Kodak Means Simplicity

Thousands of Ciné-Kodak users are making home movies as easily as you make snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you. The result is that the Ciné-Kodak is the simplest of home movie cameras.

You need not worry about developing your films. Simply put them back in the yellow carton and mail to us. In a few days you receive them back—and at no further cost because developing is included in the price you pay for the film. Projecting the pictures in your own living room is as easy with the Kodascope as playing a record on a phonograph.

Keep the fun of this Fourth-of-July alive forever. See that a Ciné-Kodak goes with you on your trip.

The Ciné-Kodak takes black and white pictures with Ciné-Kodak Safety Film in the familiar yellow carton, both regular and panchromatic.

Color Movies, too

Kodacolor—home movies in full color—are easily possible as well. By simply using a Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting Kodacolor, you get all the colors that your eye sees—the most delicate flesh tints—the most brilliant fabric colors—faithfully recorded for all time.

Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200-, and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, costing $7.50 per 100 feet, are available at your dealer's. They add to the pleasure of home movies and become a permanent part of your film library.

Today's happy, thrilling hours to live over again at will . . . a living diary of your family growing up . . . surely you can't afford to let these opportunities slip by. Stop in at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and let him demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. See how wonderfully the Kodascope projects home movies. In the meantime, clip and mail the coupon for a booklet which tells the complete home movie story. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
Dept. 241, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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Address .....

City 29

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The Radio RACKET

by **JACK WOODFORD**

THE OTHER day I read, in a distinguished newspaper, that "no one, save he be ignorant of the wonders of radio broadcasting, could possibly have anything but praise for that newest marvel of science, Radio!"

My acquaintance with radio is fairly thorough. My first contact with it was when, at the age of about thirteen, I laboriously constructed a wireless set of my own. A neighbor's brat constructed a similar set. For several months, after sedulously learning the Continental telegraph code, we tick-tacked banal words and phrases to each other. Then we both forgot all about our sets. I do not recall with any certainty what next caught our interest, but I do remember becoming conscious, somewhere along about that period, that girls could not always be classified as plain nuisances. . . .

Twelve or thirteen years passed and radio descended upon the populace like unto a visitation of locusts. It was frightful. At the homes of various friends I listened to the radio programs then being broadcast and was impressed only with how he thought that they had grown even more putrid than they had been in the crystal set days. But my little daughter wanted a set badly. My wife stoutly backed her up. In the end I gave way and bought a set which cost two hundred and fifty dollars. It was thought to be the best radio receiving set on the market at that time. For a year I nursed it carefully. Each morning I took its temperature and turned on the charger for a sufficient duration to make it happy. Each evening I tested its faltering "B" batteries and viewed their failing respiration with dismay. At least once a month I bought it an expensive new lung or kidney. To state the matter succinctly, it was precisely like having a ninety-year-old relative in the house — one who was afflicted with gout, rheumatism, consumption, and other maladies too devious to name; one who had no money to leave after dying.

At last, with the permission, nay, the urging of my good wife and not-so-good daughter, I got rid of the darn set. I swore a mighty oath, upon many holy relics, never to become possessed of another. But I did, just recently. Two or three years after the disappearance of the two hundred and fifty dollar diseased monstrosity, wife and daughter forgot the horrors of radio programs and became enamored of the new radio advertisements. Advertisements about sets which one need only connect to the nearest light socket — no batteries, A, B, X, Y, or Z.

Naturally, before long I was talking to a radio salesman. This time I found that a radio set cost about as much as an automobile. The salesman assured me that he would send a service man to connect up the set for me. He would have my aerial erected free of charge. I was to have no trouble whatsoever with the set. If I did have trouble, I had but to call him. He would send a man to the house with speed that would astonish me. I hurried away before he offered to kiss me.

The set was delivered — in fifty or sixty pieces — three days after the date first promised. We waited three more days for the installation man. Nothing happened. Finally I called the shop.

"What! Ain't he been out there yet?" roared the service department genie, "Well, we been kinda busy, brother —"

"But," I persisted, "you positively guaranteed it would be *working* the day after I bought it, and it's been five —"

"Yeh, I know. Say, can you put a radio together?"

"Possibly," I admitted, "but why should I? Suppose some of the more sacred parts were to get smashed —"

"S'all right, buddy. Go ahead and connect 'er up. We been kinda busy. If you bust anything, we'll replace it free of charge."

I set to work at ten o'clock one morning. At ten o'clock that evening I finally discovered places for the remaining parts and stood back proudly. There were corrugated pasteboard boxes all over the sitting room. There was excelsior upon the lounge, upon the piano, in my hair, in my wife's hair, in my daughter's hair. I had mashed my thumb and broken two fingernails. Nevertheless, I was very proud. I screwed the plug into the electric light socket, turned on the juice, threw the switch on the set, and waited.

Suddenly there was the most horrendous crashing and screaming ever heard. It sounded like Vesuvius and Al Smith in simultaneous eruption. The windows rattled. My wife retreated behind a divan. From the other room my daughter howled in terror. A tame pigeon with which we are cursed woke up and tried to dash out its brains against the sun-porch glass. Some primitive instinct moved me to grasp a chair with which to defend my family and myself.

After a moment I thought of something clever and turned off the electric switch. Immediately all was silence and peace. Being a man of courage, I approached the thing again, after cautiously turning the "power" dial completely around. This time all was well. An earnest man, down at the Moody Bible Institute, urged me to start hunting for Jesus.

Since that time my set has worked faithfully. Certainly it is a miracle of mechanical and scientific achievement. But the sorry purposes to which this miracle is put! I refer to the bright little advertising talks that have become a feature of radio broadcasting. Think of having paid almost as much for one's radio set as for one's car. Think of having sacrificed fingernails and suffered mental anguish in erecting it, in order to sit and listen to some ass trying to coax one out of a comfortable apartment into the rigors of a home in the suburbs.

Moreover, it often happens that after one has endured "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" from one station, and tuned the station out against the barrage of advertising that is sure to follow, the next station secured will be just starting on "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby." In fact, it is entirely possible, as I can sadly testify, to tune out half a dozen stations, one after the other, and find each beginning "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

And so, patient reader, though it may mark me as un-American and even impious, I must say I do not share the general enthusiastic opinion of radio. And about a month from to-day, by which time my wife and daughter will have become thoroughly indifferent toward this new infernal machine, I offer you my handsome "just-turn-on-the-juice" set at practically your own figure.

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In the wake of Ulysses! The "Ship of Splendor", *Homeric*—one of the World's foremost ships—the largest steamer to the Mediterranean—14,000 miles in 65 Spring days. Lands poignant with memories of Moses, Mohammed, Alexander and Caesar, Hannibal and Napoleon . . . lands of the bournous, the veil and the volcano . . . of gem-like cities on history-etched shores. *The unusual*—to the unfrequented isles of Majorca, Malta, Corsica and Cyprus . . . the fascinating cities of Casablanca and Barcelona . . . with happy days in Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Sicily, Greece, Turkey — two weeks in Egypt—the Holy Land. Generous stay-over privileges. Returning via England on the Majestic, Olympic or Homeric.

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TRAVEL

Bonnie Scotland

by **EUNICE CHAPIN**

"AND AFTER we've seen England we'll run down to Paris for ten days," said the American, planning his trip abroad. "Only we've been to Paris so many times!"

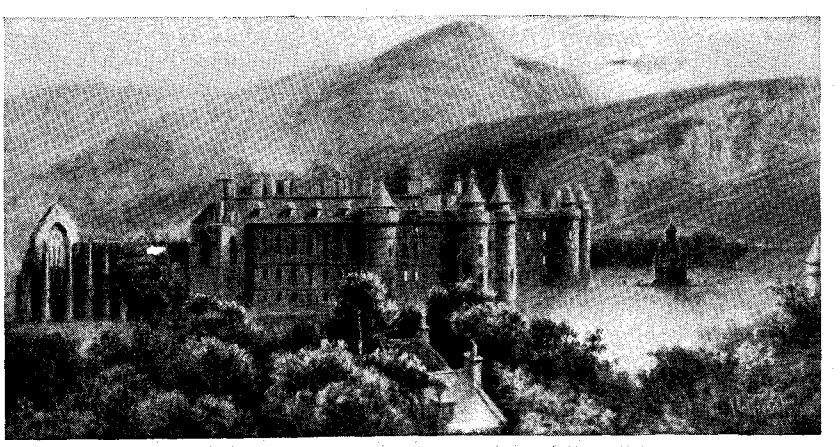
"Why not spend those ten days in Scotland?" I suggested, not at all disdainful of Paris, but thinking how few Americans do go to Scotland, and what a happy experience ten days there can be.

"Splendid! We'll go there!" my friend exclaimed. "Let's plan it." So this is how we did it.

The ten days he chose were in mid-June, which, although fur coat time, is a delightful season in which to see Scotland. It is an eight hour trip from London — overnight or by day — and the express whisks one up through country England, neat and trim as a green silk handkerchief, hedged in squares, thick with buttercups, clover, and thatched roofs. Tea is served on the train, and at twilight Scotland begins to appear — knobby and bumpy, with black-faced sheep grazing on the downs. The landscape is dotted with little white stone or plastered cottages, oblong, with no eaves, and a chimney at each end.

But here is Edinburgh — Waverly Station — and a ruddy-faced taxi driver with a Harry Lauder brogue whisks one to a hotel, dispensing vainglorious bits of Scottish lore while he dodges the traffic of Princess Street, the central thoroughfare and one of the most beautiful boulevards in the world. Scotland is not expensive and Princess Street has a generous sprinkling of ideally located, moderate, comfortable hotels for the traveler.

On that first evening, perhaps the whiteness of linen sheets and the softness of goose down are too tempting to resist; or, on the other hand, perhaps one is enchanted by the busy street below and goes down to gather first impressions of this "Athens of the North," as Edinburgh is frequently called. Since this is the land of the midnight sun, a rosy glow still shines at ten o'clock over Edinburgh Castle, from which a few guardsmen wearing kilties and cockleshells of caps with streamers of plaid, have come down to the town. With a spring in one's step, a buoyancy which comes from the northern sea air, one joins the throngs weaving in and out of Waverly Park, admiring the brilliant flower beds, squared and starred around the statue of Sir Walter Scott.



Holyrood Palace

From the hotel window or the street below you have caught glimpses of Edinburgh Castle, high on a rugged cliff, dominating the city like a great, gray spread eagle, and enveloped, even on sunny days, in a pearly haze. This is the famous old stronghold of the Scottish kings. Visitors are taken through its seven gates and into its deepest dungeons by courteous guides and when one leaves, trailing memories of Scottish Chiefs and yards of history, one

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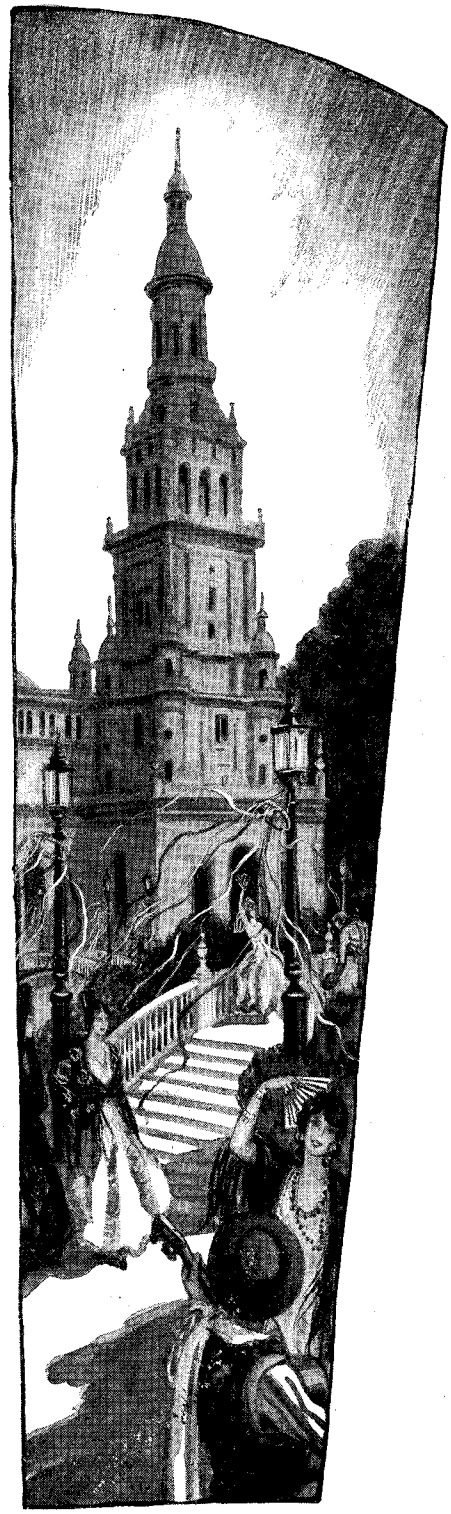

"Vaya Usted con Dios!—Go you with God!" Cordial greeting from gay Seville this summer in her palm garden by the tawny Ria del Guadalquivir. Almost within the shadow of La Giralda, sentinelling her heroic past, she is holding her great Ibero-American Exposition. Twenty-two children of Mother Spain, along with Portugal, Brazil, and the United States, are represented. Their treasures of art, history, and commerce are housed in beautiful buildings whose architecture is a happy combination of practical today and romantic yesterday. Just inside the entrance to the grounds the Plaza de Espana suggests that you begin your tour of inspection in the typical Spanish way...with rest and leisurely contemplation. On beyond are the Plaza de las Americas, the Royal Pavilion, the Mudéjar Palace of Ancient Arts, the Renaissance Palace of Fine Arts, the United States Buildings, and those of a score of Hispano-American countries. Maria Louisa Park, around which most of the buildings are clustered, offers numberless mimosa-scented bowers where you may relax between rounds of sightseeing. Then there are night revels in old Seville, "city of carnations and pretty women" to quote from Primo de Rivera. Will you be there to receive their "buenos dias"? Details from any tourist agency.

SEVILLE
SPAIN

Travel

swings down "the royal mile" to the old castle of Holyrood, the Scottish royal palace. One goes along High Street, past the little house of John Knox, now a curio shop, and past the little old Norman church of St. Giles. A droll Scottish guide shows one through the royal palace, into the rooms of Mary, Queen of Scots, and those of Lord Darnley. Whimsically he intimates that Mary must have been more French than "Scotch"!

These are but the more famous of the attractions found in Edinburgh — that dim gray city with its sea to the north and its guardian castle to the west, that city whose beauty is one of centuries of courage and steadfastness.

In summer months one can count on sunny days, even in Scotland, and the all day motor trips in great, comfortable, open buses enable the tourist to see most of the country. One day, of course, must be reserved for the trip to Abbotsford, the beautiful old home of Sir Walter Scott. The visitor is taken to the village of Melrose, famous for an exquisite abbey, and thence to Abbotsford, on the river Tweed. A son of Scott's great granddaughter owns the estate and keeps it in beautiful condition. Through a narrow gate and down a mossy lane, down more stone steps and into the garden — then old Andy, the caretaker, who loves every stick and stone of the place and whose ancestor was Sir Walter's caretaker, comes forward.

It is with the greatest reverence that one is taken into the impressive baronial hall and shown the beauties and treasures of Abbotsford. The novelist's love for Melrose Abbey is revealed in the modeling of much of the carving and in the vaultings of ceiling and panel. Old Andy lovingly displays the glass case containing the last clothes worn by Sir Walter before his death, and nothing can so make the novelist live for one as that glimpse of the black and white checked tweed suit, the great high hat of buff beaver, and the pair of half-worn, black patent leather shoes. Again one feels the presence of the Waverly novelist as one enters his library and sees the wide-topped desk and worn old leather chair, and looks out the wide windows onto the river Tweed — the view he loved so well.

Another perfect trip, likewise steeped in Scott lore, is a day in the Trossacks — the Lady of the Lake country. A travel agency will plan your journey for you and furnish you and your party with a pleasant old Scotsman as guide, or, if you are alone, will put you in a party already organized. You go from Edinburgh to Aberfoyle by train and there lunch at the Bailie Nocol Jarvie Inn, which Scott mentions in *Rob Roy*. Soon you are taken out to a high coach in the yard, and there,

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after mounting by ladder, you wait for the crack of the long whip with which the scarlet-coated coachman urges the horses — no less than four! — over the hills and far away.

"Trossack" in Scottish means "wild country," and on this trip one fully realizes the beauty of Scotland's natural scenery. One rides over the hillside, gorgeous with broom and heather and silver-gray birch, past the little white manse where Sir Walter lived while he wrote *The Lady of the Lake*. Framing the picture is the deep blue circle of hills. Suddenly Loch Katrine shines like an oval pewter platter among larch and beach. A miniature lake steamer takes the party across Katrine; and there is the pleasure of seeing exquisite Ellen's Isle, cradled like an emerald in the silvery lake. Again the coach takes up its party, this time to Inversnaid, in time for tea. A purple twilight is drifting over Ben Lomond as one embarks for another sail across Loch Lomond, a favorite of Scott.

NOR MUST one neglect Ayr — the Robert Burns country. Glascow is not far from Edinburgh and Ayr is down the west coast from Glasgow. It might be wise to go over the day before you plan the Burns trip, for Glasgow, Scotland's second city in size, is an interesting old port well worth a visit. It is situated on the river Clyde and on the way one may see the great steel span that is the famous bridge across the Firth of Forth.

Escorting you to Ayr, if you plan your trip through an agency, is a quaint old Scot who will remind you of Tam O' Shanter, "seein' things at night." He has met parties at Glasgow and taken them through the Burns country for forty years, and he is counting on forty more. He has the same reverence for his poet that old Andy at Abbotsford had for his novelist, and his learning makes one long to run to cover. As he will tell you, "Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses for honest men and bonnie lasses," is worth the whole trip to Scotland.

In a funny little "jaunting cart," the small group of tourists is taken from the station to the little house where Burns was born. The small, low, white cottage, with its "wee windie" and its squat chimney at each end of the house, is easily recognizable from pictures one has seen. The simplicity of that cottage, its old kitchen with a built-in bed, the fine collection of Burns manuscripts and first editions, are as moving as anything one ever sees in Europe. Then there is the crumbling old "haunted kirch o'Alloway" where on tiptoe one may look through the window into which Tam O'Shanter peered and saw the witches. And, of course, one must not omit the never-to-be-forgotten walk along the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.

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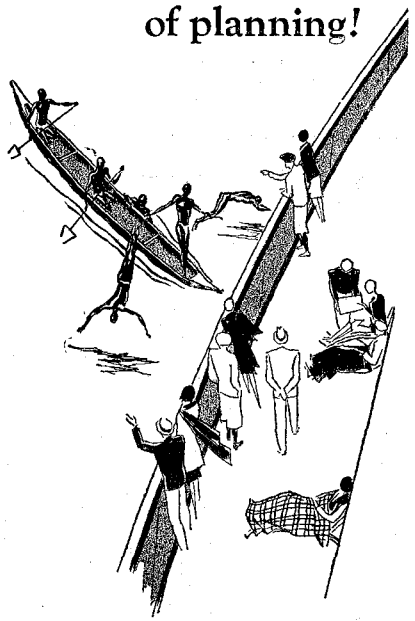

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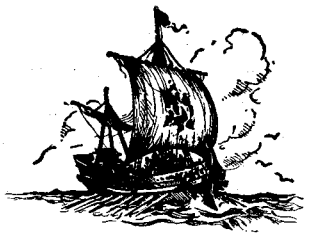

ENGLISH SPORTS

TWO ANNUAL midsummer events in England, both of national importance to the British people, may be counted upon to draw their usual quota of touring Americans this year. One is the Henley Regatta, held from the third to the sixth of July. Since 1839 this has been the goal of the principal amateur rowers in England and huge crowds gather at Henley-on-Thames to watch the sport. The other is the cricket match at Lord's between Eton and Harrow on July twelfth and thirteenth. Fashionable and sport-loving England flocks to both places.

THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE

NOT IN a Harlem night club, but on an Indian reservation in the great Southwest is one most likely to find what remnants there are of aboriginal frenzy in America. There, each year at the end of August, the Hopi tribe performs its wild, weird Snake Dance — a ritual in which one may see writhing red men carrying live rattlesnakes in their mouths. Strange as it seems, this ceremony, the barbarism of which is unrivaled to-day in America, belongs to a people whose most outstanding characteristic is their peaceful nature. The Hopi is a sedentary farmer and, unlike the predatory and nomadic Navajo, his wars have always been those of self-protection rather than aggression. Only in the Snake Dance does his savagery break forth.

SUMMER STUDY IN BRAZIL

TO TRAVEL is to learn, but of recent years the tendency has been to supplement this natural education with one of a more formal character. The continental universities make a specialty of offering summer courses for traveling Americans, and now Brazil has inaugurated the same plan. Under the supervision of the Brazil Research Institute, a subsidiary organization of the *Instituto Historico e Geographico Brazileiro*, a learned society founded in 1838 under the Emperor Don Pedro II, five courses will be offered during the months of July and August. The program includes a study of Brazilian topography, the political and social development of the Brazilian people, the history of the country, and a survey of its present economic and industrial status. The opportunity for vacationists — whether students, teachers, internationalists, or professional men — is an unusual one. Moreover, Rio de Janeiro is cool in summer (for our summer is Brazil's winter) and gorgeous in any season.

GERMAN MUSIC FESTIVALS

ALTHOUGH the Berlin "season" is now almost over, there still remain, both in the capital and in other cities in Germany, musical and theatrical attractions well worth the while of the American who goes abroad this summer. Wuerzburg at the end of June is the scene of the Mozart Festival; during July and August the mystery plays will be given at Augsburg in front of the Ulrich Cathedral; while at Baden-Baden in mid-July there is the German Chamber Music Festival. This year the Grand Week at Baden-Baden runs from the twenty-third of August to the first of September.

INTO THE ARCTIC

A "FARTHEST North for Tourists" expedition will be conducted during the month of August, starting from Newcastle-on-Tyne in England and sailing north to the floating ice pack which guards the Pole. The itinerary includes the Norwegian fjords, the waterfalls and glacier lands along the coasts of Norway, and the bays surrounding Spitzenberg. A five day stopover allows the passengers to see the places which have played such an important part in arctic exploration. King's Bay is especially rich in landmarks, for it was here that André started his ill-fated balloon expedition. Here also may be seen the enormous hangar constructed in 1926 for Amunsden's airship, the *Norge*, which flew across the Pole. And it was from King's Bay that Byrd flew across the Pole in the same year.

HAWAII FOR SCENERY

ONE OF the United States' possessions rated high in a contest held among travelers recently returned from a round-the-world cruise. Of all the islands on the face of the globe the Hawaiian group was judged to be the most beautiful, with Ceylon as its closest competitor. Honolulu was voted the most attractive of island cities. The finest view, according to those who might claim to be connoisseurs of views, was that from the peak outside Hongkong; but the panorama from the Nuuanu Pali, overlooking the harbor of Honolulu, won second place.

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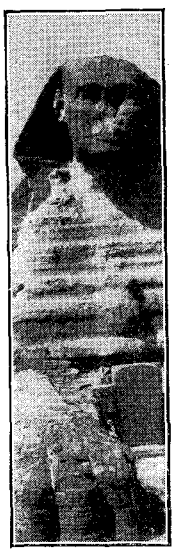
MEDITERRANEAN PALESTINE EGYPT

71 DAYS OF DELIGHT



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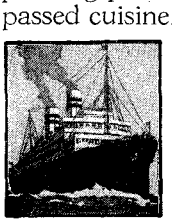

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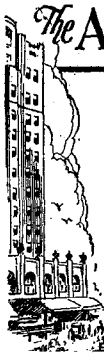
ATLANTIC CITY



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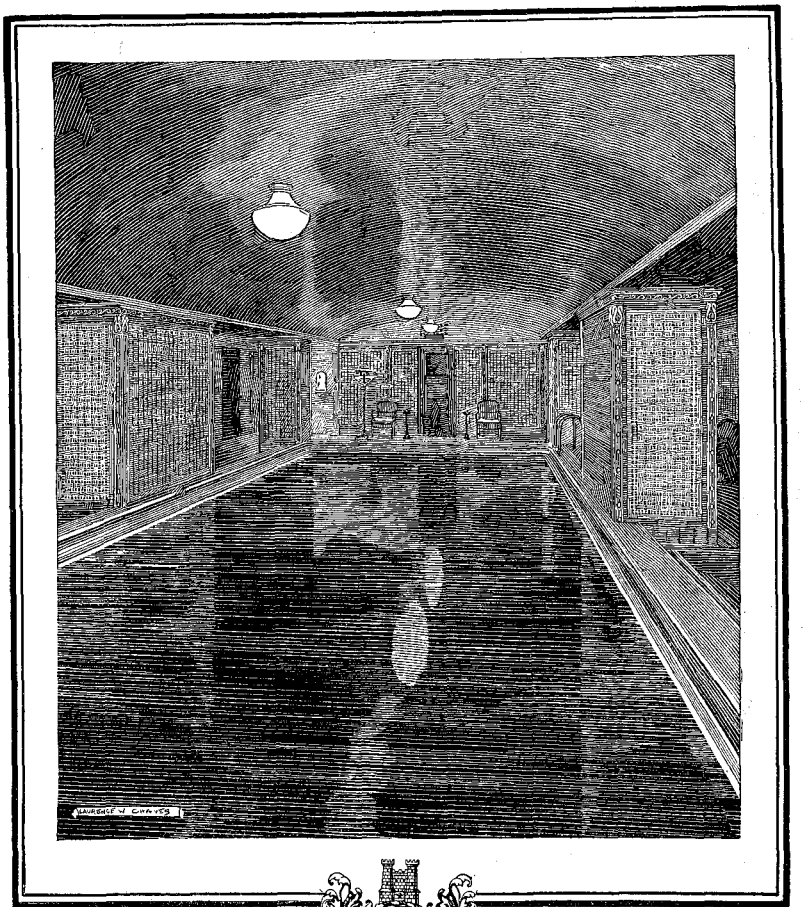

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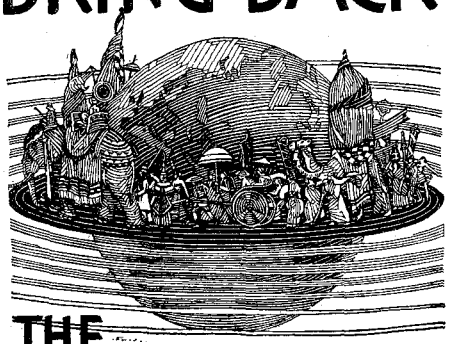

THE WORLD

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Solid Mahogany

To the Editor:

I have just read with some interest Roger W. Babson's article in the May issue entitled "Twenty Ways to Make a Million." If the rest of the formulas lack as much common knowledge as the nineteenth, we will all have a hard time making our millions by Mr. Babson's methods.

I quote from the article: "Genuine mahogany furniture is very expensive because the lumber has to be imported from the tropics." If Mr. Babson would price dimension lumber at his local lumber yard he might find that white oak, birch, and walnut cost as much per board foot as mahogany. The remedy he suggests — inoculating trees with dyes to produce mahogany color—is useless, for mahogany stain has been applied to all kinds of woods for a very long time. In fact, most of the "solid mahogany" furniture that has been sold in the last seventy-five years has been produced in that way.

I am not following these suggestions to their logical conclusion — you can do that.

H. S. Heege

Independence, Iowa

Our Imperialism

The American Legation in Paraguay replies to Salvador de Madariaga's charges of American imperialism in South America.

To the Editor:

It has been interesting to read the remarks of Mr. Madariaga concerning America's position in "This Muddling World" — extremely interesting, but not in the least enlightening. I read "Spain and America" in the March Forum, and on finishing the article I had the sensation of chewing on thin air, whereas my jaws had been set for meat. Señor de Madariaga follows a theme so worn and trite that I wonder at The Forum's lapse in printing his much over-chewed morsels.

Practically all articles criticising the States follow a definite outline:

1. A preliminary glorification of the author's country.
2. A broadside, generalized attack on what Europeans say is "American imperialism."
3. A comparison between American ideals and those of the author's country.
4. The inevitable conclusion that the author's country is now greater than America spiritually, and used to be as great, comparatively speaking, financially.

Any European, following this outline, can produce a beautiful attack on American "imperialism." But that attack is almost inevitably cloaked in petulance, begrudging envy, and an apology for the state of affairs in the author's country.

The world needed the Panama Canal. Very well, the Canal was built. While the Spaniards were twirling their thumbs in that delightful state of just "being," something was "doing." They awoke and yelled, "*Imperialism!*" But don't worry. We shall not build a canal through Argentina, or roasted Ecuador.

When women have nothing to do, they write novels. When Europeans have something to do, they don't do it: they criticise us. Well, Mr. Madariaga, go on with your contemplative "being," and we'll continue our terribly materialistic "doing." And in the meantime we'll give your country a few more millions to found universities. Perhaps we'll be able to educate your countrymen yet — but *you* are hopeless.

Harris G. Warren

Asunción, Paraguay

No Benefit of Clergy

To the Editor:

We should be considerably thankful to The Forum for the apparent effort that is put forth to confine this publication as much as is humanly possible to its fundamental idea, controversy.

It is utterly beyond conception what certain individuals desire to gain by abandoning reason and embarking on a mud-slinging expedition as soon as they discover an article in The Forum or any other publication of controversy that is in opposition to their views or creed.

There was a time when it was considered bad taste and poor ethics to place religion with other issues under the controversial heading. That condition no longer exists. It has been learned that there is no institution that does not bea

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Our Rostrum

examination and discussion. If it possesses the fundamental merits to keep it alive it will live, otherwise it will surely crumble. THE FORUM certainly should allow space for controversy on religion.

CALVIN RUTSTRUM

Minneapolis, Minn.

Should We Defy Prohibition?

A symposium presenting the views of Forum readers on the question raised by Fabian Franklin in the June Forum.

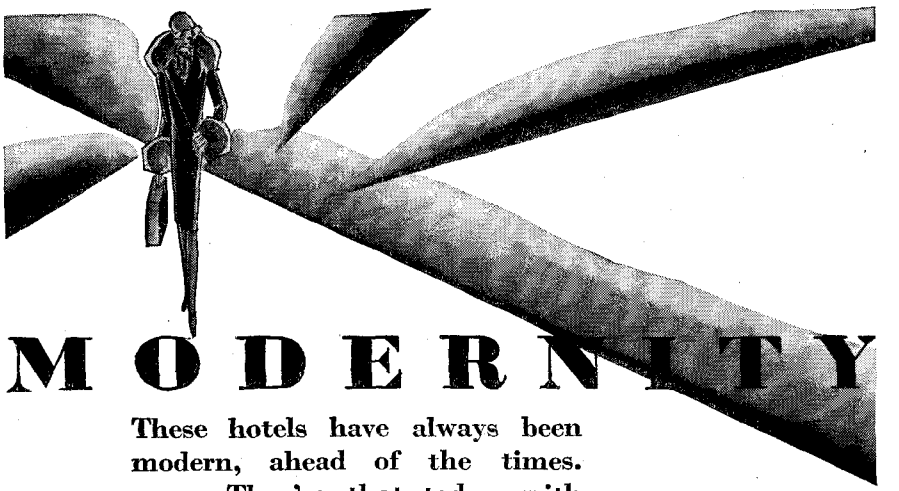
Despite the evidence of increasing dissatisfaction with the Eighteenth Amendment, it appears that those who favor its strict enforcement are still well in the majority. If the letters received from FORUM readers may be taken as an indication of the division of opinion on this question, the country may be said to stand almost two to one for enforcement.

Most of those who supported Irving Fisher in his defense of Prohibition did so on patriotic rather than moral grounds. "President Hoover is absolutely right in his appeal for obedience to all law," says E. J. Stackpole, Editor of the *Harrisburg Telegraph*," and I have felt for some time that when the American people are once awake to the comparatively small minority responsible for the apparent collapse of law and order, they will soon compel a return to the fundamentals of a liberty-loving, orderly, and patriotic people."

WETS ACCUSED OF SELFISHNESS

Dr. Aquila Chamlee, President of Bessie Tift College in Georgia, says, "Violators of the Prohibition laws are doing more to degrade American citizenship than they realize. The argument against the Prohibition laws is selfish from beginning to end." Many fear that defiance of the Eighteenth Amendment is leading to disrespect for all law. "All of the arguments in favor of violating the Prohibition laws," writes Casper L. Redfield, of Chicago, "may be used with the same force and effect in favor of violating the laws against murder, rape, arson, etc." "Are those who favor the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment ready, on principle, to take the same attitude toward the laws against gambling and the trade in narcotic drugs?" asks Professor Olin Templin, of the University of Kansas.

A number of readers insist that the



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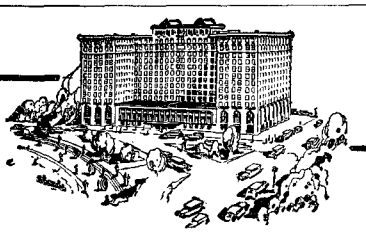

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The 19th Annual Report of Cities Service Company, just issued, shows that 100,000 investors were added in 1928 to the security-holders of this $900,000,000 organization, bringing the total to more than 450,000, the second largest list in the world.

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WITH the multiplication of securities and the growing complexities of corporate finance, dependence upon adequate records, proper accounting and precise technical procedure assume an importance greater than ever before. Modern conditions practically compel the use by corporations and individuals of trust company facilities. The prudent man of means gives careful consideration to executorships, living trusts, life insurance trusts and custodian accounts. And the value of the fiduciary services offered by this bank is achieving wider recognition than in any period since they were instituted nearly a century ago.

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Our Rostrum

Prohibition laws should be obeyed even though they feel that those laws are fundamentally wrong. In defense of this attitude Victor Rosewater, of Philadelphia, quotes Abraham Lincoln: "When I so pressingly urge a strict observance of all the laws, let me not be understood as saying there are no bad laws, or that grievances may not arise for the redress of which no legal provisions have been made. I mean to say no such thing. But I do mean to say that although bad laws, if they exist, should be repealed as soon as possible, still, while they continue in force, for the sake of example they should be religiously observed."

Time for a Boston Tea Party

The opponents of Prohibition make up in vehemence what they lack in numbers. Dr. Charles A. Bennett of Yale replies by quoting Emerson's comment on the Fugitive Slave Law: "This filthy enactment was made in the nineteenth century, by people who could read and write. I will not obey it, by God." Dr. E. K. Rand of Harvard expresses similar sentiments: "I have been opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment from the start, regarding it as an insult to the intelligence of our people. Nobody at first likes the idea of 'openly flouting the Constitution,' but as I think the matter over in the light of recent developments, I am inclined to assent heartily to the ideas expressed by Mr. Franklin. The time has about come for another Boston Tea Party."

Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes says, "The contention of Mr. Fisher and others that a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead and Jones Acts will engender a general disrespect for all law and cause the collapse of our social system, seems to me preposterous. The violation of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments during the last fifty years has not served to destroy our general respect for law. If we desire a bigger and better era of lawlessness in the United States, nothing could produce this result more immediately than to begin a serious effort to enforce the Prohibition law, thus further exposing Federal and municipal police to the inevitably corrupting influences involved in bootlegging."

Lincoln Colcord argues that the Eighteenth Amendment is unconstitutional because it abridges personal liberty. "I believe that it is the duty of every citizen," he says, "to resist a law which he is convinced is immoral and unjustified. Our forefathers resisted the Stamp Act, which was the law of the land at the time; and the American nation and the Constitution were the result of that resistance."

In Wallace Irwin's opinion, "The Eighteenth Amendment may be a black and-white law, but it can never be a moral law because it is neither respectable nor respected. The nation-wide evasion of this Amendment and its ugly little sister, the Volstead Act, should be put down as a healthy reaction against a nuisance and an oppression. If the Eighteenth Amendment is unrepealable there seems nothing for it but to close our eyes and pretend it isn't there. This is unsatisfactory, but it's human."

Dr. Charles A. Beard refuses to get worked up over the discussion. "The debate between Mr. Fisher and Mr. Franklin does not raise my blood pressure," he writes. "When Mr. Hoover sends a message to Congress proposing the enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, I may get a bit excited."

In Favor of Enforcement

Many comments have been received which we have not space to publish. The following wrote in defense of Prohibition: Charles Vezin, Lyme, Conn.; A. Bruce Bielaski, New York City; Dr. H. P. Cady, The University of Kansas; W. W. Canfield, editor of the *Utica Observer-Dispatch;* E. F. Aydlett, Elizabeth City, N. C.; Thomas C. Cherry, Bowling Green, Ky.; Dr. Noah E. Cornetet, Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio; Bishop Horace M. Du Bose, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. Charles E. Fay, Tufts College, Mass.; J. W. Fordney, Saginaw, Mich.; Loring H. Goddard, Bloomingburg, Ohio; Dr. Archibald Hadden, Muskegon, Mich.; Dr. Emory W. Hunt, Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.; Dr. George F. Kay, Iowa State University; William N. Bullard, Lenox, Mass.; H. O. Olson, Broadview College, La Grange, Ill.; Dr. Zeno P. Metcalf, Raleigh, N. C.; Dr. Frank Webster Smith, Ridgewood, N. J.; L. H. Spilman, Knoxville, Tenn.; Daniel P. Markey, Detroit, Mich.; Don Scism, Editor of *The Evansville Courier*, Evansville, Ia.; Lucy Furman, Miami, Fla.; Prof. Albert L. Guerard, Stanford University, Calif.; Dr. James E. Ackert, Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kan.; Rev. W. G. Johnston, Benton, Ill.; Mrs. E. H. George, Waterloo, Iowa; Elmer E. Garnsey, New York City; Caroline A. Powell, San Diego, Calif.; Paul S. Seeley, Portland, Ore.; Dr. Edward H. Ochsner, Chicago; Hon. I. Clinton Kline, Sunbury, Penn.; C. A. Morse, Chicago; Dr. Louis H. Pammel, Iowa State College; Senator W. B. Pine, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Millard L. Robinson, New York City; Dr. A. Lincoln Shute, Erie, Ill.; P. W. Urbahns, Chicago.

Law Must Be Respected

The following indicated that they thought the Prohibition laws ought to be obeyed, even though they believe them to be fundamentally wrong: Joseph H. Coates, Philadelphia; Dr. Brownell Gage, Suffield, Conn.; Milton Updegraff, Prescott, Ariz.; Louise Lamprey, Limerick, Me.; Isaac F. Russell, New York City;

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Our Rostrum

William Seymour, South Duxbury, Mass.; Prof. Ralph G. Hudson, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Mrs. F. A. Holton, Washington, D. C.; Dr. W. A. Newman Dorland, Chicago; S. S. P. Patteson, Richmond, Va.; Dr. Horace W. Soper, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR OPEN DEFIANCE

Those who advocated defiance of Prohibition by every possible means were: Rev. Charles Mercer Hall, Bridgeport, Conn.; Dr. Samuel D. McConnell, Easton, Md.; Rev. R. N. Stubbs, Pasadena, Calif.; Henry Bossmeyer, Louisville, Ky.; Dr. Martin Schutze, University of Chicago; Olaf W. Rosengren, Woburn, Mass.; Harry Roseland, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. Percy W. Long, Springfield, Mass.; Dr. Melancthon W. Jacobus, Hartford, Conn.; C. F. Distelhurst, Omaha., Neb.

Prize Awarded for Debate Outline

In January THE FORUM offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best outline of any one of three debates which were to be published in the form of Socratic dialogues in subsequent numbers of the magazine. The subjects were — *Does the Machine Age Paralyze Art? Can Prohibition Succeed? Is Religion Necessary to Progress?* The contest was open only to college undergraduates. The outlines were required to cover both the affirmative and negative sides of the subject chosen, and had to be submitted before the corresponding dialogue was published.

The prize has been awarded to Albert Pleydell, of New York City, a sophomore at New York University, for his excellent outline of the question, *Is Religion Necessary to Progress?*

What is Morality?

Forum Definitions

In the definitions submitted this month there was little disagreement as to the general concept of morality. It was almost unanimously conceded that "morality" implies a rule of conduct which subordinates the desires of the individual to what is believed to be the good of the community. Some pointed out that this rule of conduct changes with variations in custom and tradition, and that what is considered moral in one part of the world may be branded as immoral in another, or what is immoral in one century may be moral in the next.

The following definitions have been awarded prizes, not because they were unique in conception, but because they were adjudged the most adequate and tersely phrased of those submitted.

1. Morality — the commonly accepted guiding standards of individual conduct and group intercourse of a certain people in a given period considered necessary for the survival and greatest good of the group. (*Edwin S. Macgregor, Medford, Mass.*)

2. Morality is that form of human behavior conceded to be virtuous by the conventions of the group to which the individual belongs. (*Bernice James, Hollywood, Calif.*)

3. Morality is that inner attitude toward humanity which results in self-controlled behavior according with the ethics recognized by social, civic, and religious organizations generally as best advancing the interests of civilization. (*M. Philo, New York City*)

4. Morality — a code of living evolved out of the experience of the race and comprising the sense of fundamental values dominant in the community at a given time. For its sanctions it depends primarily upon public opinion and the workings of the individual conscience. (*Francis S. Chase, Suffolk, Va.*)

Next: — What is PURITANISM ? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by July 24. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in The Forum (value not exceeding $5.00), for each winning definition.*

National Union Mortgage Bonds

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ONE OF THE outstanding features of National Union Mortgage Bonds is the fact that these bonds are suitable for practically any investor who has a few thousand dollars to invest as well as for the financial institution that is seeking safe, productive employment for part of its funds.

Safety is assured by the rigid requirements which must be met in creating these bonds and by the protection of one of the four following Surety Companies which irrevocably guarantees both the principal and interest of the underlying mortgages or bonds:

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His income is $5,000 a year. How much of this should he lay aside for Life Insurance?

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I am interested in building an estate along the lines described in your advertisement. Please send me further information.

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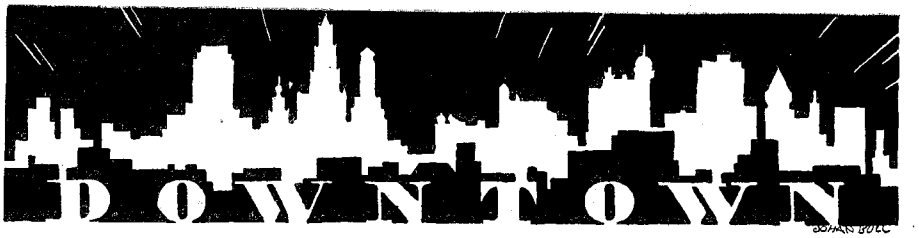

Why This PROSPERITY?

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

OUR GREAT national prosperity in recent years is not yet thoroughly understood," declared the President of the New York Stock Exchange, Mr. E. H. H. Simmons, in an address in Chicago last month. "No nation in all history has ever experienced quite the same sort of thing and few if any of us have as yet satisfactorily analyzed its basic causes." And he might have added that few if any of us have any idea as to where it is all leading.

Most of us have some superficial idea as to the causes underlying the prosperity of the past six or eight years, but our views are likely to be colored by the prejudices, the political tenets, the occupation or previous condition of servitude of the individual expressing the opinion. To the banker it might seem that the tremendous gold stock of the country and the great expansion in credit have been the basic causes of our prosperity. To the head of a labor union it might seem that high wages and the gradual rise in the standard of living in this country were the basic reasons. The manufacturer would undoubtedly explain our prosperity by pointing to the development of mass production, which has made possible the consumption of more goods at lower prices. An habitué of Wall Street would unhesitatingly declare that the confidence inspired by the election of President Coolidge in 1924 was the spark that kindled the flame of prosperity in this country, and the foreign observer would unquestionably insist that the war, which changed this nation from a debtor to a creditor nation, to which Europeans must pay tribute for years to come, was the real cause of our prosperity. Probably all are correct to a certain degree. To pick out one specific cause as being the most important would be difficult, if not impossible.

INVISIBLE BANKING

FOR THE better part of the past year a controversy has been raging between one section of Wall Street and the Federal Reserve Board over the question of money rates, and particularly the attitude of the Federal Reserve officials toward the money market. At the root of the entire controversy is the development of a new phase of modern banking, which Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, banker and statistician, describes as "invisible banking." And back of that is the fact that the keenest financial minds in the country are vaguely groping their way, fearful, on one hand, that the great expansion in non-banking funds, which are being offered for sale at interest rates ranging up to 10 or 15 per cent or more, may blow the bubble of speculation in the stock market to the bursting point; yet wondering all the while whether this may not be part of the normal evolution of banking and comprise a new and permanent factor in the credit situation of the country. The nature of this new form of credit has been explained in these columns previously. It has been shown that while the security for this credit is stock exchange collateral, the indirect effect of money so loaned is to provide credit for industry, since many corporations are issuing securities to obtain capital that formerly was obtained from banks.

Those who "view with alarm" insist that these non-banking funds are subject to withdrawal upon short notice, particularly that portion advanced by foreign lenders and corporations which are subject to sudden emergencies. They argue that in such an emergency the entire stock market entourage will be clamoring for credit at the doors of the New York banks.

Those who view the situation with confidence argue that these loans "are not credit, manufactured by the banks, but rather are capital saved by individuals and business firms," and as a result, "a money market technique devised for the control of credit does not apply with equal force to loans which represent capital savings." With logic they insist that there is nothing in the Federal Reserve Act that permits the Reserve officials to dictate how businesses or individuals shall invest their capital, and they imply that the Federal Reserve is not in tune with present day business.

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"I taught this Sunday School Class how wise investing helps young men succeed"

Joseph H. Hasbrouck, president of the Penn National Bank and Trust Co., Reading, Pa., tells a human story of twenty boys . . . and what happened.

"ABOUT ten years ago," said Mr. Hasbrouck, "I was persuaded to take on, for special instruction, a Sunday School class of about twenty boys, to teach them the principles of safe investing. A fine bunch of boys, they were.

"The purpose of this class was not to make money—although they did make it—but to teach these boys how to invest intelligently and wisely. Each boy put in a certain sum—what he could afford—each week. Every fourth or fifth week we bought another $100 bond. When dividends were declared, each boy was entitled to his pro-rata share.

"I taught them what underlies a bond. I taught them what the various types of bonds are,—real estate bonds, railroad, municipal, public utility—and I taught these boys to read the actual words that are printed on each kind of bond, to know what they really mean.

"But the interesting thing about this class," added Mr. Hasbrouck, "was that while half of these boys were the usual happy-go-lucky fellows, the *other* half were actually interested enough to go on studying the principles I had taught them, and have gone on investing regularly, to this day.

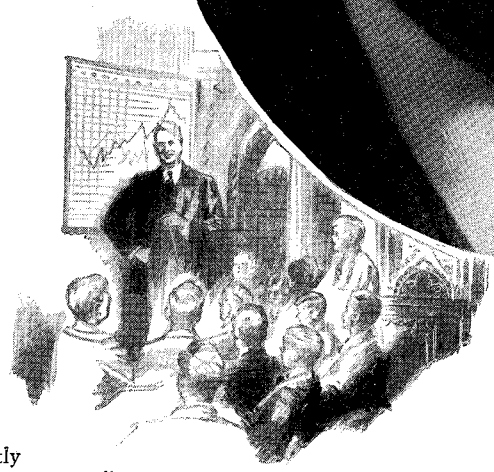
"And most gratifying of all, to me—*two* of these boys—who met in this Sunday School class ten years ago—had each saved and invested so consistently that just recently they were able to start in business for themselves, as partners, on the capital they had amassed.

"This experience was so satisfying," Mr. Hasbrouck concluded, "that I only regret my business affairs no longer permit my doing the same work with other groups of boys."

* * * *

THE VALUABLE LESSONS Mr. Hasbrouck's Sunday School class was fortunate enough to learn at so early an age, include what every investor should know. Mr. Hasbrouck impressed upon these boys that the *first* principle in investing is *safety*, and that any program of investing, to be sound, must be founded on this principle.

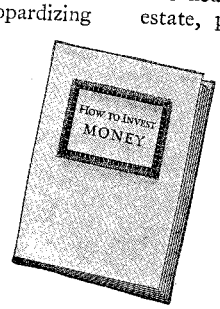
The average investor, in setting up a plan to win a competence for himself, should consult a banker, or a high grade investment house before he buys. Here he will learn how much he can reasonably expect to get, in income, without jeopardizing safety. He will learn how any program of investing should be spread over bonds of various sorts—how the principle of diversification establishes another fundamental safeguard for his money. From the banker, or high grade investment house, too, the average investor can expect an understanding and intelligent diagnosis of his own individual needs.



"I taught these boys to read the actual words that are printed on each kind of bond, to know what they really mean."

Joseph H. Hasbrouck, president of the Penn National Bank and Trust Company, Reading, Pa., is an influential member of the banking profession in Pennsylvania and has taken a prominent part in the industrial and civic development of Reading.

In all sections of the country, in widely differing types of communities, bankers know Straus bonds. Year in and year out, these bankers choose from the offerings of S. W. Straus & Co. for recommendation to their customers and for their own investment needs. In the bonds S. W. Straus & Co. offers are every type of seasoned security—railroad, municipal, real estate, public service, and foreign bonds.



As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How To Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for booklet G-1003.

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDING *565 Fifth Ave. at 46th St., New York*

ESTABLISHED IN 1882

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Having in mind particularly the reinvestment of July income, we shall welcome inquiry as to investments suitable for corporations, firms, individuals or fiduciaries.

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Downtown

This, then, is but one of the many new phases of modern business which are awaiting the test of time and which are typical of the radical changes which are occurring from year to year. It is not surprising that most of the older school of business men are bewildered by the new order of things, the ease and facility with which new methods are adopted and old methods, in use for decades, are scrapped. New inventions and new methods of producing old products at a lower cost stagger the imagination. New methods of merchandising are revolutionizing industry. Competition is the order of the day, and it is cropping up in new forms and in unexpected ways, taxing the capacity of business executives to maintain their positions. Great fortunes are the reward of those who have had the vision to discern the trend toward the new and the courage to act upon it, while those who have lacked this vision are finding that if their investment has not actually deteriorated, it has failed to show the normal increment that one naturally expects in a growing country.

Ten years ago competition, to most business men, meant competition with other people in the same line of business. In the past few years one of the most remarkable developments has been the growth of competition between different types of products. Who would have predicted that tobacco would ever compete with sugar? Yet that is the case to-day. The growth of cigarette consumption has led to a curtailment of the consumption of candy, if we may judge by the protest that the confectionery industry is making. The cotton manufacturing industry has been standing still while the rayon business has been expanding enormously. The simple change in women's styles from long skirts to knee length dresses has been one of several factors that have greatly depreciated the value of investments in cotton mills, and made millions for the manufacturers of rayon stockings.

COMPETITION ACCELERATED

Fuel oil for domestic household consumption is replacing a certain amount of coal that would have been used otherwise, but no sooner is fuel oil well established as a commodity for heating the home than along comes the gas industry with household heating appliances. Since gas is manufactured from coal, the coal industry can look for some compensation on this score. Hydro-electric power plants are supplying a considerable volume of electric current which otherwise would have required coal as fuel, but in this case it is supplementing coal and is not available in such quantities as to supplant coal. Nevertheless, fortunes are being made in the development of new

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Guaranty Trust Company of New York

a merger of

National Bank of Commerce in New York
Organized 1839

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
Organized 1864

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, more than $184,000,000

THE MERGER of these institutions on May 6, 1929, is a logical fusing of resources, facilities and organization. The increased capital funds enable us to meet the constantly expanding requirements of modern business. Our enlarged Board of Directors is representative in an exceptional degree of the nation's industrial, commercial and financial interests.

The outstanding result of the merger will be to provide facilities of even greater advantage to our clientele, in every phase of banking, trust and investment service, than were available through the merging banks operating separately.

MAIN OFFICE: 140 Broadway

FIFTH AVENUE OFFICE	MURRAY HILL OFFICE	MADISON AVENUE OFFICE
Fifth Ave. and 44th St.	269 Madison Avenue	Madison Ave. and 60th St.

LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

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Downtown

hydro-electric power companies. A decade ago natural ice supplied practically the only means of refrigeration in the household; to-day the electric refrigerator is a formidable competitor. But hardly is the electric refrigerator in the field when along comes a refrigerator that consumes gas. Electric locomotives are leading to a considerable displacement of steam locomotives. The effect of this has not been particularly detrimental to the owners of locomotive builders' stocks, but it has stimulated the business of manufacturers of electrical machinery.

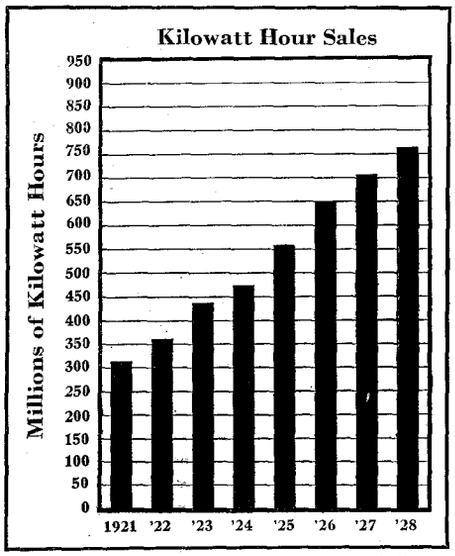
Copper metal goes up in price and we find aluminium being used as a handy substitute for many purposes. Rubber has already displaced a great deal of sole leather and the sole leather industry is laboring under a handicap accordingly. Prohibition has stimulated the sale of ginger ale beyond imagination.

Along about the time the street railways began to clamor for more than the traditional nickel fare, alert individuals swarmed into the field with jitney busses. To-day in many sections of the country abandoned street railway tracks are the only reminder of what used to be the most popular means of transportation twenty years ago. Now motor trucks are monopolizing the highways, if you ask the driver of a pleasure car, and we have visible evidence that the railroads are losing a certain amount of business that they formerly carried. To-day the airplane is firmly entrenched in the business of carrying mail, and it is making a bid for some of the long distance passenger business of the railroads. The radio temporarily put the phonograph out of business until the phonograph people developed something new which made it a valuable adjunct to the radio.

The telephoto is becoming a serious competitor of the telegraph. Pictures are being sent by wire, and frequently it is quicker and more accurate to send a picture of a letter or a long news story than to send a telegram. The silent movies have been displaced by the talkies, and both of them are wondering what the effect of television will be upon their business.

Associated System

Founded in 1852



Use of Electricity Doubled

The 134% increase in use of electricity by Associated Customers during 1920–1928 should be equalled, if not exceeded, during the next eight years.

Over one-half the wired homes of the United States are still without any domestic appliance except the flat iron. Over 90% are without electric refrigeration, and 95% without electric ranges.

The sale of appliances by the Associated New Business Department were 275% greater in 1928 than in 1927.

Associated Gas and Electric Company

Incorporated in 1906

Write for our 16-page booklet "P" on the Class A Stock

61 Broadway **New York City**

NEW SALES METHODS

MERCHANDISING methods are showing no less radical tendencies to change. The chain store has revolutionized retail distribution and greatly affected wholesale houses and jobbers in some lines. The mail order house is going after the department store business and department stores have switched to the offensive by uniting in chains themselves.

Even banking is moving out of its traditional lines. National banks are going after the business of investment bankers. Trust companies are absorbing a great deal of the business formerly done by lawyers as executors and administrators. But investment bankers are turning around and organizing trust companies, and to the extent that they handle incidental commercial banking they are coming into competition with the banks. The finance company is taking care of a great deal of the old-fashioned commercial credit. Instead of a merchant borrowing from his bank to carry a line of goods on his shelves, his customer borrows from the finance company and pays for his goods in installments.

Non-banking lenders are now rushing funds to Wall Street to the extent of two or three billions of dollars and doing a business that was formerly done by banks. Many corporations are lending more money in Wall Street than the average country banking institution can offer.

Business methods and customs are changing more rapidly than they ever have before. The spectacular advances in stocks have led many to raise the cry of inflation where only normal appreciation under the new order of things is being discounted. It explains why some people regard certain stocks as cheap which are selling at twenty times their earning power, and why the same people believe other stocks are dear at ten times their earning power or less. So radical and so rapid are the changes that it is no wonder we are uncertain as to which, if any, are responsible for our national prosperity.

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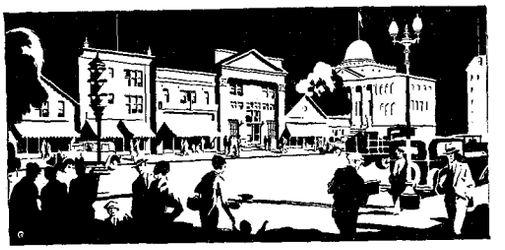

The Small Town Turns a Corner

America in 1912 faced a critical problem. Her industrial progress, remarkable as it was, contained the threat of its own futility. It had the menacing defect of *concentration*. One far-sighted industrialist asked:

"Is American progress to be along the same lines followed during the past century? And if so, will the evils of our times continue to grow along with the good? Will our cities grow larger and larger? Our streets more congested? Our slums more crowded? Are workmen to become more and more dependent upon highly specialized jobs and increasingly at the mercy of trade conditions? Is the drain on our rural districts to grow more and more unsatisfactory?"

Looking back, it is evident that the suction of industry from the countryside into the crowded cities was largely the result of a concentrated power supply.

At the very time that the problem approached its crux the technique of electric power distribution was brought to a stage where widespread diffusion of power was feasible. The Middle West Utilities System was the first of the organizations formed to give effect to this development. Its avowed purpose was to provide small town and countryside with the quality of electric power—and at a comparable cost—which up to that time had been available only in the larger cities. Its formation in 1912 was singularly opportune and in keeping with the needs of the time.

Today, the scattered communities of the countryside have a power supply comparable to that of the great metropolitan centers, brought by widespread transmission systems. Power and transportation are so widely distributed that industries are free to locate almost anywhere. Self-interest directs them to the small town. Hence the new industrial growth in America's small communities today.

▾ ▾ ▾ ▾

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric service companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

Middle West Utilities Company

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

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Can securities

be purchased *advantageously* . . . at any time?

WHEN markets are unsteady it is particularly well to remember that *the sound value of an investment is determined by intrinsic worth, not by daily market quotations.*

Securities if selected for their basic value, may be purchased advantageously at virtually any time. In the end, such selections usually prove better investments than those made for less fundamental reasons.

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A descriptive booklet of the properties owned and operated by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be mailed upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WISE PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS. A booklet prepared for public-spirited persons planning such benefactions and making clear the advantages of a standardized form for charitable trusts. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

COMMON STOCK AS A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT. This booklet discusses the value of Common Stocks for investment, illustrating the possibilities of this type of security from the history of an 18-year-old stock which has proved extremely profitable to those who have bought in the past and which may still be purchased to yield over 7%. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

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Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

THE STRENGTH OF THE UTILITIES. Full of facts about the utility industry, its importance, and fundamental character; also sets forth the security of public utility bonds and tells how to choose them wisely. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE? This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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TOASTS

After his graduation from college, James Truslow Adams became a member of a New York exchange house and his work in the investigation of properties and conditions took him into all but five states of the Union. Wall Street's charms, however, were negative, and in 1912 Mr. Adams retired on a modest income to devote himself to study and writing. Then came the War, in which he served as a captain in the Military Intelligence Division, and after that came other people's prosperity. Mr. Adams' comment is, "Of the two, I survived the War the better." Spending half his time in England and half in America, Mr. Adams is constantly writing. He is a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society and the American Antiquarian Society. Besides winning the Pulitzer Prize in 1922 for his *The Founding of New England*, he has completed one hundred of the "lives" for the new *Dictionary of American Biography*.

Norman Thomas

When Sarah Gertrude Millin last wrote us from her home in Johannesburg, South Africa, she remarked that all she could see was a sort of dim light (her new novel) in a fog (the rest of her existence). The author of nine novels — among them *The Coming of the Lord* and *An Artist in the Family* — Mrs. Millin confesses that she is still as lacking in confidence about her writing as in the days when she wrote her first novel and showed it to no one for two years — because she was ashamed of it.

A graduate of the University of London and of Oxford, Geoffrey Johnson is at present head of the English Department in an English high school.

As President of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics, founded by his father, with grants of more than two and a half millions, Harry F. Guggenheim is probably the most active force in aviation to-day. The fund is concerned with every phase of aëronautics and has given over a million dollars to various universities and engineering associations for research.

In a recent letter to the Editor, Francis Graham Crookshank, eminent British doctor, writes, "Every year I am more and more interested in what I may call the 'synthetic' approach to medicine, using drugs, physical means, psychotherapeutic means, and anything else — in the way that Draper of New York does much better than I do. Apart from that, I am editing, with Professor Cruchot a series of monographs called *The Anglo-French Library of Medical and Biological Science*."

Besides being a successful Philadelphia lawyer, Samuel Scoville, Jr. is one of America's foremost naturalists. Last Christmas he managed to escape from his court duties and the results of that escape are told in this issue. He has described, in earlier Forum pages, the charm of the Okefenokee Swamp and its delightful alligators, moccasins, and rattlers.

I find the world an interesting place in spite of its singular reluctance to act upon my freely bestowed advice," writes Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for the Presidency in the 1928 campaign. After having graduated from Princeton in 1905 — he was twenty at the time — Mr. Thomas followed in the footsteps of his clergyman grandfather and father and obtained the degree of B.D. from Union Theological Seminary. It was not until after the War — during which time he was an active pacifist — that Mr. Thomas allied himself with the Socialist Party. Since 1918 his record has been one of continual labor for better international relations, civil liberties, municipal reforms, strike relief, and trade unionism. He was also one of the founders of the American Civil Liberties Union, which staged the famous evolution test case at Dayton.

As usual, William Bennett Munro is spending half the year on the Pacific Coast. He informs us, as evidence of America's alarming territorial expansion, that a Los Angeles school boy recently described the Pacific Ocean as "the largest body of salt water in Southern California." Mr. Munro was appointed in 1926 to the Jonathan Trumbull Professorship of American History and Government, a Harvard chair established — partly by Yale men — as a memorial to the Revolutionary War governor of Connecticut. This chair carries with it the pleasant privilege of locating where its professor pleases, and so Mr. Munro lectures during the winter months at the California Institute of Technology. He has a new book, *The Makers of the Unwritten Constitution*, about ready for publication.

A native Californian and exceedingly proud of it, Paul Conant announces that he's too young to have a past of any consequence. (He won't be twenty-three until August.) Six or seven years ago he ran away from the Santa Monica High School to be a newspaper man. He has spent a large part of his time since then turning out "Jazz Girl Slain," "Love Nest Probed," and "Lindy Lands" for Mr. Hearst's Oakland *Post-Enquirer*. Mr. Conant writes us, "My pet enthusiasms are few. I like reading and writing, but God deliver me from 'rithmetic. For recreation I write sonnets and such, and read everything Virginia Woolf and Willa Cather write."

Although he has always been deeply interested in civic, sociologic, and religious questions, David A. Orebaugh has had little time to develop these interests because of the exactions of his professional work in Chicago, where he has been a corporation lawyer since 1904. After leaving college — Illinois Wesleyan University — Mr. Orebaugh taught school for five years, but found law more fascinating. He has recently finished a book, *Crime, Degeneracy, and Immigration; Their Interrelations and Interreactions*.

Born in Kansas in 1889, Thomas Craven received all his formal education there. He has since lived sporadically in various parts of the country — Alabama, Missouri, New Mexico, California, New York. In 1912 he arrived in New York, determined to become a poet, and at once sold two poems to the *American Magazine*. Unfortunately, after such an auspicious beginning, he was unable to place a single manuscript, in verse or prose, during the next eight years. In this period he twice left New York for the open road. He reported for a newspaper in Denver, taught school in California, clerked for the Sante Fé railroad in Las Vegas, sailed before the mast to the West Indies, and taught English in Porto Rico. His chief interest is in the fine arts.

Thomas Craven

The Pedestrian, whose *alter ego* is Walter S. Hinchman, teaches English at Milton Academy. He was for several years Poetry Editor of The Forum, and is the author of *Pedestrian Papers*, a collection of his essays from The Forum.

For versatility and speed in output, commend us to Jack Woodford. There is hardly an editor in New York who has not a Woodford manuscript on his desk at the present moment. His latest book, of which he is very proud, is a collection of sketches and short stories called *The Evangelical Cockroach*. He informs us that he is working hard and saving his money so that he can leave Chicago and spend his old age in Italy.

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